(1

Private Memorandum.

Information for Mrs Hardy in the preparation of a biography.

As there seems to be no doubt that so-called biographies of myself will be published which are unauthorized & erroneous, one having already appeared, it becomes necessary that an authentic volume should at any rate be contemplated by her, & materials gathered by her while there is time.

The facts to which she has access will form a chronicle more or less complete of my life. They are not enjoined to be included every one

in the volume, if any should seem to be indiscreet, belittling, monotonous, trivial, provocative, or in other ways unadvisable; neither are they enjoined to be exclusive of other details that may be deemed necessary. This statement does not apply to the extract from Mrs Emma Hardy's "Recollections", which being past revision by the writer are to be printed intact.

The facts here given can be supplemented by the insertion of some more of ~~Mr Hardy's~~ my letters of an interpretative kind at their several dates, if wished; or not, if otherwise, (as they might be printed separately, though this ~~was~~ is not desired by ~~him~~ me). Also by references to newspapers, reviews, and other publications if thought expedient.

It must, however, be remembered, in consulting newspaper "Interviews" with, and other personal sketches, or reports of what I may have said, that they were not revised by myself, and that some were surreptitiously or imaginedly obtained; they must therefore be accepted with considerable reserve. Also that, in respect of other letters than my own, permission to print such (if any are required) must be obtained from such writers' representatives. except in the case of extracts that are too brief to be of consequence.

The whole book before printing should be put into correct literary form, by an experienced writer and scholar. Should Mrs Hardy wish that her name alone should stand on the title page, such a one

might possibly be found for her who would do what was required if paid a reasonable fee.

Memorandum:—

Portraits recommended for the book:—

Plan of Gallery in Stratford Church (annexed to MS.)

T.H's mother and father.

Wife Emma - from the photograph now hanging in the study. (in a low dress when a young woman) - enlarged by Griffin from the miniature in green case containing hair.

Wife Florence - From Mr Lea's photograph, enlarged: side face, hanging in drawing room; or from coloured photo. by Swaine, showing her seated writing.

Optional.

Any others of the above, or other relatives.

Also any of T.H. himself. (Perhaps the one at 21 would be interesting.)

Illustrations of houses &c, could be inserted if desirable. But this is optional. (There is a selection of such among the photographs, &c.)

H's altruism

It must not be forgotten that H's own life & experiences had been smoother & happier than many — perhaps than the majority. It was his habit, or strange power, of putting himself in the place of those who endured suffering from which he himself had been in the main free — or subject to but at long times. This altruism was so constant with him as to cause a complaint among his readers. He did not say "all is well with the world" because all was well with him. It should really have caused commendation.

Chapter xxxvii.

1921 - 1925. Act 80 to 85.

Adventures in the Drama.

The New Year 1921 found Hardy sitting up to hear the bells, which he had not done for some time.

Early in January he was searching through registers of Stinsford for records of a family named Knight, connected with his own. He found several interesting entries that repaid his search. Many generations of this family are buried in nameless graves in Stinsford Churchyard.

~~Sir James~~ J.M. Barrie paid him a brief visit on May 11th, staying at Max Gate for one night, and visiting Hardy's birthplace at Bockhampton on the morning of May 12th. The same day Hardy learned of the death of a friend, an elder brother of the confidant and guide of his youth and early manhood. In his notebook Hardy writes:

"May 11. Charles Moule died. He is the last of "the seven brethren."

"May 27. Was going to London this week but did not, on account of the death of Barrie's adopted son.

Chapter XXXVII.

1921 - 1922. Act 60 to 65.

Adventures in the Dress.

The New Year 1921 found Hardy sitting up to hear the bells, which he had not done for some time.

Early in January he was searching through registers of Stinsford for records of a family named Knight, connected with his own. He found several interesting entries that repaid his search. Many generations of this family are buried in nameless graves in Stinsford Churchyard.

Ben Jesse Harris held him a burial visit on May 11th, staying at Max Gate for one night, and visiting Hardy's birthplace at Bockhampton on the morning of May 12th. The same day Hardy learned of the death of a friend, an elder brother of the confidant and guide of his youth and early manhood. In his notebook Hardy writes:

"May 11. Charles Gould died. He is the last of "the seven brethren."

"May 22. Was going to London this week but did not, on account of the death of Hardy's sister-in-law.

On June 2nd he notes that his birthday was remembered by the newspapers, and that he received an address from younger writers. Accompanying this was a fine copy of the first edition of Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St Agnes and other poems by John Keats, in the original boards with the half-title and eight pages of advertisements.

The idea had originated with Mr St John Ervine, who summoned a committee to consider the nature of the Tribute. The address was signed by a hundred and six younger writers, and ran as follows.

Dear Mr Hardy,

"We, who are your younger comrades in the craft of letters wish on this your eighty-first birthday to do honour to ourselves by praising your work, and to thank you for the example of high endeavour and achievement which you have set before us. In your novels and poems you have given us a tragic vision of life which is informed by your knowledge of character and relieved by the charity of your humour, and sweetened by your sympathy with human suffering and endurance. We have learned from you that the proud heart can subdue the hardest fate, even in submitting to it. When Mr.Justice Shallow sought to instruct Sir John Falstaff in the choice of soldiers, the knight said: "Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow." So would you have answered him, for in all that you have written you have shown the spirit of man, nourished by tradition and sustained by pride, persisting through defeat.

You have inspired us both by your work and by the manner in which it was done. The craftsman in you calls for our admiration as surely as the artist, and few writers have observed so closely as you have the Host's instruction in the Canterbury Tales:

> Your tarmes, your colours, and your figures,
> Keep them in store, till so be ye indite

over cottage: band still heard playing."

High style, as when that men to kinges write.

From your first book to your last, you have written in the "high style, as when that men to kinges write," and you have crowned a great prose with a noble poetry.

We thank you, Sir, for all that you have written, especially for The Return of the Native, The Mayor of Casterbridge, Tess of the d'Urbervilles, Jude the Obscure, Far from the Madding Crowd, Under the Greenwood Tree and the Wessex Poems, but most of all, perhaps, for the Dynasts.

We beg that you will accept the copy of the first edition of Lamia by John Keats which accompanies this letter, and with it, accept also our grateful homage.

We are, dear Mr. Hardy,
Your faithful comrades.

A few days later, on June 9th, he motored to Sturminster Newton with his wife and Mr Cecil Hanbury to see a performance of "The Mellstock Quire" by the Hardy Players in the Castle ruins. Afterwards he went to Riverside, the house where he had written "The Return of the Native.", where the Players were then having tea.

over cottage: band still heard playing."

On the 16th June Mr de la Mare arrived for a ~~brief~~ visit of two nights. The following day he walked to Stinsford with Hardy and was much interested in hearing about the various graves, and in reading a poem that Hardy had just lately written "Voices from things growing in a Country Churchyard." The first verse of the poem runs thus:-

"These flowers are I, poor Fanny Hurd,
Sir or Madam,
A little girl here sepultured.
Once I flit-fluttered like a bird
Above the grass, as now I wave
In daisy shapes above my grave,
All day cheerily,
All night eerily!

Fanny Hurd's real name was Fanny Hurden, and Hardy remembered her as a delicate child who went to school with him.

She died when she was about eighteen and her grave and a head-stone with her name, ~~is~~ are to be seen in Stinsford Churchyard. The others mentioned in this poem were known to him by name and repute.

Early in July a company of film actors arrived in Dorchester for the purpose of preparing a film of "The Mayor of Casterbridge." Hardy met them outside The King's Arms, the hotel associated with the novel. Although the actors had their faces coloured yellow and were dressed in the fashion of some eighty years earlier, Hardy observed, to his surprise, that the townsfolk passed by on their ordinary

over cottage: band still heard p-

affairs and seemed not to notice the strange spectacle, nor did any interest seem aroused when Hardy drove through the town with the actors to Maiden Castle, that ancient earthwork which formed the background to one part of the film.

About this time he went to St Peter's Church, to a morning service, for the purpose of hearing sung by the choir the morning hymn " Awake my Soul " to Barthelemon's setting. This had been arranged for him by his friend the Rector of St Peters. Church music, as has been shown, had appealed strongly to Hardy from his earliest years. On the 23rd July a sonnet "Barthelemon at Vauxhall " appeared in the Times. The subject of this had been in his mind for many years. He had often imagined the weary musician, returning from his nightly occupation of making music for a riotous throng, lingering on Westminster Bridge to see the rising sun and being thence inspired to the compostiion of music to be heard hereafter in places ~~so~~ very different from Vauxhall.

In the same month he opened a bazaar in aid of the Dorset County Hospital and in the evening of that day he was driven into Dorchester again to see some dancing in the Borough Gardens. Of this he writes,

"Saw "The Lancers" danced (for probably the last time) at my request. Home at 10: outside our gate full moon over cottage: band still heard playing."

At the beginning of September Hardy stood sponsor at the christening of the infant daughter of Mr & Mrs Cecil Hanbury of Kingston Maurward. Three days later he was again at Stinsford Church, attending the evening service. In his note-book he records: "A beautiful evening. Evening Hymn Tallis." His gift to his little god-child was the manuscript of a short poem contained in a silver box. This appeared afterwards in "Human Shows" under the title 'To C.F.H.'.

During the latter half of September Hardy was sitting to his friend Mr Ouless for his portrait, which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. On October 14th he received a visit from Mr & Mrs John Masefield, who brought with them a gift: a full-rigged ship made by John Masefield himself. This ship had been named by its maker "The Triumph," and was much valued by Hardy, who showed it with much pride to nearly every caller at Max Gate, with the story of how it arrived. Four days later Hardy writes:

"October 18. In afternoon to Stinsford with F. A matchless October: Sunshine, mist and turning leaves."

The first month of 1922 found him writing an energetic preface to a volume of poems entitled "Late Lyrics and Earlier," the M.S. of which he forwarded to the publishers on January 23rd. Some of his friends regretted this preface, thinking that it betrayed an oversensitiveness to criticism ~~that~~ which it were better the world should not know. But sensitiveness was one of Hardy's chief characteristics without which

his poems would never have been written, nor indeed, the greatest of his novels.

He used to say that it was not so much the force of the blow that counted, as the nature of the material that received the blow.

An interesting point in this preface was his attitude towards religion. Through the years 1920 to 1925 Hardy was interested in conjectures on rationalizing the English Church. There had been rumours for some years of a revised Liturgy, and his hopes were accordingly raised by the thought of making the Established Church comprehensive enough to include the majority of thinkers of the previous hundred years who had lost all belief in the supernatural. When the new Prayer Book appeared however his hopes were doomed to disappointment, and he found that the revision had not been in a rationalistic direction, ~~but in a retrograde direction,~~ and from that time he lost all expectation of seeing the Church ~~a~~ representative ~~one~~ of modern thinking minds. ~~The point is dwelt upon at some length in the preface, called an "apology," to "Late Lyrics and Earlier."~~

In April ~~he received a visit from Sir James~~ J. M. Barrie ~~who~~ stayed at Max Gate for one night. The 23rd May saw the publication of "Late Lyrics and Earlier," and on the following day he motored to Sturminster Newton to call at the house

where he had spent some of the early years of his first marriage, and where he wrote "The Return of the Native."

Two days later he notes: "Visited Stinsford and Higher Bockhampton. House at the latter shabby, and garden. Just went through into heath, and up plantation to top of garden."

It was becoming increasingly painful to Hardy to visit this old home of his, and often when he left he said that he would go there no more.

On the 29th May he copied some old notes made before he had contemplated writing "The Dynasts".

"we - the people - Humanity, a collective personality - (Thus "we" could be engaged in the battle of Hohenlinden, say, and in the battle of Waterloo) - dwell with genial humour on "our" getting into a rage for we knew not what.

The intelligence of this collective personality Humanity is pervasive, ubiquitous, like that of God. Hence e.g. on the one hand we could hear the roar of the cannon, discern the rush of the battalions, on the other hear the voice of a man protesting, etc.

Title "self-slaughter"; divided against ourselves."

Now these 3 (or 3,000) whirling through space at the rate of 40 miles a second - (God's view). "Some of our family who" (the we of one nation speaking of the "we" of another.)

A battle. Army as sonambulists - not knowing what it is for.

"We were called "Artillery" etc. "We were so under the spell of habit that" (drill).

It is now necessary to call the reader's attention to those of us who were harnessed and collared in blue and brass...

Poem - the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. (Stated as by a god to the gods - i.e. as God's story.)

Poem - I - First Cause, omniscient, not omnipotent - limitations, difficulties etc, from being only able to work by Law (His only failing is lack of foresight.)

" We will now ask the reader to look eastward with us... at what the contingent of us out that way were doing.

Poem A spectral force seen acting in a man (e.g.Napoleon) and he acting under it - a pathetic sight - this compulsion.

Patriotism, if aggressive and at the expense of other countries, is a vice; if in sympathy with them, a virtue.

From these notes it will be seen how "The Dynasts" had been slowly developing in his mind. Unfortunately they are not dated, but there is in existence a note-book filled

A battle. Army as commonplace - not knowing what it is for.

"We were called "Artillery" etc. "We were so under the spell of habit that" (drill).

It is now necessary to call the reader's attention to three of us who were harnessed and collared in blue and brass...

Poem - the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. (Stated as by a god to the gods - i.e. an God's story.)

Poem - I - Hard Cheese, uninvented, not omnipotent - limitation, difficulties etc. from being only able to work by Law (His only reliance is tool of foresight.)

" We will now ask the reader to look onward with us... at what the contingent of us got out that way were doing.

Poem A mystical force seen acting in a man (e.g. Napoleon) and he acting under it - a pathetic sight - this compulsion.

Patriotism, it aggressive and at the expense of other countries, is a vice. It is anybody with them, a virtue.

From these notes it will be seen how "The Dynasts" had been slowly developing in his mind. Unfortunately they are not dated, but there is in existence a note-book filled

with details of the Napoleonic wars, and reflection upon the same, having been written at the time he was gathering material for "The Trumpet Major" which was first published in 1880.

During July Hardy had visits from many friends. Florence Henniker came early in the month, and went for a delightful drive with him and his wife in Blackmore Vale, and to Sherborne, the scene of "The Woodlanders". Later Siegfried Sassoon arrived with Edmund Blunden, and then E.M.Forster who accompanied him to an amateur performance of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" on the lawn of Trinity Rectory.

In August he was well enough to cycle (no small feat for a man of 82) with his wife to Talbothays to visit his brother and his sister.

On 11th August he writes in his note-book:

"~~In Newman Flower's car with him and his wife and boy and F. to Sturminster Newton, and back by Bishop's Caundell, Glanville's Woolton, Middlemarsh, and Dogberry Gate, where we lunched.~~ Motored to Sturminster Newton, and back by Dogberry Gate. Walked to top of High Story with Flower, (probably for the last time) thence back home. A beautiful drive."

"October 12. Walked across Boucher's Close to Ewelease Stile." (Boucher's Close is a green wooded Meadow next to Stinsford Vicarage, and the Ewelease stile is the one whereon,

more than fifty years before this date, he had sat and read the review of "Desperate Remedies" in The Spectator.)

Early in November he was visited by Mrs Henry Allhusen, his friend from her girlhood, when she was Miss Dorothy Stanley, daughter of Lady Jeune, afterwards Lady St Helier. With Mrs Allhusen and her daughter Elizabeth he motored to Dogberry Gate and other beautiful parts of Dorset. Elizabeth Allhusen, a charming girl, died soon after, to Hardy's grief.

A few days later came a letter from the Pro-Provost of Queen's College Oxford, to say that it had been decided to elect him to an Honorary Fellowship, which he accepted, an announcement to that effect being made in the Times on the 20th of the month.

Another entry in his note-book:-

"November 27. E's death-day, ten years ago. Went with F. and tidied her tomb and carried flowers for her and the other two tombs."

"New Year's Eve. Henry and Kate came to 1 o'clock dinner, stayed to tea, left 5.30. Did not sit up."

Early in January 1923 Hardy was appointed Governor of the Dorchester Grammar School for three years.

"February 26. A story (rather than a poem) might be written in the first person, in which "I" am supposed to live through the centuries in my ancestors, in one person, the

particular line of descent chosen being that in which qualities are most continuous. (from an old note).

A few days after this entry, is the following:

"April 5. In today's Times:

"Henniker. - on the 4th April, 1923, of heart failure, the Honourable Mrs Arthur Henniker. R.I.P."

After a friendship of 30 years!

"April 10.

F.Henniker buried today at 1 o'clock at Thornham Magna. ~~Erye~~ Eye. Suffolk."

During the month of April Hardy finished the rough draft of his poetical play "The Queen of Cornwall," and in May he made, with infinite care, his last Drawing, an imaginary view of Tintagel Castle. This is delicately drawn, an amazing feat for a man in his 83rd year, and it indicates his architectural tastes and early training. It was used as an illustration when "The Queen of Cornwall" was published.

In April, replying to a letter from Mr John Galsworthy, he writes:

".... The exchange of international thought is the only possible salvation for the world: and though I was decidedly premature when I wrote at the Beginning of the South African War that I hoped to see patriotism not confined

to realms, but circling the earth, I still maintain that such sentiments ought to prevail.

Whether they will do so before the year 10,000 is of course what sceptics may doubt."

Towards the end of May Mr & Mrs Walter de la Mare stayed at Max Gate for two nights, and early in June, the day after Hardy's birthday, Mr & Mrs Granville-Barker came to see him, bringing with them friends he had not seen for many years, Mr & Mrs Max Beerbohm.

On June 3rd the following tribute~~s~~ from Mr Edmund Gosse ~~and Mr Alfred Noyes~~ appeared in "The Sunday Times."

TO THOMAS HARDY.

ON HIS EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

According to the laws of the Brahminical religion, the man who reaches his 84th year becomes, by that occurence, a Saint.

Yesterday was the birthday of St Thomas of Max Gate. On behalf of the readers of the "Sunday Times" I greet with benediction the poet who is, without dispute, the head of the literary profession in England, and (as I believe) the first of living men of letters in the world.

On my own behalf I greet with emotion the friend of five and forty years. Happy is the country which can boast of such a presence in this mellow length of years. "Venerable" he is: but I prefer to call him "veteran," our commander-in-

chief in the war against ignorance and dullness.

May he be with us through future birthdays as he is now, with powers unimpaired and sympathies unblunted.

Edmund Gosse.

A breath of hope, for those who have known despair;
Of victory, for those who have drunk defeat;
Of harvest, when the wounded fields lie bare,
Or but a mist of green foreruns the wheat;

A breath of love, when all we loved lies dead;
Of beauty, too remote for tongue to tell;
Of joy, when sorrow veiled and bowed the head;
Of Heaven, for those that daily walked in Hell;-

His music breathes it, for his wrestling soul
Through agonies of denial postulates
All that young eyes affirm. He proves his goal
Divine, because he mourns the fast-barred gates;

And by his grief for love and hope brought low;
Proves that the highest ne'er would have it so.

Alfred Noyes.

"June 10. Relativity. That things and events always were, are, and will be (e.g. Emma, Mother and Father are living still in the past)."

"June 21. Went with F. on board the Queen Elizabeth, on a visit to Sir John de Robeck, Lady de Robeck, and Admiral W.W.Fisher." More than once, upon the invitation of Admiral Fisher, he had had a pleasant time on board a battle ship off Portland.

On June 25th Hardy and his wife went to Oxford by road to stay at Queen's College for two nights. This was the last long journey that Hardy was to make, and the last time that he was to sleep away from Max Gate. It was a delightful drive, by way of Salisbury, Hungerford, and Wantage. At Salisbury they stopped for a little while to look at the Cathedral, as Hardy always loved doing, and at various old buildings including the Training College which he had visited more than fifty years before when his two sisters were students there, and which is faithfully described in "Jude the Obscure."

They paused also at Fawley, that pleasant Berkshire village described in the same novel under the name of Marygreen. Here some of Hardy's ancestors were buried, and he searched fruitlessly for their graves in the little churchyard. His father's mother, the gentle kindly grandmother who lived with the family at Bockhampton during Hardy's childhood, had spent the first thirteen years of her life here as an orphan child, and her memories of Fawley were so poignant that she never cared to return to the place after she had left it as a young girl. The surname of Jude was taken from this place.

So well had their journey been timed that on their arrival at Oxford they found awaiting them under the entrance gateway of Queen's Mr. Godfrey Elton who was to be their cicerone during the visit.

On June 25th Hardy and his wife went to Oxford by road to stay at Queen's College for two nights. This was the last long journey that Hardy was to make, and the last time that he was to sleep away from his home. It was a delightful drive, by way of Salisbury, Hungerford, and Wantage. At Salisbury they stopped for a little while to look at the Cathedral, as Hardy always loved doing, and at various old buildings including the Training College which he had visited more than fifty years before when his two sisters were students there, and which is faithfully described in "Jude the Obscure."

They passed also at Ewelme, that pleasant Berkshire village described in the same novel under the name of Marygreen. Here some of Hardy's ancestors were buried, and he searched fruitlessly for their graves in the little churchyard. His father's mother, the gentle kindly grandmother who lived with the family at Bockhampton during Hardy's childhood, had spent the first thirteen years of her life here as an orphan child, and her memories of Ewelme were so poignant that she never cared to return to the place after she had left it as a young girl. The entrance of Jude was taken from this place.

So well had their journey been timed that on their arrival at Oxford they found awaiting them under the entrance gateway of Queen's Mr. Godfrey Elton who was to be their hostess during the visit.

~~On the next morning, June 25th, the Hardys take farewell to Oxford and to their friend Mr Elton, who had done so much to make their visit pleasant.~~ ~~They~~ The Hardys motored back to Max Gate by way of Newbury, Winchester, and Ringwood, having lunch in a grassy glade in the New Forest in the simple way that Hardy so much preferred.

This occasion was an outstanding one during the last years of Hardy's life.

On July 20th the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Dorchester, ~~being part of an extended tour through the Duchy of Cornwall, which included parts of Dorset. The Prince was~~ to open the new Drill Hall for the Dorset Territorials, and Hardy was invited to meet him there, and to drive back ~~through Dorchester~~ to Max Gate where the Prince and the party accompanying him were to lunch.

It was a hot day and the whole episode might well have proved fatiguing and irksome to a man of Hardy's years and retiring nature, but owing to the thoughtfulness of the Prince and his simple and friendly manner, all passed off quite pleasantly.

At lunch, beside the Prince and the Hardys there were present Lord Shaftesbury, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Mr (afterwards Sir) Walter Peacock, and Messrs Proudfoot and Wilson, the Duchy Stewards. ~~Afterwards~~

A few nights Mr Elton has promised me I might go here.

On the next morning, June 27th, the Hardys bade farewell to Oxford and to their friend Mr Elton, who had done so much to make their visit pleasant. They motored back to Max Gate by way of Newbury, Winchester, and Ringwood, having lunch in a grassy glade in the New Forest in the simple way that Hardy so much preferred.

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On July 20th the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Dorchester, being part of an extended tour through the Duchy of Cornwall, which included parts of Dorset. The Prince was to open the new Drill Hall for the Dorset Territorials, and

Hardy was invited to meet him there, and to drive back through Dorchester to Max Gate where the Prince and the party accompanying him were to lunch.

It was a hot day and the whole episode might well have proved fatiguing and irksome to a man of Hardy's years and retiring nature, but owing to the thoughtfulness of the Prince and his simple and friendly manner, ~~in occasions so like Hardy's own~~ all passed off quite pleasantly.

~~The Prince and Hardy passed through dense and cheering throngs, a triumphal progress all the way.~~

At lunch, beside the Prince and the Hardys there were present Lord Shaftesbury, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Mr (afterwards Sir) Walter Peacock, and Messrs Pronofort and Wilson, the Duchy Stewards. Afterwards the Prince had a friendly talk with Hardy in the garden, before leaving to visit certain Duchy farms in Dorchester. The main characteristic of the visit was its easy informality.

The next few months saw a certain activity on Hardy's part. He visited several friends either for lunch or tea as he did not go out in the evening except for a short walk, nor did he again sleep away from Max Gate. Many ~~friends~~ from a distance also called upon him, including his ever faithful and affectionate friend Lady St Helier, who

Darcy was invited to meet him there, and to drive back through Dorchester to Lyx Gate where the Princes and the party accompanying him were to lunch.

It was a hot day and the whole cavalcade might all have proved fatiguing and irksome to a man of Darcy's years and retiring nature, but owing to the thoughtfulness of the Princes and his simple and friendly manner, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ all passed off quite pleasantly. ~~[illegible]~~

At lunch, beside the Prince and the Duchess there were present Lord Stanmore, Admiral Sir Michael Culme, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Mr Lutteworth Sir Walter Jackson, and Messrs Trenchard and Tilson, the lunch itself. Afterwards the Prince had a friendly talk with Darcy in the garden, before leaving to visit certain Lady Lamb de Dorchester. The main characteristic of the whole was its easy informality.

The next few months saw a certain activity on Darcy's part. He invited several friends either for lunch or tea or he had his car out in the evening except for a month when, for his health sake, he was away from Lyx Gate. Darcy ~~[illegible]~~ from a distance also called upon him, including his very faithful and affectionate friend Lady St Helier, who

travelled from Newbury to Max Gate, on October 3rd, this being their last meeting.

On November 15th the poetic drama "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall" was published. Hardy's plan in writing this is clearly given in a letter to ~~a friend~~ Mr Harold Child:

"The unities are strictly preserved, whatever virtue there may be in that. (I, myself am oldfashioned enough to think there is a virtue in it, if it can be done without artificiality. The only other case I remember attempting it in was "The Return of the Native.") The original events could have been enacted in the time taken by the performance, and they continue unbroken throughout. The change of persons on the stage is called a change of scene, there being no change of background.

"My temerity in pulling together into the space of an hour events that in the traditional stories covered a long time will doubtless be criticized, if it is noticed. But there are so many versions of the famous romance that I felt free to adapt it to my purpose in any way -- as, in fact, the Greek dramatists did in their plays (-) notably Euripides.

"Wishing it to be thoroughly English I have dropped the name of Chorus for the conventional onlookers, and called them Chanters, though they play the part of a

Greek Chorus to some extent. I have also called them Ghosts (I don't for the moment recall an instance of this in a Greek play.) ..... Whether the lady ghosts in our performance will submit to have their faces whitened I don't know! .....

"I have tried to avoid turning the rude personages of say, the fifth century into respectable Victorians, as was done by Tennyson, Swinburne, Arnold, etc. On the other hand it would have been impossible to present them as they really were, with their barbaric manners and surroundings."

On the 28th of the same month the play was produced by the Hardy Players at the Corn Exchange at Dorchester. The great difficulties which the play presented to amateur actors, unaccustomed to reciting blank verse, who were at their best in rustic comedy, were more or less overcome, but naturally a poetic drama did not make a wide appeal. However the performance, and particularly the rehearsals, gave Hardy considerable pleasure.

On December 10th the death was announced of Sir Frederick Treves, Hardy's fellow townsman, the eminent surgeon. Frederick Treves as a child had attended the same school as Hardy's elder sister Mary, and it was from the shop of Treve's father that Hardy as a boy purchased his first writing desk. The care which he took of all his possessions during his whole life, is shown by the fact that this desk was in his

study without a mark or scratch upon it at the time of his death. Because of the early association and the love which they both bore to the county there was a strong link between these two Dorset men.

On the last day but one of the year Mr & Mrs G.Bernard Shaw and Colonel T.E.Lawrence lunched with the Hardy's and spent several hours with them. The following entry in his note-book ends his brief chronicle of the years doings:

"31. New Year's Eve. ~~To Weymouth to lunch with Mr and Mrs St John Ervine at the Royal Hotel.~~ Did not sit up. Heard the bells in the evening.

1924.

"January 2. Attended Frederick Treves's funeral at St Peters. Very wet day. Sad procession to the cemetery. Casket in a little white grave.

Lord Dawson of Penn and Mr Newman Flower came out to tea afterwards."

On the 5th January a poem by Hardy "In Memoriam. F.T." appeared in the Times, a last tribute to an old friend.

During February "The Queen of Cornwall" was performed in London by the Hardy Players of Dorchester, but it was not altogether a success, partly owing to the only building

available having no stage suitable for the performance, a rather small concert platform having to be used.

On March 7th Hardy notes:

"To Stinsford with F. (E first met 54 years ago)."

And later, on April 3,

"Mother died 20 years ago today."

Among the many letters which arrived on June 2nd, the 84th anniversary of his birth, was one from a son of the Baptist Minister, Mr Perkins, whom, in his youth, Hardy had so respected. This correspondent was one of the young men who had met him at the Baptist Chapel at the Eastern end of the town for a prayer-meeting which was hindered by the arrival of a circus. More than sixty years had elapsed since Hardy had had any contact with this friend of his youth, and for a little while he was strongly tempted to get into touch with him again. However too wide a gulf of time lay between and, as might have been told in one of his poems, the gesture was never made and the days slipped on into oblivion.

On June 11th Mr Rutland Broughton arrived at Max Gate for a visit of two days, the purpose of which was to consult Hardy about a plan he had for setting "The Queen of Cornwall" to music. Hardy was greatly interested, though he had heard no modern compositions, not even the immensely popular "Faerie Song" from "The Immortal Hour". "The Blue

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Danube," "The Morgenblatten Waltz," and the Overture to William Tell interested him more strongly, and also church music, mainly on account of the association with his early days.

But he found Mr Broughton a stimulating companion, and was interested in his political views, though he could not share them. After Mr Broughton's departure he said with conviction " If I had talked to him for a few hours I would soon have converted him."

One feature of this visit was a drive the Hardys took with their guest across parts of Egdon Heath which were then one blaze of purple with rhododendrons in full bloom.

On June 16th a poem by Hardy entitled "Compassion" appeared in the Times. It was written in answer to a request and was intended to celebrate the Centenary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Although not one of his most successful efforts, as he was never happy when writing to order, it served to demonstrate the poet's passion hatred of injustice and barbarity.

"Much has been won - more, maybe, than we know-
And on we labour hopeful. "Ailinon!"
A mighty voice calls:"But may the good prevail!"
And "Blessed are the Merciful!
Calls yet a mightier one.

On July 1st the Balliol Players, a party of undergraduates from Oxford, visited Max Gate, during the course of

a tour in the West of England, to perform on the lawn "The Oresteia" as "The Curse of the House of Atreus." This was a pleasant and informal occasion which gave delight to Hardy.

Always sympathetic to youth, and a lifelong admirer of Greek tragedy, he fully appreciated this mark of affection and respect.

The performance was not without an amusing side. The day was a windy one, and cold for July, hence the players with their bare arms and legs and scanty costumes must have been none too comfortable. However they ran about the lawn and pranced into the flower beds with apparent enjoyment. Finding that the carrying of lighted torches in the sunlight was ineffective they carried instead tall spikes of a giant flowering spirae which they plucked from a border.

While having tea after the play they gathered round Hardy who talked to them with a sincerity and simplicity that few but he could have shown.

Among the names of the players that he jotted down in his note-book were those of Mr A.L.Cliffe- Clytemnestra; Mr Anthony Asquith- Cassandra; Mr Walter Oakeshott- Orestes; Mr.H.T.Wade-Gery- Agamemnon; Mr A.A.Farrer- Electra; and he also notes "The Balliol Players had come on Bicycles, sending on their theatrical properties in a lorry that sometimes broke down."

Mr and Mrs Granville-Barker was also present as

spectators on this occasion.

A day or two later, ~~About this time,~~ with reference to what is not clear, Hardy copies a quotation from Emerson:

"The foolish man wonders at the unusual, but the wise man at the usual."

On August 4th, noted by Hardy as being the day on which war was declared ten years before, he and Mrs Hardy motored to Netherton Hall in Devon to lunch with Mr & Mrs Granville-Barker. Two days later he received a visit from Siegfried Sassoon and Colonel T.E.Lawrence. On the 9th August Mr Sassoon, Colonel T.E.Lawrence, and Mr Edmund Blunden were again at Max Gate, this time with Mr H.M.Tomlinson. All the members of the party were staying in the neighbourhood.

About this time Rutland Broughton's music version of "The Queen of Cornwall" was produced at Glastonbury, and on August 28th Hardy with his wife went to see and hear it, making the journey to Glastonbury by car.

From the 25th to the 30th Hardy was sitting to the Russian sculptor Serge Yourievitch for his bust. This was made in Hardy's study at Max Gate, and though he enjoyed conversation with the sculptor he was tired by the sittings, probably on account of his age, and definitely announced that he would not sit again for anything of the kind.

For several years some of the members of the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society had wished to perform a dramatization of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." After much hesitation Hardy handed over his own dramatization, although, as he notes in his diary, he had come to the conclusion that to dramatize a novel was a mistake in art; moreover that the play ruined the novel and the novel the play. However the result was that the company, self-styled "The Hardy Players", produced "Tess" with such unexpected success at Dorchester and Weymouth that it was asked for in London and the following year produced there by professional actors for over a hundred nights, Miss Gwen Frangcon-Davies taking the part of "Tess".

On the 22nd of October Hardy with his wife visited for the first time since his childhood the old barn at the back of Kingston Maurward.

Here as a small boy, he had listened to village girls singing old ballads. He pointed out to his wife the corner where they had sat. He looked around at the dusty rafters and the debris, considering possibly the difference that seventy years had made, and his manner as he left the barn was that of one who wished he had not endeavoured to revive a scene from a distant past. Almost certainly he was the only human being left of that once gay party.

A characteristic note ends Hardy's diary for

1924.

"Dec.31. New Year's Eve. Sat up and heard Big Ben and the London church bells by wireless ring in the New Year."

On this day also he copied a quotation from an essay by L. Pearsall Smith.

"In every representation of Nature which is a work of art there is to be found, as Professor Courthope said, something which is not to be found in the aspect of Nature which it represents; and what that something is has been a matter of dispute from the earliest days of criticism."

"The same writer adds", notes Hardy

"Better use the word "inspiration" than "genius" for inborn daemonic genius as distinct from concious artistry."

(It seems to me it might be called "temperamental impulse" which of course, must be inborn)

Early in January 1925 Hardy sent to the Nineteenth Century Magazine a poem entitled "The Absolute Explains".

In the spring of this year, in connection with Hardy's dog "Wessex", an incident occured which was ~~difficult, almost~~ impossible to explain. This dog, a wire-haired terrier, was of great intelligence and very friendly to many who visited Max Gate, though he had defects of temper, due perhaps to a want of thorough training. Among those to whom he showed a partiality was Mr William Watkins, the honorary secretary to

the Society of Dorset Men in London.

About nine o'clock on the evening of April 18th Mr Watkins called at Max Gate to discuss with Hardy certain matters connected with his Society. The dog, as was his wont, rushed into the hall and greeted his friend with vociferous barks. Suddenly these gave way to a piteous whine, and the change was so startling that the dog's mistress went to see what had happened.

Nothing however seemed amiss, and the dog returned into the room where Hardy was sitting and where he was joined by Mr Watkins. But even here the dog seemed ill at ease and from time to time went to the visitor and touched his coat solicitously with his paw, which he always withdrew giving a sharp cry of distress.

Mr Watkins left a little after ten o'clock apparently in very good spirits. Early the next morning there came a telephone message from his son to say that the father, Hardy's guest of the night before, had died quite suddenly about an hour after his return to the hotel from Max Gate. As a rule the dog barked furiously when he heard the telephone ring, but on this occasion he remained silent, his nose between his paws.

Four days after, on April 22nd, Hardy attended the funeral of Mr Watkins at Dorchester Cemetery where he had fifteen months before attended the burial of the ashes

of Sir Frederick Treves in a grave adjoining.

On May 26th a letter and a leading article appeared in the Times on the subject of a Thomas Hardy Chair of Literature and a Wessex University. The letter was signed by many eminent writers and educationalists. At the date of writing however the Chair has not been endowed.

Later in the summer, on July 15th, a deputation from Bristol University arrived at Max Gate to confer on Hardy the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature. This was the fifth degree he had received from English and Scottish Universities, the others being, in the order in which the degrees were bestowed, Aberdeen, Cambridge, Oxford, St Andrews and Bristol.

At the end of July Hardy sent off the manuscript of his volume of poems, "Human Shows" to the publishers, and a month later he made arrangements for the performance of his dramatization of "Tess" at the Barnes Theatre. About this time he enters in his note-book,

"Truth is what will work" said William James. (Harpers.) A worse corruption of language was never perpetrated.

On August 12. his friends Mr and Mrs Eden Phillpotts came to see him, having motored all the way from Torquay in

a downpour of rain.

Few other events were of interest to him during the year. "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was produced in London, but he felt he had not sufficient strength to go up to see it. After nearly two months at Barnes Theatre the play was removed to the Garrick Theatre on Nov.2nd where the hundredth performance took place.

The many pilgrimages Hardy made with his wife to Stinsford Church took place usually in the evening during

the summer and in the afternoon during the winter. On October 9th however, contrary to his usual custom, he walked to Stinsford in the morning. The bright sunlight shone across the face of a worn tomb whose lettering Hardy had often endeavoured to decipher, so that he might re-carve the letters with his pen-knife. This day, owing to the sunlight they were able to read:

SACRED
to the memory of
ROBERT REASON
who departed this life
December 26th 1819
Aged 56 years.

Dear friend should you mourn for me
I am but where you soon must be.

Although Robert Reason had died twenty-one years before the birth of the author of "Under the Greenwood Tree" he was faithfully described in that novel as Mr Penny, the shoemaker, Hardy having heard so much of him from old inhabitants of Bockhampton. He used to regret that he had not used the real name , that being much better for his purpose than the one he had invented.

On December 6th the company of players from the

Garrick Theatre arrived at Max Gate in the evening for the purpose of giving a performance of "Tess" in the drawing-room. The following description of this event is taken from a letter written by one of the company to a correspondent in America who had particularly desired her impressions of the visit.

"The chief impression I got from the atmosphere of Mr Hardy's comfortable secluded house was that of a simple, kindly and most hospitable domesticity. We might have been any cheerful band of amateurs playing on any Sunday evening for the amusement of any kindly parent. At least that is how I felt. Exactly as I felt when as a child I dressed up and took part in charades,

Mr and Mrs Hardy behaved as if it were a most usual occurence for a party of west-end actors to arrive laden with huge theatrical baskets of clothes and props.

They met us in the hall and entertained us with tea, cakes and sandwiches and Mr Hardy made a point of chatting with everyone. He was very interested in the fact that my ancestors were actually inhabitants of the "Tess" country a certain

~~Mrs J-- C--- living only a few miles away from the home of the d'Urbervilles. After tea we were conducted to a bedroom and dressed by the light of candles.~~

The drawing-room was rather a fortunate shape- the door facing an alcove at one end of the room and we used these to make our exits and entrances, either exiting into the hall or sitting quietly in the alcove.

Mr and Mrs Hardy, ~~a press representative (more or less) smuggled in as a "critic"~~ a friend of the Hardys and two maids who in cap and apron sat on the floor- made up our audience. I think I am correct in saying there was no-one else. The room was shaded - lamps and firelight throwing the necessary light on our faces.

We played the scenes of Tess's home with chairs and a tiny drawing-room table to represent farm furniture - tea-cups for drinking mugs - when the chairs and tables were removed the corner of the drawing-room became Stonehenge, and yet in some strange way those present said the play gained from the simplicity.

It had seemed as if it would be a paralysingly difficult thing to do, to get the atmosphere at all within a few feet of the author himself and without any of the usual theatrical illusion but speaking for myself - after the first few seconds it was perfectly easy, and Miss Françon-Davies's beautiful voice and exquisite playing of the Stonehenge scene in the shadows thrown by the firelight was a thing that I

shall never forget. It was beautiful.

~~We all felt it must be a tiring and exciting evening~~ for Mr Hardy and arrangements had been made for us to leave by car as soon as the play was over. We changed and packed ~~as quickly as possible~~ but Mr Hardy insisted on talking to us until the last minute. He talked of Tess as if she was someone real whom he had known and liked tremendously. I think he enjoyed the evening. I may be quite wrong but I got the impression that to him it seemed quite a proper and usual way to give a play - probably as good if not better than any other - and he seemed to have very little conception of the unusualness and difficulties it might present to us.

The gossip of the ~~village~~ country has it that his house was designed and the garden laid out with the idea of being entirely excluded from the gaze of the curious. Of course it was dark when we arrived but personally I should say he had succeeded."

I feel this a most inadequate impression of a meeting with such a writer, but I think one often finds it the case - when one is confronted with a great artist. In the one direction that of his intense and immense imagination the outsider can only reach him through his work - in other respects he is disconcertingly normal.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

shall never forget. It was beautiful.

We all felt it must be a fitting and exciting evening for Mr Hardy and arrangements had been made for us to leave by car as soon as the play was over. We changed and packed as quickly as possible but Mr Hardy insisted on talking to us until the last minute. He talked of Tess as if she was some real woman he had known and liked tremendously. I think he enjoyed the evening. I may be quite wrong but I got the impression that to him it seemed quite a proper and usual way to give a play - probably as good if not better than any other - and he seemed to have very little conception of the unusualness and difficulties it might present to us.

The Bosset of the Castle Hill Cottage was designed and the garden laid out with the idea of being entirely excluded from the gaze of the curious. Of course it was dark when we arrived but personally I should say he had succeeded.

I feel this is a most inadequate impression of a meeting with such a writer. But I think one often finds it the case - when one is confronted with a great artist. In the one direction that of his intense and immense imagination the artist can only reach him through his work - in other respects he is disconcertingly normal.

I am

Yours very sincerely,

On the 20th December he heard with ~~great~~ regret of the death of his friend Sir Hamo Thornycroft, the sculptor whose bronze head of Hardy was presented later to the National Portrait Gallery by Lady Thornycroft.

Siegfried Sassoon, a nephew of Sir Hamo's, happened to be paying Hardy a visit at the time, ~~with his friend Glen Bryan Shaw.~~ He left to go to the funeral of his uncle at Oxford, carrying with him a laurel wreath which Hardy had sent to be placed on the grave. Hardy had a warm regard for the sculpter whose fine upstanding mien spoke truly of his nobility and character. The hours Hardy had spent in Sir Hamo's London studio and at his home were pleasant ones, and they had cycled together in Dorset while Sir Hamo was staying at Max Gate.

"December.23. Mary's birthday.

She came into the world ... and went out... and the world is just the same... not a ripple on the surface left."

"Dec. 31. New Year's Eve.

F. and I sat up. Heard on the wireless various features of New Year's Eve in London : dancing at the Albert Hall. Big Ben striking twelve, Singing Auld Lang Syne, God Save the King, Marseillaise, hurrahing.

End of 1925.

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Stupefied Sassoon, a nephew of Sir Hamo's, happened to be paying Hardy a visit at the time, ~~with his friend Glen Byam Shaw~~. He left to go to the funeral of his uncle at Pinford, carrying with him a laurel wreath which Hardy had sent to be placed on the grave. Hardy had a very keeping for the sculptor whose time spreading elm evoke truly of his mobility and character. The hours Hardy had spent in Sir Hamo's London studio and at his home were pleasant ones, and they had cycled together in Dorset while Sir Hamo was staying at Max Gate.

"December.25. Hardy's birthday.

She came into the world ... and went out... and the world is just the same... not a ripple on the surface left."

"Dec. 31. New Year's Eve.

I, and I sat up. Heard on the wireless various features of New Year's Eve in London: dancing at the Albert Hall. Big Ben striking twelve. Singing Auld Lang Syne. God Save the King. Hallelujahs, hurrahs.

End of 1932.

COPY

31 Lancelot Place,
Knightsbridge,
London.

19 July 1926.

Dear Sir:

..... We went down to Dorchester on the Sunday morning, putting up at the Hotel and returning on Monday morning so I had not the chance of seeing very much of Mr Hardy - but I did get a very firm impression of his dislike to publicity of any description and as I was in a sense his guest I zm taking it that you do ~~not~~ mean exactly what you say in your letter that your request for impressions is in no way intended for publication. (Insert from here on page 43.)

X The chief impression I got from the atmosphere of Mr Hardy's comfortable secluded house was that of a simple, kindly and most hospitable domesticity. We might have been any cheerful band of amateurs playing on any Sunday evening for the amusement of any kindly parent. At least that is how I felt. Exactly as I felt when as a child I dressed up and took part in charades.

Mr and Mrs Hardy behaved as if it were a most ~~sua~~ usual occurence ~~to~~ for a party of west-end actors to arrive laden with huge theatrical baskets of clothes and props. They met us in the hall and entertained us with tea, cakes and sandwiches and Mr Hardy made a point of chatting with everyone. He was very interested in the fact that my ancestors were actually inhabitants of the "Tess" country a certain Mrs J— C— ~~John Carter~~ living only a few miles away from the home of the d'Urbervilles.

COPY

12 Bedford Place,
Kensington,
London.

Dear Sir:

.....

I do not know whether you will be interested in publishing my description and a few lines of a cause célèbre that I am treating it your request for information is in no way interested in publication.

(Signed) Alex. M. Ford (Sgd.)

The other information I got from the signature of Mr Hardie contributor as linked house was that of a simple, kindly and most hospitable demeanour. He might have been any respectful band or amateur playing on any Sunday evening in the drawing-room of any kindly parent. At least that is how I felt. Kindly as I felt when as a child I dressed up and took part in entertainments and are kind to me as he was a boat --- Sunday afternoon -- for a party of week-end guests to derive indeed with more traditional remains of clothes and prams. They met on the dull and substantial in with him, music and conversations and he really made a point of speaking with everyone. He was very interested in the fact that my grandfathers were actually immediate of the Czarevy working a certain air. Some Czarina playing tunes of the Czarevy working a certain air. Some Czarina playing copy a tune away from the same of the "Czarevitch".

After tea we were conducted to a bedroom and dressed by the light of candles.

The drawing-room was rather a fortunate shape - the door facing an alcove at one end of the room and we used these to make our exits and entrances, either exiting into the hall or sitting quietly in the alcove.

Mr Hardy and Mrs Hardy, a press representative (more or less) smuggled in as a"critic") a frieend of the Hardys and two maids who in cap and apron sat on the floor - made up our audience. I think I am correct in saying there was no-one else. The room was shaded - lamps and firelight throwing the necessary light on our faces.

We played the scenes of Tess's home with chairs and a tiny drawing-room table to represent farm furniture - tea-cups for drinking mugs - when the chairs and tables were removed the corner of the drawing-room became Stonehenge, and yet in some strange way those present said the play gained from the simplicity.

It had seemed as if it would be a paralysingly difficult thing to do, to get the atmosphere at all within a few feet of the author himself and without any of the usual theatrical illusion but speaking for myself - after the first few seconds it was perfectly easy, and Miss Francon-Davies' beautiful voice and exquisite playing of the Stonehenge scene in the shadows

thrown by the firelight was a thing that I shall never forget. It was beautiful.

We all felt it must be a tiring and exciting evening for Mr Hardy and arrangements had been made for us to leave by car as soon as the play was over. We chnaged ~~as quickly~~ and packed as quickly as possible but Mr Hardy insisted on talking to us until the last ~~possible~~ minute. He talked of Tess as if she was someone real whom he had known and liked tremendously' I think he enjoyed the evening. I may be quite wrong but I got the impression that to him it seemed quite a proper and usual way to give a play - probably as good if not better than any other - and he seemed to have very little conception of the oft the unusualness and difficulties it might present to us.

The gossip of the village has it that his house was designed and the garden laid out with the idea of being entirely excluded from the gaze of the curious. Of course it was dark when we arrived but personally I should say he had succeeded.

I feel this is a most inadequate impression of a meeting with such a wtiter, but I think one often finds it the case - when one is confronted with a great artist . In the one direction that of his intense and immense imagination the outsider can only reach him through his work - in other respects he is disconcertingly normal.

I am, Yours very sincerely, ~~Margaret Carter.~~

~~Richard L. Purday Esq.~~

Thrown by the interlude was a lapse that I shall never forget.
It was amusing.

In all fairness it must be a fitting and exciting evening for Mr
R Ady and arrangements had been made for us to leave by car as
soon as the play was over. We managed ~~successfully~~ and produced
an quite an acceptable but he kept insisted on talking to us
until the last ~~[illegible]~~ minute. We talked of Iona as if she
were something from an Indian and liked tremendously. I
think he enjoyed the evening. I was so quite proud but I got
the feeling that to him it seemed quite a proper and usual
way to spend a play - probably as good if not better than any
other - and he seems to have very little conception of the
difficulties and difficulties it might present to us.
The beauty of the village has it that his house was design-
ed and the garden laid out with the idea of being entirely
secluded from the rest of the village. Of course it was dark
when we arrived but naturally I should say he had succeeded.
A local film is a most laughable introduction of a meeting
with such a writer. But I think one often finds it the case -
when one is confronted with a great artist. In the one direc-
tion that circle listens and becomes fascinated the outsider
can only regret the lavished his work - in other words he is
disconcertingly normal.
I am [illegible] very sincerely, [illegible]
Michael [illegible]

On the 20th December he heard with great regret of the death of his friend Sir Hamo Thornycroft, the sculptor whose bronze head of Hardy was presented later to the National Portrait Gallery by Lady Thornycroft.

~~Siegfried~~ Siegfried Sassoon, a nephew of Sir Hamo's, happened to be paying Hardy a visit at the time, with his friend Glen Byam Shaw. He left to go to the funeral of his uncle at Oxford, carrying with him a laurel wreath which Hardy had sent to be placed on the grave. Hardy had a warm regard for the sculptor whose fine upstanding mien spoke truly of his nobility of character. The hours Hardy had spent in Sir Hamo's London studio & at his home were pleasant ones, & they had cycled together in Dorset while Sir Hamo was staying at Max Gate.

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It was beautiful.

We all felt it must be a little and anything evening for he
& Mrs Ann arrangements had been made for us to leave by car as
soon as the play was over. He changed ~~--quickly-~~ and passed
us out. Mr Agnetia but Mr Ramsy insisted on talking to us
until the last ~~-------~~ minute. We talked of Iona as if she
was somewhere real where we had known and lived tremendously. I
think he enjoyed the evening. I may be quite wrong but I got
the impression that to him it seemed quite a proper and usual
way to give a play - product. as good if not better than any
other - and he seemed to have very little conception of the
sort the difficulties and difficulties it might present to us.

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when one is confronted with a great artist. In the one direc-
tion that of his listens and increase inspiration the outsider
can only reach him through his work - in other respects he is
disappointingly normal.

I am, Yours very sincerely, Margaret Carter.

on th. er.

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on the 8th

"Dec. 23. Mary's birthday.
She came into the world... and went out... and the world is just the same... not a ripple on the surface left."

"Dec. 31. New Year's Eve.
F. and I sat up. Heard on the wireless various features of New Year's Eve in London: dancing at the Albert Hall. Big Ben striking twelve, Singing Auld Lang Syne. God Save the King, Marseillaise, hurrahing.

End of 1925.

On the 8th

"There were no guests, just the peacful routine of everyday life, for that last birthday here. Mr Hardy said to you afterwards, you told me, that he thought it might be the last, but at the time he was not in any way sad or unlike himself. He noticed, as always, and unlike most old people the smallest things. At luncheon, I remember, one of the lace doilies at his place got awry in an ugly way, showing the mat underneath, and I saw him, quietly and with the most delicate accuracy, setting it straight again - all the time taking his part in the talk.

Was'nt it that day he said, speaking of Augustus John's portrait of him:

"I don't know whether that is how I look or not - but that is how I feel?"

In the afternoon we left him alone in the library because we thought he wanted to rest a little. It was cold, for June, and a wood fire was lighted.

Once we peeped in at him through the garden window. He was not asleep but sitting, walled in with books, staring into the fire with that deep look of his. The cat had established itself on his knees and he was stroking it gently, but half-unconsciously.

It was a wonderful picture of him. I shall not forget it. Nor shall I forget the gay and startlingly youthful gesture with which he flourished his hat towards us as, once in the motor car, later that afternoon, he drove away from us.

on the 8th

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On the 8th

(COPY)

Max Gate,
Dorchester.
27 April 1926

R.McKay Esq.
Ripon Hall (or Magdalen Coll:)
Oxford.

Dear Mr McKay:

I have read your letter with interest: also the enclosure that you and your friends sent to the Manchester Guardian, particularly because, when I was young, I had a wish to enter the Church.

I am now too old to take up the questions you lay open, but I may say that it has seemed to me that a simpler plan than that of mental reservation in passages no longer literally accepted (which is puzzling to ordinary congregations) would be just to abridge the creeds and other primitive parts of the Liturgy, leaving only the essentials. Unfortunately there appears to be a narrowing instead of a broadening tendency among the clergy of late, which if persisted in will exclude still more people from church. But if a strong body of young Reformers were to make a bold stand, in a sort of New Oxford Movement, they would have a tremendous backing from the thoughtful laity, and might overcome the retrogressive section of the clergy.

Please don't attach much importance to these casual thoughts, and believe me

Very truly yours,

T. H.

On the 8th [illegible]

M. & Mme H. Granville-Barker.
Hôtel Beau-Site.
Paris.

Max Gate,
Dorchester.
29 Dec. 1926.

Dear H.G.B. and Helen.

This is intended to be a New Year's letter, but I don't know if I have made a good shot at it. How kind of you to think of sending me Raymond Guyot's Napoleon. I have only glanced at it, at the text that is, as yet, but what an interesting collection of records bearing on the life of the man who finished the Revolution with "a whiff of grapeshot," and so crushed not only its final horrors but all the worthy aspirations of its earlier time, made them as if they had never been, and threw back human altruism scores, perhaps hundreds of years.

We have had a sad aftering to our Christmas. Our devoted (and masterful) dog Wessex died on the 27th, and last night had his bed outside the house under the trees for the first time for 13 years. We miss him greatly, but he was in such misery with swelling and paralysis that it was a relief when a kind breath of chloroform administered in his sleep by 2 good-natured Doctors (not vets) made his sleep an endless one - A dog of such strong character required human doctors!

Best wishes for the coming year that the scheme, or no scheme, of the universe will permit from both and with many thanks believe me

Very sincerely yours

Thomas Hardy.

P.S. Sight bad: accounting for this scrawl of a letter. T.H.

On the 8th

Writing to a friend about a proposed dramatization of "Jude the Obscure" he ~~says~~ observes :-

TELEPHONE: DORCHESTER 43.

MAX GATE,
DORCHESTER,
DORSET.

9th. September 1926.

Dear Mr Ervine:

I am happy to send you the authorization you ask for — that is, that you have the sole right to dramatize "Jude" for twelve months from the beginning of November next.

~~I think the best plan would be to see what happens to the Mayor of Casterbridge, now just produced, before you spend any time on Jude the Obscure, for though the latter is, as I have said, much the more modern and up-to-date novel, its success as a play might be influenced by the fate of the other. I will send you the authorization you ask for as soon as I feel it will be worth your while to set about the job.~~

I may say that I am not keen on the new mode (as I suppose it is regarded, though really Elizabethan) of giving a series of episodes in the film manner instead of set scenes. Of the outlines I sent you which suggested themselves to me many years ago, I thought the one I called (I think) "4th Scheme" most feasible. If you wanted to begin further back than the First Act of this, you could split the act up into 2 or 3 scenes.

Would not Arabella be the villain of the piece? - or Jude's personal constitution? - so far as there is any villian more than blind Chance. Christminster is of course the tragic influence of Jude's drama in one sense, but innocently so, and merely as crass obstruction. By the way it is not meant to be exclusively Oxford, but any old-fashioned University about the date of the story 1860 — 70, before there were such chances for poor men as there are now. I have somewhere printed that I had no feeling against Oxford in particular.

I hope you keep well as we do.

Sincerely yours,

St John Ervine Esq.
131 Whitehall Court
London
S.W.1

On the 8th [illegible]

Chapter XXXVIII.

1926 — January 11th 1928 Aet 86 — 87

Early in January 1926, feeling that his age compelled him to such a step, Hardy resigned the Governorship of the Dorchester Grammar School. He had always been reluctant to hold any public offices, feeling that he was by temperament unfitted to sit on committees and control or ordain the activities of others. He preferred, to be 'the man with the watching eyes'.

In April, replying to a letter from an Oxford correspondent, ~~on the~~:

"~~I have read your letter with interest~~

who was one of four who had signed a letter to the Manchester Guardian upon the necessity of the reformation of

on the 8th

the Prayer Book services, Hardy writes:

Max Gate. Dorchester
27 April 1926.

. . . . . .

I have read your letter with interest . . . etc (copy letter affixed).

In May he received from Mr Arthur M. Hind a water-colour sketch of an attractive corner in the village of Minterne, which the artist thought might be the original of ~~the~~ 'Little Hintock' in "The Woodlanders". In thanking Mr Hind Hardy writes:

"The drawing of the barn that you have been so kind as to send has arrived uninjured, and I thank you much for the gift. I think it a charming picture, and a characteristic reproduction of that part of Dorset.

on the 8th

As to the spot being the "Little Hintock" of "The Woodlanders" – that is another question. You will be surprised or shocked at my saying that I myself do not know where "Little Hintock" is! Several tourists have told me that they have found it, in every detail, and have offered to take me to it, but I have never gone.

However, to be more definite, it has features which were to be found fifty years ago in the hamlets of Hermitage, Middlemarsh, Lyons-Gate, Revels Inn, Holnest, Melbury Butt, etc. – all lying more or less under the eminence called High-Stoy, just beyond Minterne and Dogberry Gate, where the country descends into the Vale of Blackmore.

The topographers you mention as identifying the scene are merely guessers and are wrong.....

On the 8th [illegible]

On June 29 he again welcomed the Balliol Players whose chosen play this summer, the Hippolytus of Euripides, was performed on the lawn at Max Gate. About the same time he sent a message of congratulation & friendship to Weymouth, Massachusetts by a deputation which was then leaving England to visit that town.

"July. 1926. Note - It appears that the theory exhibited in "The Well-Beloved" in 1892 has been since developed by Proust still further :-

"Peu de personnes comprennent le caractère purement subjective de phénomène qu'est l'amour, et la sorte de création que c'est d'une personne supplémentaire, distincte de celle qui porte le même nom dans le monde, et dont la plupart des éléments sont tirés de nous-même". (Ombre I. 40.)

"Le désir s'élève, se satisfait, disparaît

on the 8th

— et c'est tout. Ainsi, la jeune fille qu'on épouse n'est pas celle dont on est tombé amoureux. (Ombre II. 158. 159).

In the early autumn he received from Weymouth Massachusetts the following reply to his message:

Honorable Sir:

It is with sincere gratitude that the Rotary Club of Weymouth Massachusetts accepts your very appropriate gift.

The splendid expressions of friendship coming from Weymouth England to the daughter town in America on this occasion of the celebration of our Sesquicentenial of Independence are but an indication of the ties of a common origin, language, race and idealism. Moreover we believe that this exchange of felicitations is a prophesy of the time when the world shall dwell in peace under the leadership of the great

on the 8th

English speaking peoples.

The contributions to international good-will flowing from your pen are along the lines of the ideals of "Rotary International" that teaches world wide service."

. . . . . .

This message was brought to Max Gate by the Mayor of Weymouth ~~for~~ Dorset, and a deputation with whom Hardy spent a friendly hour.

On September 8th a dramatization of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" ~~was~~ by Mr John Drinkwater was produced at the Barnes Theatre, and on the ~~14th~~ 20th the play was brought to Weymouth where Hardy went to see it, ~~accompanied by Mr Drink-water.~~ He received a great ovation in the theatre, and also, on his return to Max Gate, from an enthusiastic crowd that collected round the Pavilion Theatre

on the 8th [illegible]

on the pier. From balconies & windows people were seen waving handkerchiefs as he drove past. In his diary he notes:

"20 September. Performance of Mayor of Casterbridge at Weymouth by London company, a "flying matinee." Motored down with F. Mr ~~Dun~~ Ridgeway of Drinkwater, who called before we started. Beautiful afternoon, scene outside the theatre finer than within. Snapshotters for newspaper illustration very pestering."

(Insert letter to St John Ervine.)

~~In October he was interested in the publication of a special illustrated edition of "Jess" with wood-engravings by Vivian Gribble (Mrs Doyle Jones).~~

A few days later he, ~~with his wife~~, visited Mrs Bankes at Kingston Lacy in Dorset, and was greatly interested in the priceless collection of pictures shown him

on the 8th

Of this occasion he writes:

"End of September. Wilt T. on a visit to Mrs Bankes at Kingston Lacy. She told me an amusing story when showing me a letter to Sir John Bankes from Charles I the First, acknowledging that he had borrowed £500 from Sir John. Many years ago when she was showing the same letter to King Edward, who was much interested in it, she said "Perhaps, Sir, that's a little matter which could now be set right." He replied quickly "Statute of Limitations, Statute of Limitations."

Another note:

"1 Nov. Went with Mr Hanbury to Bockhampton and looked at fencing, trees, etc, with a view to tidying and secluding the Hardy house."

This was his last visit to the place of his birth. It was always a matter of regret to him if he saw this delightful abode in a state of neglect, or the

On the 8th [illegible]

garden uncherished.

During this month, November, his friend Colonel T. E. Lawrence called to say "good-bye", before starting for India. Hardy was much affected by this parting as T. E. Lawrence was one of his most valued friends. He went into the little pord and stood at the front door to see the departure of Lawrence on his motor bicycle. This machine was difficult to start, and, thinking he might have to wait some time Hardy turned into the house to fetch a shawl to wrap round him. In the meantime, fearing that Hardy might take a chill, Lawrence started the motor-bicycle and hurried away. Returning a few moments after Hardy was grieved that he had not seen the actual departure & said that he had particularly wished to see him go.

During Lawrence's absence Hardy often said that he thought Lawrence would

On the 8th

return before the time usually allotted to troops sent to India. This indeed actually happened, but not in time for another meeting. (Insert page affixed.)

The year drew quietly to an end. On the ~~th~~ twenty-third of December a band of carol-singers from St Peter's, Dorchester, came to Max Gate and sang to Hardy "While ~~Sp~~ Shepherd's Watched" to the tune which used to be played by his father and grandfather, a copy of which he had given to the Rector.

A sadness fell upon the household, for Hardy's dog Wessex, now thirteen years old, was ill and obviously near his end.

Two days after Christmas day Hardy makes this entry:

"27 December. ~~Our~~ Our famous dog "Wessex" died at ½ past 6 in the evening, be thirteen years of age"

"28. Wessex buried.

" Night. Wessex sleeps outside the

on the 8th 1- 5 . .

(Insert abt red ink words) 10 b.

The sight of animals being taken to market or driven to slaughter always ~~aroused~~ aroused in Hardy feelings of intense pity as he well knew, as must anyone living ~~in a near a cott~~ in or near a market town, how much needless suffering is inflicted. In his notebook at this time he writes:

Dec. (1st week). Walking with F. by railway saw bullocks and cows going to Islington (?) for slaughter. Under this he drew a little pencil sketch of the row of trucks as they were seen by him, with animals heads at every opening, looking out at the green countryside they were leaving for scenes of horror in a far-off city. Hardy thought of this sight for long after. It was found in his will that he had left a sum of money to each of two societies "to be applied so far as

On the 8th

practicable to the investigation of the means by which animals are conveyed from their homes to the slaughter-houses with a view to the lessening of their sufferings in such transit.

house the first time for thirteen years."

The dog lies in a small turfed grave in the shrubbery on the west side of Max Gate where also were buried several pet cats and one other dog, Mrs. On the headstone is this inscription drawn up by Hardy:

THE.
FAMOUS DOG
WESSEX.
August 1913 – 27 Dec. 1926
Faithful Unflinching.

There were those among Hardy's friends who thought that his life was definitely saddened by the loss of Wessex. This dog had been the companion of Hardy and his wife ~~for~~ during twelve years of their married life. Upon summer evenings or winter afternoons he would walk with them up the grassy ~~of~~ slope in the field in front of their house, to the stile that led into Came Plantation. While Hardy ~~sat~~ rested on the

stile the dog would sit on the ground and survey the view as his master was doing. or on Frome Hill when the Hardys sat on the grass bank by the roadside, or on the barrow that crowns the hill, he would lie in the grass at their feet and gaze at ~~the~~ the landscape "as if" to quote Hardy's oft repeated comment on this "it were the right thing to do."

These were happy innocent hours. A poem written after the dog's death "Dead Wessex, the dog to the household" well illustrates Hardy's sense of loss.

"Do you look for me at times,
Wistful ones?
Do you look for me at times,
Strained and still?
Do you look for me at times,
When the hour of walking chimes,
On that grassy path that climbs
Up the ~~Hill~~ hill?

—

on the 8th [illegible]

You may hear a jump or trot,
Wistful ones,
You may hear a jump or trot —
Mine, as 'twere —
You may hear a jump or trot
On the stair or path or plot;
But I shall cause it not
Be not there.

On the 29 December Hardy wrote to his friend's & Mr & Mrs Granville-Barker:

Max Gate
Dorchester.

Dear H.G.B and Helen.
This is intended to be . . .
(Copy letter)

31. Dec. New Year's Eve. Did not sit up.
End of 1926.

On the 8th [illegible]

In January 1924 'A Philosophical Fantasy' appeared in the Fortnightly Review. Hardy liked the year to open with a poem of this type from him in some leading review or newspaper. The quotation at the heading "Milton .... made God argue," gives the keynote, and the philosophy is much as he had set forth before, but still a ray of hope is shown for the future of mankind.

"Aye, to human tribes not kindliness,
Nor love I've given, but mindlessness,
Which state though far from ending,
May nevertheless be ownending."

Weeks passed through a cold spring and Hardy's eighty-seventh birthday was reached. This year, instead of remaining at Max Gate, he decided, with his wife, to Netherton Hall in Devonshire, to spend a part of

on the 8th [illegible]

the day with his friends, Helen & Harley Granville-Barker.

(leave space, about half a page)

At the end of the day he seemed in a sad mood & his wife sought to amuse him by a forecast of little festivities she had planned for his ninetieth ~~to~~ birthday, which she assured him would be a ~~wonderful~~ great occasion. With a flash of gaiety he replied ~~day~~ that he intended to spend that day in bed.

Once again the Balliol Players appeared at Max Gate, this year on July 6th. As before their visit gave Hardy considerable pleasure, & after their performance on the lawn of "Iphigenia in Aulis" he talked with them freely

On the 8th [illegible]

appreciating their boyish ardour & their modesty.

The leader, Mr Philip Mason, spent the night at Max Gate, and in the morning he was joined by one or two of the other players and after another talk with Hardy in the garden they said 'good-bye' & went off to ~~perform~~ give 'Iphigenia' at Corfe Castle. One of these, writing seven months later, said that he would never forget the sight of their host waving vigorously & boyishly from the gate as they departed.

The three visits of the Ballad Players to Max Gate were pleasant episodes in Hardy's quiet life.

A few days later he received visits from his friends Siegfried Sassoon & Mr & Mrs John Masefield, & on the 21st July he laid the foundation stone of the new building of the Dorchester

on the 8th

Grammar School, which was to be seen clearly from the front gate of his house, looking towards the Hardy Monument, a noticeable object on the sky-line, to the South-west. It was Hardy's custom nearly every fine morning after breakfast in the summer to walk down to the gate to see what the weather was likely to be by observing this tower in the distance.

The day chosen for the stone-laying was cold or windy, by no means a suitable day for a man of Hardy's advanced years to stand in the open air bare-headed. Nevertheless he ~~fo~~ performed his task with great vigour & gave an address in a clear resonant voice that could be heard on the outskirts of the crowd that collected to hear him. This speech, given in an appendix, dealt mainly with the founder of the school, Thomas Hardy, an Elizabethan philanthropist.

"Meredith" book, and should have done so before if I had not

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After the ceremony, having spoken to a few friends, Hardy went away without waiting for the social gathering that followed. He was very tired, and when he reached home he said that he had made his last public appearance.

There seemed no ill after-effects however, and on August 9th Hardy drove with Gustav Holst to "Egdon Heath", just then purple with heather. They then went on to Puddletown and entered the fine old church, and both climbed up into the gallery where probably some of Hardy's ancestors had sat in the choir more than a century earlier.

On the 8th August he wrote to: Mr J.B.Priestly:

....I send my sinsere thanks for your kind gift of the "George Meredith" book, and should have done so before if I had not

on the 8th of August he wrote to ~~Mr Priestly~~: Mr Pr

COPY.

~~8 August 1926~~.

Max Gate,
Dorchester

~~Dear Mr Priestly:~~

I send my sincere thanks for your kind gift of "George Meredith" book, and should have done so before if I had not fallen into ~~a~~ the ~~sor~~, sere, and weak eye-sight did not trouble me. I have read your essay, or rather have had it read to me, and have been much interested in the bright writing of one in whom I had already fancied I discerned a coming force in letters.

I am not at all a good critic, especially of a critic, and when the author he reviews is a man who was, off and on, a friend of mine for 40 years; but it seems to me that you hold the scales very fairly. Meredith was, as you recognize, and might have insisted on even more strongly, and I always felt, in the direct succession of Congreve and the artificial comedians of the Restoration, and in getting his brilliancy we must put up with the fact that he would not, or could not - at any rate did not - when aiming to represent the "Comic Spirit", let himself discover the tragedy that always underlies Comedy if you only scratch it deeply enough."

I was going to tell you some passages I particularly liked in your book, but must leave off, and with renewed thanks I am

Sincerely yours,

(signed) Thomas Hardy.

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There seemed no ill ~~aff~~ after-effects however, and on August 9 Hardy drove with Gustav Holst to 'Egdon Heath', just then purple with heather. Then they went on to Puddletown and entered the fine old church, and both climbed up into the gallery where probably some of Hardy's ancestors had sat in the choir more than a century earlier. (Insert letter to Mr Priestly)

During the same month ~~of August~~ Hardy & his wife motored to Bath & back. On this their way they had lunch sitting on a grassy bank as they had done in former years to Hardy's pleasure. But now a curious sadness brooded over them

... his wish, on their

... to visit, and

... of

~~like a cloud~~; lunching in the open air had lost its charm and they did not attempt another picnic of this kind.

In Bath Hardy walked about and looked long and silently at various places that seemed to have an interest for him. No doubt they brought back memories of a much earlier visit when he stayed there at the same time as ~~Miss Gifford, whom he afterwards married~~ his first wife, before their marriage. He seemed like a ghost revisiting scenes of a long-dead past. After a considerable rest in the Pump Room they returned home. Hardy did not seem tired by this drive.

Some weeks later they motored to ~~Alminster~~ Alminster, a little country town that Hardy had long wished to visit. He was interested in the church, and also in the tomb therein of the founder of Wadham College. By his wish, on their

return, they drove past the quarries where Ham Hill stone was cut.

Stopping at Yeovil they had tea in a restaurant where a band of some three musicians were playing. One of Hardy's most attractive characteristics was his ability to be interested in simple things, and before leaving he stood & listened appreciatively to the music, saying afterwards what a delightful episode that had been.

On September 6th, an exceedingly wet day, Mr & Mrs John Galsworthy called on their way to London. During the visit Hardy told them the story of a murder that had happened eighty years before. Mr Galsworthy seemed struck by these memories of Hardy's early childhood and asked whether he had always remembered those days so vividly, or

only lately. Hardy replied that he had always remembered clearly. He could recall what his mother had said about the Rush murder when he was about the age of four: "The governess hanged him". She was puzzled, and wondered how a governess could hang a man. Mr & Mrs Galsworthy thought that Hardy seemed better than when they saw him last, better in fact than they had ever seen him. During his visit another friend of the Hardys, Miss Winifred Ashton (Clemence Dane) called, having motored from Axminster in the pouring rain.

September 7th being a gloriously fine day Hardy ~~with his~~ with his wife walk across the fields opposite Max Gate to see the building of the new Grammar School, then in

progress.

During September Hardy was revising & re-arranging the selected poems in the Golden Treasury Series ~~for~~ in readiness for a new edition. The last entry but one in his note-book refers to the sending of the copy to the publishers, and finally on the 19th of September he notes that Mr Weld of Lulworth Castle called with some friends. After this no more is written, but a few notes were made by his wife for the remaining weeks of 1927.

About the ~~twentieth~~ twenty-first of September they drove to Lulworth Castle to lunch with Mr & Mrs Weld and a house-party and Hardy was much interested in all that he was shown in the castle and in the ~~adjoinin~~ adjoining church. A

few weeks later he and his wife lunched at Charborough Park, the scene of "Two on a Tower". ~~which he had often seen from the outside but never~~

Notes by F. E. H.

"October 24. A glorious day. T. and I walked across the field in front of Max Gate towards Came. We both stood on a little flat stone sunk in the path that we call our wishing stone, and ~~we~~ I wished. T. might have done so, but he did not say.

On the way ~~back~~ he gathered up some waste paper that was blowing about the lane at the side of an house and buried it in the hedge with his stick, and going up the path to Came he stopped for quite a long time to pull off the ~~to~~ branches of a tree a heap of dead weeds that had been thrown there by some untidy labourer who had been cleaning

the field. He says that a man has no public spirit who passes by any untidiness out of doors, litter of paper or similar rubbish."

"October 27. During the evening he spoke of an experience he had ~~some~~ a few years ago. There were four or five people to tea at Max Gate and he noticed a stranger standing by me most of the time. Afterwards he asked who that dark man was who stood by me. I told him that there was no stranger present and I gave him the names of the three men who were there, all personal friends. He said that it was not one of these, and seemed to think that another person had actually been there. This afternoon he said: "I can see his (i.e the stranger's) face now."

Later in the evening, during a

terrific gale, I said that I did not wonder that some people disliked going along the dark road outside our house at night.

T. replied that for twelve years he walked backwards & forwards from Bockhampton to Dorchester often in the dark, and he was only frightened twice. ~~once.~~ ~~That~~ The first was when he was going up Stinsford Hill, no habitation of any sort being in sight, and he came upon two men sitting on chairs, one on either side of the road. By the moonlight he ~~so~~ saw that they were strangers to him; terrified he took to his heels. He never heard who they were or anything to explain the incident.

The other time was when, as a small boy walking home from school, reading "Pilgrim's Progress" he was so alarmed by the description of Apollyon that he hastily closed his book and

went on his way trembling, thinking that Apollyon was going to spring out of a tree whose dark branches overhung the road. He remembered his terror, he said, that evening, seventy-five years afterwards.

October 30 ~~Monday~~. J. Middleton Murry to lunch. T.H. talked to him about Severn, speaking with great admiration of his friendship towards Keats. He said that it must have been quite disinterested as Keats was then comparatively obscure.

October 31. Henry Williamson the author of "Tarka the Otter" called, and afterwards Lady Ilchester brought Captain Cazalet to tea. Speaking of Kipling, (Captain Cazalet being a friend of Kipling's) T.H. said that Kipling had given to party what was meant for mankind. Captain Cazalet did not

knows this quotation from Dryden and asked T.H. to repeat it. He seemed impressed.

"Nov. 3. While he was having tea today T.H. said that whenever he heard any music from Il Trovatore it carried him back to the ~~first~~ first year when he was in London and when he was strong and vigorous and enjoyed his life immensely. He thought that Il Trovatore was good music.

"Nov. 4. We drove in the afternoon to Stinsford, to put flowers on the family graves. The tombs are very green, being covered with moss because they are under a yew-tree. T.H scraped off most of the moss with a little wooden implement like a toy spade, six inches in length, which he ~~carries in~~ made with his own hands and which he

carries in his pocket ~~for this purpose~~ when he goes to Stinsford. He remarked that Walter de la Mare had told him that he preferred to see the graves green.

Then we drove to Talbothays (his brother's house). As we turned up Dark Hill T.H. pointed out the place where, as a small boy, he had left an umbrella in the hedge, having put it down while he cut a stick. He did not remember it until he reached home and his mother asked him where was his umbrella. As he went to school next morning he looked in the hedge and found it where he had left it.

After having been with H.H. and K.H. (the brother & sister) for half an hour we ~~drove~~ returned home."

Thus ended a series of visits paid regularly to his family extending over forty years. While his parents were

alive Hardy visited them at Bockhampton nearly every Sunday afternoon when he was in Dorchester, walking at first, then cycling. After his mother's death he visited his two sisters and his brother at Bockhampton, and later at Talbothays to which house they moved in 1912. These visits continued until the last year or two of his life when he was unable to go very often. He cycled there in fine weather until he was over eighty, and then he walked, until the distance seemed beyond his powers. Stinsford he visited regularly after the death of his first wife until the last few months of his life, the walk there from Max Gate, across the water-meadows, being a particularly beautiful one.

"Nov. 4. Continued. At tea T.H. said that he had been pleased to read that day an article by the composer

Miss Ethel Smythe, saying that Il Trovatore was good music. He reminded me of what he said yesterday.

A beautiful autumnal day but rather too warm for the time of year.

" November 11. Armistice Day. T. came downstairs from his study and ~~to~~ listened to the broadcasting of a service at Canterbury Cathedral. We stood there for the two minutes silence. He said afterwards that he had been thinking of Frank George, his cousin, who was killed at Gallipoli.

In the afternoon we took one of our usual little walks, around 'the triangle' as we call it, that is down the lane by the side of our house, along the cinder-path beside the railway line. We stood and watched a goods train carrying away huge blocks of Portland stone as we have done so

many times. He seems never tired of watching these stone-laden trucks. He said he thought that the shape of Portland would be changed in the course of time by the continual cutting away of its surface.

As we sat by the fire after tea he told me about various families of poachers he had known as a boy, and how when a thatched house at Bockhampton was pulled down a pair of swingels was found under the thatch. This was an instrument of defence used by poachers and capable of killing a man.

He said that if he had his life over again he would prefer to be a small architect in a country town, like Mr Hicks at Dorchester, ~~those~~ to whom he was articled.

"November 17. Today T.H. was

speaking, and evidently thinking a great deal, about a friend, a year or two older than himself, who was a fellow-pupil at Mr Hicks's office. I felt, as he talked, that he would like to meet this man again more than anyone in the world. He is in Australia now, if alive, and must be nearly ninety. His name is Henry Robert Bastow; he was a Baptist and evidently a very religious youth, and T.H. was always devoted to him. I suggested that we might find out something about him by sending an advertisement to Australian newspapers, but T.H. thought that would not be wise."

"November 27. ~~19~~ The fifteenth anniversary of the death of Emma Lavinia Hardy. Thursday was the anniversary of the death of Mary

his elder sister. For two or three days he has been wearing a black hat as a token of mourning and carries a black walking-stick that belonged to his first wife, all strangely moving.

T.H. has been writing almost all the day, revising poems. When he came down to tea he brought one to show me, about a desolate spring morning, and a shepherd counting his sheep and not noticing the weather. A fine poem but it had such a gloom. However I did not care to tell him that.

Since writing the above I have been up to T.H.'s study and read the poem again and told him how much I liked it. The title is "An Unkindly May 1877."

"Nov. 28. Speaking about ambition T. said today that he had done all that

he meant to do, but he did not know whether it had been worth doing.

His only ambition, so far as he could remember, was to have some poem or poems in a good anthology like the Golden Treasury.

The model he had set before him was "Drink to me only" by Ben Jonson.

The earliest recollection of his childhood (as he had told me before) was that when he was four years old, his father gave him a small toy concertina and wrote on it "Thomas Hardy 1844". By ~~that~~ this inscription he knew, in after years, his age when that happened.

Also he remembered, perhaps a little later than this, being in the garden at Bockhampton with his father on a bitterly cold winter day. A field-fare, half-frozen, was in the garden, and

The father idly took up a stone and threw it at the bird, possibly not meaning to hit it. The field-fare fell ~~dead~~ dead, and the child Thomas picked it up and it was as light as a feather, all skin & bone, practically starved. He said he had never forgotten how the body of the field-fare felt in his hand: the memory had always haunted him.

On November 29 he was told of the serious illness of a friend & of sad circumstances connected with that illness. The look of tender compassion in his eyes as he listened & the effort he immediately made to help the sufferer was very noticeable.

An illness, which at first did not seem to be serious, began on December 11th. On the morning of that day he

sat at the writing-table in his study, & felt totally unable to work. This was the first time he said that such a thing had happened.

~~He was implored to rest all the afternoon~~.

From that day his strength ~~declined~~ waned daily. He was ~~very~~ anxious that a poem he had written, 'Christmas in the Elgin Room' should be copied ~~out~~ & sent to the Times. This was done, & he asked his wife anxiously whether she had posted it with her own hands. When she ~~had done so~~ assured him that she had done so he seemed content & said he was glad that he had cleared everything up. Two days later he received a personal ~~thanks~~ letter of thanks, with a warm appreciation of his work, from the editor of the Times. This gave him ~~great~~ pleasure & he asked that a reply should be sent.

He continued to come downstairs to sit for a few hours daily, until Christmas-day. After that he came downstairs no more.

On December 26th he said that he had been thinking of the Nativity & of the Massacre of the Innocents, and his wife read to him the gospel accounts, and also articles in the Encyclopaedia Biblica. He remarked that there was not a ~~single~~ grain of evidence that the gospel story was true in any detail.

As the year ended a window in the dressing-room adjoining his bedroom was opened that he might hear the bells, as that had always pleased him. But now he said that he could not hear them and did not seem interested.

His strength still failed. The weather was bitterly cold, & snow had fallen heavily, being twelve inches deep in

parts of the garden. In the road outside there were snowdrifts that would reach a man's waist in places.

~~The local doctor who was attending him~~

By desire of the local practitioner additional advice was called in, and Hardy's friend Sir Henry Head, who was living in the neighbourhood, made invaluable suggestions & kept a watchful eye upon the case. But the weakness increased daily, and there was slight bladder trouble, from which Hardy had suffered more or less ever since his serious illness in 1880.

He could no longer listen to the reading of prose, but a short poem ~~so~~ now & again interested him. In the middle of one night he asked his wife to read aloud to him 'The Listeners', by Walter de la Mare.

On the 10th of January he

Later he was interested to learn that ~~his~~ ~~fr~~ J. M. Barrie, his friend of many years, had arrived from London to assist in any way that might be possible. He was amused when told that this visitor had gone to the kitchen door to avoid any disturbance by ringing the front door bell.

made a strong rally, and though he was implored not to do so he insisted upon writing a cheque for his subscription to the Society of Authors. For the first time in his life he made a feeble signature, unlike his usual beautiful firm handwriting, and then he laid down his pen.

In the evening he asked that Robert Browning's poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra" should read aloud to him. While reading it his wife glanced at his face to see whether he were tired, the poem being a long one of thirty-two stanzas, and she was struck by the look of wistful intentness with which Hardy was listening. He indicated that he wished to hear the poem to the end.

He had a better night and in the morning of January 11th, seemed so much stronger that one at least of those who watched beside him had confident hopes of his

recovery, so much so that an atmosphere of joy seemed to prevail in the sick-room. An immense bunch of grapes arrived from London, sent by a friend, and this aroused in Hardy great interest. As a rule he disliked receiving gifts, but on this occasion he showed an almost childlike ~~pleasure~~ pleasure, and insisted upon the grapes being held up for the inspection of the doctor, or whoever came in the room. He eat some, and said quite gaily, "I'm going on with these."
Everything he had that day in the way of food or drink he seemed to appreciate keenly, though naturally he took but little. As it grew dusk, after a long musing silence, he asked his wife to repeat to him a verse from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, beginning "~~O~~

"Oh, Thou who ~~are~~ Man of ~~Baser~~ baser Earth —"

[illegible], his heart was taken out of

She took his copy of this work from his ing
bedside and read to him:
"Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth ito she
didst make, , or
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake: man
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveness give — and lea
take!" the

He indicated that he wished no as
more to be read. ng.

In the evening he had a sharp
heart-attack of a kind he had never had
before. The doctor was summoned and was
swiftly at his bedside & his wife was with
him. He remained conscious until a
few minutes before the end, when a few
broken sentences, one of them heartrending
in its poignancy, showed that his mind
had reverted to a sorrow of the past.

Shortly after nine he died.

. . .

, , , , his heart was taken out of

An hour ~~after~~ from his death, she, going to his bedside yet again, saw on ~~his~~ the death face an expression such as she had never seen before on any being, or indeed on any presentment of the human countenance. It was a look of radiant triumph such as imagination could never have conceived. Later the first radiance passed away but dignity & peace remained as long as eyes could see the face of Thomas Hardy.

The dawn of the following day, ~~as~~ beheld from the garden of Max Gate, was awe-inspiring. Flaming & magnificent the sky stretched its banners over the dark pines that ~~the~~ stood sentinel around.

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that the hand of the Master had placed to stand sentinel around.

Friday, January 13th, his heart was taken out of

On the morning of Thursday, January 12th, the Dean of Westminster readily gave his consent to a proposal that Hardy should be buried in Westminster Abbey; and news of this proposal & of its acceptance was sent to Max Gate. There it was, who will know that Hardy's own wish was to be buried at Stinsford, amid the graves of his ancestors and of his first wife. After much consideration a compromise was found between this definite personal wish and the nation's claim to the ashes of the great poet. On Friday, January 13th, his heart was taken out of

his ~~poor~~ body and placed by itself in a casket. ~~[illegible]~~ On Saturday, January 14th, the body was sent to Woking for cremation, & thence the ashes were taken the same day to Westminster Abbey and placed in the Chapel of St. Faith to await interment. On Sunday, January 15th, the casket containing the heart was taken to the church at Strinsford, where it was laid on the altar steps. [At two o'clock on Monday, January 16th, there were three services in three different churches. In Westminster Abbey the poet's wife and sister were the chief mourners, & stood in the presence of a great

new par.

crowd, which included representatives of the King & other members of the Royal family & of many learned & other societies, the ashes of Thomas Hardy were buried with stately ceremonial in Poet's Corner. The pall-bearers were the Prime Minister (Mr. Stanley Baldwin), & Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, representing the Government & Parliament, Sir James Barrie, ~~Sir Edmund Gosse~~, ~~Dr. A. E. Housman~~ Professor Mr. John Galsworthy, Sir Edmund Gosse, Professor A. E. Housman, Mr. Rudyard Kipling & Mr. Bernard Shaw, representing literature, and the Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge (~~Mr. R. A. B. Ramsay~~ Mr A. S. RAMSEY) & the Pro-Provost of Queen's College, Oxford (Dr.

E. N. Walker) representing the College of which Hardy was an honorary fellow. A spadeful of Dorset earth, sent by a Dorset farm labourer, Mr. Christopher Corbin, was sprinkled on the casket. In spite of the cold & the wet the streets ~~[illegible]~~ about the Abbey were full of people who had been unable to obtain admission to the service, but came as near as they might to taking part in it. At the same hour, at St Juliot's, where Hardy was baptized & where as boy & man he had often worshipped, ~~[illegible]~~ his brother, Mr. Henry Hardy, was the chief mourner while, in the presence of a rural population, the heart of this lover of ~~[illegible]~~ rural Wessex was buried in the grave

of his first wife among the Hardy tombs under the great yew-tree in the corner of the churchyard. And in ~~St. Peter's Church~~ Dorchester all business was suspended for an hour, while at St. Peter's Church, the Mayor & Corporation & many other dignitaries and citizens attended a memorial service in which the whole neighbourhood joined.

APPENDIX 1.

ADDRESS

Delivered by

THOMAS HARDY

on laying
The Commemoration Stone
of the New

DORCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Twenty-first July
1927.

I have been asked to execute the formal part of to-day's function, which has now been done, and it is not really necessary that I should add anything to the few words that are accustomed to be used at the laying of foundation or dedication stones. But as the circumstances of the present case are somewhat peculiar, I will just enlarge upon them for a minute or two. What I have to say is mainly concerning the Elizabethan philanthropist, Thomas Hardy, who, with some encouragement from the burgesses, endowed and re-built this ancient school after its first humble shape - him whose name-

sake I have the honour to be, and whose monument stands in the church of St Peter, visible from this spot. The well-known epitaph inscribed upon his tablet, unlike many epitaphs, does not, I am inclined to think, exaggerate his virtues, since it was written, not by his relatives or dependents, but by the free burgesses of Dorchester in gratitude for his good action towards the town. This good deed was accomplished in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and the substantial stone building in which it merged eventually, still stands to dignify South-street, as we all know, and hope it may remain there.

But what we know very little about is the personality of this first recorded Thomas Hardy of the Froome Valley here at our back, though his work abides. He was without doubt of the family of the Hardys who landed in this county from Jersey in the fifteenth century, acquired small estates along the river upwards towards its source, and whose descendants have mostly remained hereabouts ever since, the Christian name of Thomas having been especially affected by them. He died in 1599, and it is curious to think that though he must have had a modern love of learning not common in a remote county in those days, Shakespeare's name could hardly have been known to him, or at the most but vaguely as that of a certain ingen-

ious Mr Shakespeare who amused the London play-goers; and that he died before Milton was born.

In Carlylean phraseology, what manner of man he was when he walked this earth, we can but guess, or what he looked like, what he said and did in his lighter moments, and at what age he died. But we may shrewdly conceive that he was a far-sighted man, and would not be much surprised, if he were to revisit the daylight, to find that his building had been outgrown, and no longer supplied the needs of the present inhabitants for the due education of their sons. His next feeling might be to rejoice in the development of what was possibly an original design of his own, and to wish the reconstruction every success.

We living ones all do that, and nobody more than I, my retirement from the Governing body having been necessitated by old age only. Certainly everything promises well. The site can hardly be surpassed in England for health, with its open surroundings, elevated and bracing situation, and dry subsoil, while it is near enough to the sea to get very distinct whiffs of marine air. Moreover, it is not so far from the centre of the borough as to be beyond the walking powers of the smallest boy. It has a capable headmaster, holding every modern idea on education within the limits of good judgment, and assistant masters well equipped for their labours, which are not sinecures in these days.

I will conclude by thanking the Governors and other friends for their kind thought in asking me to undertake this formal initiation of the new building, which marks such an interesting stage in the history of the Dorchester Grammar School.

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Copies of
Letters from Thomas Hardy
to Dr Caleb Saleeby

Max Gate
Dorchester

Dec 21 : 1914

Dear Sir:

I have read with much interest the lecture on "The Longest Price of War" that you kindly send: & its perusal does not diminish the gloom with which this ghastly business on the Continent fills me, as it fills so many. The argument would seem to favour Conscription, since the wisest, if not the unhealthy, would be

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Cohen, I imagine.

Your visit to The Dynasts show that, as Granville Barker foretold, thoughtful people would care about it. My own opinion when I saw it was that it was the only sort of thing likely to take persons of a serious turn into a theatre at this time.

I have not read M. Bergson's book, so if you should not find it troublesome to send your copy as you suggest, please do.

The theory of the Prime Force that I used in The Dynasts was published in Jan: 1904. The nature of the determinism embraced in the theory is that of a collective will; so that there is a proportion of the total

will in each part of the whole, & each part has therefore, in strictness, Some freedom, which would, in fact be operative as such whenever the remaining great mass of will in the universe sh^d happen to be in equilibrium.

However, as the work is intended to be a poetic drama & not a philosophic treatise I did not feel bound to develope this.

The assumption of unconsciousness in the driving force is, of course, not new. But I think the view of the unconscious force as gradually becoming conscious: i.e. that consciousness is creeping further & further back towards the origin of force had never (so far as I know) been advanced before The Dynasts appeared.

But being only a mere impressionist I must not pretend to be a philosopher in a letter, & ask you to believe me

Sincerely yours
Thomas Hardy

Dr. Saleeby.

Mary Gale
Dorchester

Feb 2 1915.

Dear Dr. Saleeby:

Your activities are unlimited. I should like to hear your address on "Our War for International Law." Personally I feel rather disheartened when I think it probable that the war will end by sheer exhaustion of the combatants, & that things will be left much as they were before. But I hope not.

I have been now & then dipping into your Bergson, & shall be returning the volume soon. I suppose I may assume that you are more or less a disciple, or

fellow philosopher, of his. Therefore you may be rather shocked by some views I hold about his teachings — if I may say I hold any views about anything whatever, which I hardly do.

His theories are certainly much more delightful than those they contest, & I for one would gladly believe them, but I cannot help feeling all the time that he is rather an imaginative & poetical writer than a reasoner, & that for his attractive assertions he does not adduce any proofs whatever. His use of the word "creation" seems loose to me. Then, as to "conduct". I fail to see how, if it is not mechanism, it can be other than caprice, though he denies it (p. 50),

And he says that Mechanism & Finalism (I agree with him as to Finalism.) are only external views of our conduct. "Our conduct extends between them, & slips much further". Well, I hope it may, but he nowhere shows that it does.

And again: "a mechanistic conception .... treats the living as the inert... Let us on the contrary, trace a line of demarcation between the inert & the living. (208)". Well, let us, to our great pleasure, if we can see why we should introduce an inconsistent rupture of order into uniform & consistent laws of the same.

You will see how much I want to be a Bergsonian (indeed I have for many years). But I fear that his philosophy is, in the back, only our old friend Dualism in

a new suit of clothes - an ingenious fancy without real foundation, a more complicated, & therefore less likely, than the deterministic fancy & others that he endeavors to overthrow.

You must not think me a hard-headed rationalist for all this - Half my time (particularly when I write verse) I believe - in the modern use of the word - not only in things that Bergson does, but in spirits, mysterious voices, intuitions, omens, dreams, haunted places, &c, &c.

But then, I do not believe in these in the old sense of belief anymore for that; & in arguing against Bergsonism I have of course, meant belief in the old sense when I over myself incredulous.

By the way, as a kindred matter
Can you explain the meaning of
the paragraph I enclose? To me
it seems nonsense - Please return
it when writing, in case I should
want to ask the author when I
am at Cambridge.

Sincerely yours
Thomas Hardy.

May Gate
Dorchester

16: 3: 1915

Dear Dr. Saleeby,

My thanks for the review form of "The Longest Price of War", which I am reading.

I do not know if you mean to accept the invitation to speak at the Temperance meeting in Dorchester; but if you do I shall hope to see you. We live a mile from the town, & I am not sure if our house would be convenient for staying at on account of the distance at night, &c, & our not keeping a car. But we could put you up here with pleasure if that would be no objection.

I am returning, or shall be in a day or two, your volume of Bergson.

It is most interesting reading, & one likes to give way to its views & assurances without criticising them.

If however we ask for reasons & proofs (which I dont care to do) I am afraid we do not get them.

An *élan vital* — by which I understand him to mean a sort of additional & spiritual force, beyond the merely unconscious push of life — the "will" of other philosophers that propels growth & developpement — seems much less probable than single & simple determinism, or what he calls mechanism, because it is more complex: & where proof is impossible probability must be our guide. His partly mechanistic &

partly creative theory seems to me clumsy & confused.

He speaks of "the enormous gap that separates even the lowest form of life from the inorganic world". Here again it is more probable that organic & inorganic modulate into each other, one nature & law operating throughout. But the most fatal objection to his view of creation plus propulsion seems to me to lie in the existence of pain. If nature were creative she would have created painlessness, or be in process of creating it — pain being the first thing we instinctively fly from. If on the other hand we cannot introduce into life what is not already there, & are bound to mere recombination of old materials,

the persistence of pain
is unintelligible.

Sincerely yours
Thomas Hardy.

1927.

Sept. 6th. Mr & Mrs John Galsworthy called to tea, in pouring rain: motoring to London. Was struck again by his perfection of appearance, tone, everything. Almost too perfect. T.H. told story of a murder - Rush. John Galsworthy seemed struck by T.H.'s memories of his early childhood, and asked him whether he had always remembered those days so vividly, or only lately. T.H. said that he had always remembered clearly. Said he remembered what his mother had said about the Rush murder, when he was about the age of four, & how he was puzzled: 'The governess hanged him'. T.H. wondered how the governess could hang a man. They came from Stanway where they had been staying with Sir J.M. Barrie. They said that Mrs H.G. Wells was very ill. They thought that T.H. seemed better than when they saw him last, better in fact than they had ever seen him.

Clemence Dane and Miss Arnold called while they were here, to tea. They had motored from Axminster in the driving rain. Clemence Dane told T.H. that St John Ervine was getting on with the dramatization of "Jude the Obscure",

and T.H. was much interested. I cannot think it will be a successful play. Clemence Dane very confused, amusingly so, at having signed her name in our visitors' book - Clemence Hardy.

Sept. 7th. Gloriously fine day. Walked with T.H. across the field to see the building of the new Grammar School, now in progress.

October 8th. A strange visit from a little Chinese man - Yu Shan Shuo. He had written asking if he might call, but had been refused. Then he wrote again, a letter arriving on the morning of the 8th - a Saturday - saying that he would be at our door at 3 o'clock. He said that he must see T.H. as he had a tragic story to tell him. The little man arrived punctually. I saw him first and warned him that T.H. could not give any autographs. He was a melancholy little fellow, large round Chinese face. but the profile was in some strange way exceedingly beautiful.

T.H. came down & saw him. The China-man said he was haunted by the terribly tragic memories of his life that he carried about with him, and that he thought

it would relieve his mind if he wrote them down in the form of an autobiography or a novel. He wanted T.H. to advise him as to which.

The story was that he had lost both his parents when young. His elder brother became head of the family, & he married. There was a sister who did not get on with the brother's wife (human nature is apparently the same in China as in England). This sister was betrothed to a man for whom she did not care, one who was a stranger to her. The sister was found to be in "the same condition as 'Jess'" — these were the words of the Chinaman. He, a boy of 13, was deputed to murder the infant when born: he salt upon it. Then, to save the honour of the family, the sister was invited to commit suicide. Her brothers gave her opium in wine, which she drank, & then died.

While relating this story the little Chinese student (he told us that he had studied at the Sorbonne) was overcome with emotion. I heard the tears in his voice first & wondered at the emotional quality of a Chinese voice. Then he broke down & sobbed aloud.

T.H. said afterwards that he felt so touched when the Chinaman produced a clean pocket handkerchief, neatly folded, & proceeded to dry his eyes with it, without unfolding it. He really was a pathetic figure as he stood before T.H. bending slightly forward, reciting his story in an emotional, heart-breaking voice.

But was he a very clever actor? He said, as nearly as I can remember his words:

'When people ask me if I have a sister I say 'No, I have no sister!' If I told them that I had a sister they would ask "Then where is she?" How can I tell them that I have murdered my sister?

Then he sobbed aloud. T.H. spoke to him very quietly & very kindly and I could see that he was touched.

The Chinaman said that when he read 'Jen' he realized that instead of condemning his sister he ought to have reverenced her.

But he spoke English so badly that it was difficult to follow exactly what he said. My faith in his truthfulness was a little shaken when he wanted T.H.'s autograph, & suggested that he should help him to

See Lateral years
(w. alterations) p. 259
et seq

write this tragic history. And I saw a volume of T.H.'s poems, newly bought, left in the hall with the visitor's hat & coat, obviously brought to be autographed.

It is difficult to believe in the bona-fides of anyone who comes and asks for an autograph. One's respect for the applicant vanishes immediately.

The visitor went away sad & very disappointed I thought.

October 24th.

Such a glorious day. T.H. & I walked across the field in front of Masc Gate towards Came. We both stood on the little stone in the path that we call our wishing stone & we wished: at least I did, & T.H. might have done so, but he did not say.

On our way back he gathered up a lot of waste paper that was blowing about the lane at the ~~back~~ side of our house and buried it in the hedge with his stick, & on the way to Came he stopped for quite a long time to pull a lot of dead weeds

that had been flung on the branch of a tree by some untidy labourer who had been cleaning the field for Mr Symes, the farmer. He cannot bear untidiness out of doors, or indoors either for the matter of that. I wish that I were more tidy. He says that a man has no public spirit who passes by any untidiness out of door, litter of paper or anything similar.

He tells me that although he seems so very well he feels terribly weak at times. He ~~seems~~ appears to be working hard all day.

Oct. 27th.

At tea he spoke of an experience he had some years ago. We had a little tea-party & he noticed a stranger standing by me most of the time. Afterwards he asked me who that dark young man was, who stood by me. I told him that there was no stranger present, & I went over the names of the men there – only three. He said that it was not one of those, ~~& seemed~~ really to think that someone else had been there.

This afternoon he said: 'I can see his (i.e the stranger's) face now.

st

Later in the day during a terrific gale, I said that I did not wonder that our maids disliked coming along the little strip of road between Max Gate & Wareham House, the next house nearest to Dorchester. There a no lights, & there is a lane at right angles where anyone might lurk.

T. H. replied that he walked for twelve years from Dorchester to Bockhampton, then, in the dark, & he was only frightened once. That was when he was going up Stinsford ~~Dark~~ Hill, no habitation of any kind being in sight, and he saw two men sitting in chairs, one one either side of the road. By the moonlight he saw they were strangers to him. Terrified, he passed between them, & then he took to his heels. He never heard who they were or anything to explain the incident.

As a small boy, walking home, reading Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, he was so terrified by the description of Apollyon that he hastily closed his book, & walked on trembling thinking that Apollyon was going to spring out of a tree whose dark branches overhung the road. He remembered

p 260 remarks on →
Keats

his terror ~~of~~ 5 years afterwards.

Monday. ~~Oct~~ October 31st.

Middleton Murry to lunch, & T. H. talked to him about Severn, speaking with great admiration of his friendship towards Keats. He said that it must have been quite disinterested as Keats was then comparatively obscure. M. M. spoke of some stranger having sent to Keats a twenty-pound note pinned to one of his poems. An anonymous gift. Conversation somewhat painful as M. M's wife is now dying of consumption at Abbotsbury.

~~November~~ October 31st. Lady Ilchester brought Captain Cazalet to tea, & her daughter, Mabel. Speaking to Captain Cazalet of Shipling (Captain Cazalet being a friend of Shipling's) T. H. said that Shipling had given to party what was meant for mankind.

Capt. Cazalet did not know the quotation from Dryden, & asked T. H. to repeat it. He seemed impressed.

November 3rd.

At tea T.H. said that whenever he heard any music from Il Trovatore it carried him back to the first year he was in London, when he was strong & vigorous, & enjoyed his life immensely. He thought that Il Trovatore was good music.

November 4th. We drove in the afternoon to Stinsford, to put flowers on the family graves. They were very green, being covered with moss. This is because they are under a yew tree. T.H. tried to scrape off the moss with a little wooden implement that he had made for this purpose & which he carries in his pocket. He remarked that Walter de la Mare had told him that he preferred to see the graves green.

Then we drove on to Talbothays. As we turned up Bank Hill, on our way to Lower Bockhampton T.H pointed out the place where as a small boy he had left an umbrella in the hedge, having put it down while he

cut a stick from the hedge. He did not remember it until he reached home and his mother asked him where was his umbrella. He found it in the place where he had left it as he went to school the next morning.

We found the brother & sister (Henry and Kate Hardy) quite well. They were anxious for us to stay to tea but the car was waiting, so we drove home after being with them for about half-an-hour.

At tea T.H. said he had been pleased to read today an article by the composer Ethel Smythe, saying that Il Trovatore was good music. He reminded me of what he said yesterday.

A beautiful autumn day, but rather too warm for the time of year.

A book arrived from a stranger who called the other day (31st Oct.) just before Lady Ilchester came. His name is Henry Williamson, the book 'Tarka the Otter'. The author was a rather shy youngish man motoring from his home in Devon. He found himself outside Max Gate and

said that he could not resist the temptation to call. Once inside ~~to~~ he seemed overcome with shyness and said that he would not wait to see T.H. However I thought that T.H. might rather like him so I called him down & they talked a little. Mr Williamson seems confident that his book will live. He said that John Galsworthy had praised it highly and brought it to the notice of Edward Garnett who had said that the book would last.

Looking at the book which arrived this afternoon I think this quite possible.

'Red Sky at Morning' received this morning from Margaret Kennedy (Mrs Davies) who tells me they have bought a house in Campden Hill Square, no 27. Siegfried Sassoon lives at no. 23.

Margaret Kennedy says she is ~~going to~~ expecting a baby in the spring - or rather 'we are expecting', just as if it were going to fly in at the window. T.H. thinks this will be the end of her career as a novelist, but of course it will not be. She says she has just started a new novel.

November 11th.

T.H. came downstairs & listened to the broad-casting of a service at Canterbury Cathedral. We stood there for the two minutes silence. He said that he thought of Frank George (his cousin.).

In the afternoon we took our melancholy little walk round "the triangle" as we call it – the cinder-path at back of our house, – & to the post-box at the bridge. We stood & watched a goods train carrying away huge blocks of Portland stone as we have done so many times. He thought the shape of Portland would be changed in course of time.

When we returned home he went to speak to Stephens (the gardener) to ask him to make a place of shelter for the chicken as he thought they must be cold in the paddock where they are.

He talked a great deal at tea-time about various families of poachers whom he had ~~se~~ known as a boy.

He says that if he had his life over again he would prefer to be a small architect in a country town, like Mr Hicks at Dorchester, to whom he was articled.

November 17th -

T.H. was talking a great deal about a man, a year or two older than himself, who was a fellow pupil with him at Mr Hicks's office, Dorchester. I think that of all people in the world he would like to meet this man again. He is in Australia now, if alive, & must be nearly ninety. His name is Henry Robert Bastow. He was a Baptist, & must have been a very religious youth, but T.H. was always devoted to him. I suggested that we should try to find him, by sending to Australian newspapers, but T.H. said 'no, & that Bastow might be led to think there was a legacy awaiting him. If Clement Shorter were alive I expect he would find him, if alive, or get authentic news of his death.

November 24th. Went to London to the wedding of the daughter of Sir John & Lady Jarvis. I did not like leaving T.H. but he had not been alone one evening since the spring & said that he did not mind. Left home 20 mins to 8. ~~ton~~ back in Max Gate at 10.0.p.m.

November 27th. 1927.

Anniversary of the death of Emma Laurnia Hardy, T.H.'s first wife. Thursday was the anniversary of the death of Mary, his elder sister. For two or three days - & this morning - he has worn a very shabby little black felt hat that he must have had for twenty years - as a token of mourning. It is very pathetic - all the more so when one remembers what their married life was like. Very quiet day. T.H. has been writing almost all the day - revising poems. He showed me one at tea-time, about a bitter desolate spring day - & a shepherd counting his sheep & not noticing the weather. A good poem, but it had such a gloom - However, I did not care to tell him that.

. . . . . .

Since writing the above I have been up to T.H.'s study & read the poem again, & like it much better. Its title is "An Unkindly May" - 1877.

November 28th. Talking again about ambition T.H. said that he had done all that he meant to do, but he did not know whether it had been worth doing.

His only ambition, so far as he could remember, was to have some poem or poems in an anthology, like the Golden Treasury.

The model he had set before him was 'Drink to me only' Ben Jonson.

The earliest recollection of his childhood was when he was four years old. His father gave him a small toy concertina and wrote on it "Thomas Hardy. 1844." By that inscription he knew, in later years, his age when that happened.

Nov. 29th Drove to Abbotsbury to see poor Mrs Middleton Murry, dying of consumption. She said pathetically that Dr Smerdon was very pleased with her and thought she was much better. There was death in her face. She looked so pretty. T.H. was much touched by my account of the visit. The little

girl, my god-daughter, is a darling.

December. 26th. Boxing day.

T. has been ill in bed since Dec. 11th. a chill, so he says, & neuritis or acute rheumatism in the shoulder. He seems very weak, but I think he will get better. Tonight he has been thinking of the Nativity & the massacre of the innocents. I read him the ~~bot~~ gospel accounts, those of St Matthew & S. Luke. & also articles in the Ency. Biblicia, & we both came to the conclusion that there was not a single grain of evidence that the gospel story is true in any detail.

Colonel Marriott Smith called in the morning with Nigel Bosworth Smith, & in the afternoon Captain Mylius. I think they have an idea that this may be the beginning of the end, but I do not think so.

T. is interested in news concerning the death of poor old George Flyer, & who died yesterday morning at 4.0 a.m. Rosalie Goldring, the village postmistress

died also last week & is to be buried today. When I awoke this morning there was a thick snow. In the paddock there were drifts quite 12 inches. I went out & with a broom cleared the snow off a little Macrocarpa tree which we have grown from a seed. As I did so the fragrance was heavenly, as if the little tree were thanking me for saving it from being broken down by the weight of snow.

T. has been talking about his will. He wishes to make some alteration - an annuity to Kate & Henry instead of capital paid down - which is of course, much to be preferred. Also he says he will leave Sydney Cockerell £500 instead of the percentage on his royalties. However he may never make this alteration. I shall not attempt to influence him.

He said that young Mr Stephen Tennant reminded him, in his walk of Swinburne - that he had never seen anyone else walk like Swinburne.

I think, & Sir Henry Stead agrees, that the visit of Mr Wells, the American publisher, on Dec. 10th - with Mrs Wells & Mr & Mrs H.M. Tomlinson was the cause of his illness. The strain was too great. Yesterday (Christmas day) T. said he felt he would never sit again in the drawing-room at a tea-party. He certainly will not if I can help it.

It was a quiet Christmas day. I sat by myself most of the time, & thought of many Christmas days especially one in 1910.

"LIFE"

T.H.M.c.

Materials for writing of "life"

1.) M.S.S. by G. Ellen of passage on P.232 (VolII)

2.) Notes for opening chapters.

3.) T.S. copies of letters to Mrs Salesby.

Notes of Thomas Hardy's Life by Florence Hardy (taken down in conversations etc)

Having been lately elected an Honorary Fellow Mr Hardy paid Queen's College a visit on June 25th & 26th, just after the end of the Summer term, ~~of~~ 1923. With a colleague, Dr Chaltaway, I was deputed to meet him at the College gate — he was to come by road with Mrs Hardy from Dorchester. Neither Chaltaway nor I had met Hardy before but I felt confident that we should recognise the now legendary figure from his portraits. It was almost like awaiting a visit from Thackeray or Dickens.... The car arrived punctually & a smallish, fragile, bright-eyed man, elderly certainly but as certainly not old, climbed out of it. An elderly gentleman, one would have said, who had always lived in the country & knew much of the ways of ~~animals~~ wild creatures & crops....

We left Mr & Mrs Hardy at tea in the Provost's Lodgings. The Provost was only one year Hardy's senior, but with his patriarchal white beard appeared a great deal older & as we left the party — Hardy sitting bright-eyed & upright on the edge of his chair — it seemed almost like leaving a new boy in charge of his head-master.... Next day there was a lunch in Common-room, at which the Fellows & their wives met Mr & Mrs Hardy, & a photograph in the Fellows' Garden in which Hardy appeared in his Doctor's gown with his new colleagues. In the morning he was shown the sights of the College. He was obviously happy to be

in Oxford & happy, I think, too to be of it & I wished that it had been term-time & that he could have seen the younger life of the place which one felt that in some ways he would have preferred to Tutors & Professors. We took him round College a trifle too fast. He would pause reflectively before Garrick's copy of the First Folio or the contemporary portrait of Henry V & seem about to make some comment when his conductors would be passing on again & some new historical information would be being offered him. It was characteristic of him that in some pause on this perambulation he found occasion to say some kind words to me of some youthful verse of mine he had chanced to see.... Afterwards he asked me to take him into the High Street to see the famous curve & we spent some minutes searching for the precise spot from which it can best be viewed, while in my mind memories of Jude the Obscure ~~[illegible]~~ & an earlier Oxford conflicted with anxieties as to the traffic of the existing town — to which he seemed quite indifferent. Then, apparently unwearied, he asked for the Shelley memorial....

After this came the Common room lunch & afterwards Mrs Hardy invited me to accompany them on a visit to the Masefields. We drove to Boars' Hill, paying a visit in Christ Church on the way. Had it not been for my constant consciousness that I was sitting beside a Classic, I should not have pressed that I was with a man who wrote; rather an elderly country gentleman with a

bird-like alertness & a rare & charming youthfulness — interested in everything he saw, a cultured but surely not much occupied with books: indeed almost all of us, his new Colleagues, would have struck an impartial observer as far more bookish than the author of the Wessex novels....

At the Masefields Hardy was asked a question or two about Jude's village, which it was thought he might have passed on the road from Dorchester, & he spoke briefly & deprecatingly of "that fictitious person". "If there ever was such a person...." When we left, Hardy holding a rose which Mr Masefield had cut from his garden, there was still time to see more. I had expected that he would wish to rest but, no: he wanted to see the Martyrs' Memorial & New College Cloisters. Obviously these were certain of the Oxford sights which he had resolved to see again. I am ashamed to remember that, by some error which I cannot now explain, I conducted our guests to the Chapel, instead of the Cloisters, at New College. But perhaps it was a fortunate error for the choir were about to sing the evening service & at Hardy's wish we sat for about twenty minutes in the ante-chapel listening in silence to the soaring of boys' voices....

Next morning Mr & Mrs Hardy left. He spoke often afterwards of his pleasure at having seen his College & he contemplated another visit. As well as many generous things, there are one or two hard things said, deservedly enough, of Oxford in Jude the Obscure, but it was clear that it was a great pleasure to Hardy to be a member of one of its Colleges. His too brief membership & his one visit remain a very happy memory to his colleagues.

NOTES OF THOMAS HARDY'S LIFE.

by Florence Hardy.

(taken down in conversations, etc.)

June 2nd. 1840. Born at Higher Bockhampton at eight o'clock on a Tuesday morning, of a family traditionally known to be, on the paternal side, a branch of the Hardys that had dwelt for centuries in or near the valley of the River Frome or Froom, on various properties whose sites extended from Woolcombe, Toller Welme, and Up Sydling near the upper part of the river down the stream to Dorchester, and on to Wareham, where it flows into Poole Harbour.

On the maternal side he was descended from the Childs, Childses, or Chiles's and the Swetmans, both families of Melbury Osmund, Dorset, who held lands there in the reign of Charles the First (see Hutchin's History of Dorset) and also from the Hanns or Hands of Affpuddle, Dorset, and earlier of the Vale of Blackmoor. One of the Swetmans became involved in the Monmouth Rebellion, and was brought before Jeffreys, "for being absent from home att the time of the Rebellion" As his name does not appear in the lists of those executed he was probably transported and this seems to have beclouded the family fortunes.

Thomas Hardy's maternal grandmother was left a widow with seven children, the youngest only a few months old. In the hardships which ensued his mother learnt tambouring, and was a skilful embroiderer of kid gloves; but her eyes becoming weakened she formed the idea of becoming a club-house cook and, it is believed, applied to Henry 2nd. Earl of Ilchester, to assist her. It appears that he sent her to his brother, the Hon. Charles Fox-Strangways, where she became a skilful cook, accompanying the family to London. Here she meant to take a further stride, but on returning met her future husband, and was married to him at the age of five and twenty.

The club-house idea was, however, not abandoned by her, and in a few months she proposed to leave her husband in the country and seek such a post. To this he objected, and the birth of children finally gave the death-blow to this rather adventurous scheme.

The building business carried on by T.H. senior was occasionally extentive, more frequently small, and he did not possess the art of enriching himslef thereby.

Thomas Hardy's maternal grandmother was left a widow with seven children, the youngest only a few months old. In the Marlstone world around his mother learnt housewifery, and was a skilful embroiderer of old gloves; but her eyes becoming weakened she formed the idea of becoming a club-house cook and, it is believed, applied to Henry Rawlett or Lionsester, to assist her. It appears that he sent her to his brother, the Hon. Charles Fox-Strangways, where she became a skilful cook, accompanying the family to London. Here she meant to take a rather stride, but on returning met her future husband, and was married to him at the age of five and twenty.

The alms-house idea was, however, not abandoned by her, and in a few months she proposed to leave her husband in the country and seek such a post. To this he objected, and the birth of children finally gave the death-blow to this rather adventurous scheme.

The building business carried on by T.H. senior was occasionally extensive, more frequently small, and he did not possess the art of enclosing himself thereby.

Thomas Hardy senior was a man who in his prime could be called handsome. He was about five feet nine in height, with dark Vandyke brown hair and whiskers, which he wore cut back in the custom of his date, with teeth that were white and regular all his life and blue eyes that never faded grey; a quick step, and a habit of ~~carrying~~-bearing his head a little to one side as he walked. He carried no walking stick or umbrella till past middle life, and was altogether an open air liver, and a great walker always.

Mrs Hardy was below the middle-height with chestnut hair, grey eyes and with a trim and upright figure. Her movement also being light im walking, strayers approaching her from behind imagined themselves about to overtake quite a young woman when she was nearly seventy. Her Roman nose and firm counternance would better have suited a taller figure.

During these long years the three Hardys and their assistant violinists were well-known figures in the Stinsford gallery, and people used to walk out from Dorchester to the afternoon service to hear them play.

~~[illegible] being joined by his two sons later, who with other~~ the period of performance covered by the three Hardys being inclusively about 40 years or a little under. They were well-known as violinists, and were considered the best in the neighbourhood, accident having helped their natural bent. This was the fact that in 1822 shortly after the death of the old vicar, Mr Floyer, the Rev. Edward Murray, a relative of the Earl of Ilchester who was the patron of the living, was presented to it. Mr Murray was an ardent musician and performer on the violin himself and the two younger Hardys used to practise two or three times a week with him in his study. T.H.s father never forgot the occasional rap on the knuckles of his bow-hand

During those long years the three Hardys and their assistant vicinitate were well-known figures in the stunted gallery, and people used to walk out from Longmoor to the afternoon matinée to hear them play.

O O O

Moreover he was addicted to church-music, as had been his father, and was also his brother James. The eldestof the three T.H.s when a young man living at Puddletown, before the year 1800, having a strong musical bias, had played the violoncello in the church of that parish, and on building a house for himself and his wife, and removing to the adjoining parish of Stinsford in 1801. he found the church-music there in a deplorable condition, it being conducted from the gallery by an old man with an oboe. He immediately set himself, with the easy-going vicar's hearty concurrence, to improve it, and got together some instrumentalists, himself taking the 'cello, which he played in the gallery of Stinsford Church at two services every Sunday from 1801 or 1802 till his death in 1837, being joined by his two sons later, who with other reinforcement, continued playing till about 1842 being joined by his two sons later, who with other reinforcement, continued playing till about 1842 ~~being joined by his two sons later, who with other~~ - the period of performance covered by the three Hardys being inclusively about 40 years or a little under. They were well-known as violinists, and were considered the best in the neighbourhood, accident having helped their natural bent. This was the fact that in 1822 shortly after the death of the old vicar, Mr Floyer, the Rev. Edward Murray, a relative of the Earl of Ilchester who was the patron of the living, was presented to it. Mr Murray was an ardent musician and performer on the violin himself and the two younger Hardys used to practise two or three times a week with him in his study. T.H.s father never forgot the occasional rap on the knuckles of his bow-hand

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with the vicar's bow when he failed to draw out the dotted minims to their proper length. Anyhow his bowing was good to the end of his life, and elaborate musical services were carried through by the parishioners every Sunday, with what success is not known.

This preoccupation of the Hardys with the church-music did not to say the least assist their building business, and it was somewhat of a relief to T.H. senior's young wife when church-changes involving the cessation of the living by Murray, led to the abandoning in 1841 or 1842 all connection with the choir.

1848. Thomas Hardy, the third child, was rather fragile, and precocious to a degree, being able to read before he could walk. At eight he was thought strong enough to go to the village school to learn the rudiments, and by a curious accident was the first child to enter the new building, arriving on the day of the opening, and awaiting alone in the empty school the entry of the other scholars from the temporary premises near. The school is still standing much in its original condition.

Here he worked at Nicklegrove's Arithmetic and Geography, in both which he excelled, though his handwriting was indifferent. About this time his mother gave him Dryden's Virgil.

1849. October. T.H.'s first experience of travel was when at nine years old, his mother took him with her - "for protection", as she

used to say, being then an attractive and still young woman - on a visit to her sister at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, where her brother-in-law managed several farms for the th. Marquis of Salisbury. As the visit lasted three weeks or a month he was sent while there to a private school in Hatfield kept by a Mr Ray - which appears to have been somewhat on the Squeers madel. Since however he was only a day-scholar ~~there~~ this did not affect him much, though he was mercilessly tyrannized over by bigger boys whom he could beat hollow in arithmetic and geography.

Their return from this visit was marked by an experience which became of interest in the light of after events. The Great Northern Railway was then only in process of construction, and it was necessary to go by coach from Hatfield to London, to take the train at Waterloo Station for Dorchester. This coaching-inn was the Cross Keys, St John's Street, Clerkenwell, and here Mrs Hardy and her boy put up for the night. It was the inn at which Sheppey and Mary Godwin had been accustomed to meet at week ends not so many years before, and was at this time quite unaltered from the inn of the lovers' romantic experiences - the oval stone staircase, the skylight, and the hotel entrance being untouched. As Mrs Hardy and her little boy took a room rather high up the staircase for economy, and the poet had done the same from impecuniousness, there is a possibility that this may have been the same as that occupied by the poet and his mistress. He remembered watching from his little bed his mother searching the huge old-fashion-ed closets of the room to ascertain if any unwelcome intruder

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were secreted there, before she extinguished the lights, for although she was a woman of great spirit and courage, she was timid then.

September 30th. 1850. After another year he was judged to be able to go further afield than the village school, and was sent in the first place to the Dorchester British School, his mother having learned that the master was an exceptionally able man.

It is somewhat curious and shows the honour with which the schoo was conducted that he did not know till he had been there several months that it was a Nonconformist school, a large number, probably a majority,of the boys coming from Church of England homes, having been attracted thither by the reputation of the master; though he used to wonder why the familiar Church Catechism had vanished, or rather all of it except the Ten Commandments, in which the pupils were made proficient once a week.

The removal of the boy from the village school gave mortal offence to the lady of the manor, whom his mother had, in fact, openly defied in the interests of the boy by taking him away. This lady had built the school at her own expense, and having no children of her own had grown passionately fond of T.H. whom she had been accustomed to hold in her arms until he was quite a big child. Shortly after, the estate building work was taken out of the hands of T.H.'s father, who at his wife's instruction went further afield, soon obtaining a mansio

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T.H. the younger, however, grieved at the loss of his friend the squire's lady to whom he had grown more attached than he cared to own. In fact, though he was only ten, and she was at least 45, his feeling for her was ~~about~~ almost that of a lover. He so much wished to see her that he induced a young woman of the village to take him to a harvest home at which he knew she would be ~~th~~ present, one of the farm on the estate being carried on by the squire himself as a hobby with the aid of a Scotch bailiff - much to his pecuniary loss as it turned out. The young woman, a small farmer's daughter, agreed, and called for T.H. about three o'clock in the afternoon, and together they went off, his mother being away from home, though he left word where he had gone. Supper, an early meal at that date, was over by the time they reached the barn, and tea was going on - after which there was dancing some non-commissioned officers and respectable privates having been invited from the barracks as partners for the girls.

Presently the manor lady, her husband, and a house party, arrived. As soon as she saw T.H. - who had no business whatever there - she came up to him and said reproachfully: "O Tommy, how is this! I thought you had deserted me!"

T.H. assured her through his tears that he had not deserted her, and never would do so; and then the dance went on, she giving him for a partner a little niece of hers, about his own age. The squire's party soon left, but T.H. stayed on, being afraid to go home without

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the young woman his companion. There he waited for her till 3 in the morning, having eaten and drunk nothing since one o'clock on the previous day, through fearing to ask for any food. What the lady of the estate would have given him had she but known of his hunger! In spite of his promise of fidelety the two never met again till he was a young man of 22, and she quite an old woman, though it was not his fault, her husband selling the estate shortly after. A scolding from his mother when he reached home ended the day's episode.

By good fortune the report that the British schoolmaster was an able teacher turned out to be true - and finding that he had an apt pupil who galloped unconcernedly over the ordinary school lessons he agreed to T.H.'s mothers proposal that he would teach the boy Latin for an extra remuneration.

1852. So at 12 years of age he was started on the old Eton grammar, and readings in Eutropius and Caesar.

1853. A year later the master opened in his own name a private school, called an "Academy" - and here T.H. went and remained all the rest of his school life - thus continuing his Latin under the same teacher. Also learning drawing, geometry, and algebra - in which he was good, though he hated the last named, saying however that he found a certain poetry in the rule for the extraction of the cube root.

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1858. At fifteen he was sent to French lessons by a lady who was the French governess at the school attended by T.H.'s sister.

1856. At sixteen the question arose of a profession or trade. His father in his building operations had become associated with a Mr Hicks, an architect and church-restorer of Dorchester, and formerly of Bristol, and having seen T.H. junior wished to have him as a pupil, offering to take him for hald his usual premium of £100, payable in the middle of the term of three years. Mrs Hardy suggested £40 paid down at the beginning of the term, and to this Mr Hicks agreed.

July 1856. Reaching the architect's office at 39 South Street, Dorchester, next door to Barnes, the Dorset poet and philolgist, ~~who had been well educated in London~~ T.H. found there a senior pupil who had been well educated in London, and who having a liking for the classical tongues, deplored his late necessity of breaking off his studies to take up architecture. They agreed to read together and during the ensuing two or three years gave more time to books than to drawing. Hicks, too, was fairly well educated, being the son of a Gloucestershire rector, had read some Latin and Greek, and had a smattering of Hebrew. He was a kindly natured man, and allowed the two youths some leisure for their scheme, though most of T.H.'s reading was done before he reached the office. He did read a good deal of ordinary classical reading - some of the Aenid, some Horace, Ovid, some books of the Iliad, &c.

Hicks was ahead of them in Greek, though they could beat him in Latin - and he used to ridicule their construings - often when they were more correct than he was.

About 1858 - It so happened that B. the other pupil (who, strangely enough for an architect mostly occupied with church-work, had been bred a Baptist) became very serious minded about this time, and said he was going to be baptized and in fact was, shortly after. He so impressed T.H. with the necessity of this, that though the junior pupil had been brought up in High church principles, he almost felt that he ought to be baptized again as an adult. However he got hold of as many books on Paedobaptism as he could, and though he was appalled at the feebleness of the arguments for infant baptism he determined to stick to his own side - as he considered the Church to be - at all costs of conscience. The arguments of the two pupils in the office sometimes reached such a pitch that the architect's wife would send down a message from the drawing-room, which was over, imploring them not to make so much noise. To add to the heat two of the Baptist minister's three sons, fresh from Aberdeen University, joined in the controversy; but though T.H. found himself in the position of one to three, he fought on - conceding as much as he thought a churchman fairly could - that he would limit his Greek reading to the New Testament and would attend a prayer-meeting at the chapel-vestry.

At half-past six on a hot August ~~afternoon~~ evening he entered the chapel. Not a soul was in the building, and he waited in the vestry till the hour of appointment had passed by nearly hapf an hour, the yellow sun shining in through the skylight, through which also came the faint notes of a brass band. Just as he was about to leave. B. and the minsiter's three sons tumbled breathlessly in. A circus

About 1888 - it so happened that E. the other pupil (who, strangely enough for an architect mostly occupied with church-work, had been bred a Baptist) became very serious minded about this time, and said he was going to be confirmed and it last was, shortly after. He so impressed T.H. with the necessity of this, that though the junior pupil had been brought up in High church principles, he almost felt that he ought to be baptized again as an adult. However he got hold of as many books on Paedobaptism as he could, and though he was upsetted at the feebleness of the arguments for infant baptism he determined to stick to his own side - as he considered the church to be - at all costs of consistence. The arguments of the two pupils in the office sometimes reached such a pitch that the architect's wife would send down a message from the drawing-room, which was over, imploring them not to make so much noise. To add to the heat two of the Baptist minister's three sons, fresh from Aberdeen University, joined in the controversy; but though T.H. found himself in the position of one to three, he fought on - conceding as much as he thought a conscientious fairly could - that he would light his street lamp leading to the new tabernacle and would attend a prayer-meeting at the chapel-vestry.

At half-past six on a hot August afternoon evening he entered the chapel. Not a soul was in the building, and he waited in the vestry till the hour of appointment had passed by nearly half an hour, the yellow sun shining in through the skylight, through which also came the faint notes of a brass band. Just as he was about to leave, E. and the minister's three sons tumbled breathlessly in. A strange

had entered the town at the moment of the prayer-meeting, and they had all forgotten the meeting and remained for the spectacle - How the meeting ended is forgotten.

The Greek Testament was now persevered in by both pupils, and Homer and Virgil forgotten, it being a frequent custom for them to tak out their books into the fields and sit on a gate reading them.

It was brought to an end by the expiry of B's terms of four years as a pupil, and his departure for the office of a London architect which, it may be mentioned, he shortly afterwards left for Australia.

1860-61. With the departure of B., T.H.'s duties grew more heavy, and though, in consideration of his immaturity, the term of his pupillage had been lengthened, a time had arrived at which it became necessary that he should give more attention to practical architecture than he had hitherto done. Church "restoration" was at this time in full ~~swing~~ cry in Dorsetshire and the neighbouring counties, and young T.H. found himself making many drawings, measurements, and sketches of old churches with a view to such changes. Much beautiful old Gothic work he was instrumental in destroying or altering beyond identification - a matter for his deep regret in later years.

During the years of architectural pupillage T.H. had two other literary friends in Dorchester. One was Hooper Tolbort, orphan nephew of one of the partners in a firm of mechanical engineers, who had an extraordinary facility in the acquisition of languages. He was a

had entered the town at the moment of the prayer-meeting, and they had all forgotten the meeting and remained for the spectacle - Now the meeting ended is forgotten.

The gross treatment was now persevered in by both pupils, and Homer and Virgil forgotten, it being a frequent question for them to ask out their books into the fields and sit on a gate reading them.

It was brought to an end by the expiry of R's terms of four years as a pupil, and his departure for the office of a London architect which, it may be mentioned, he shortly afterwards left for Australia.

1880-81. With the departure of R., T.H.'s duties grew more heavy, and though, in consideration of his immaturity, the term of his pupilage had been lengthened, a time had arrived at which it became necessary that he should give more attention to practical architecture than he had hitherto done. Owing "restoration" was at this time in full swing cry in Dorchester and the neighbouring counties, and young T.H. found himself making many drawings, measurements, and sketches of old churches with a view to such changes. Much beautiful old Gothic work he was instrumental in destroying or altering beyond identification - a matter for his deep regret in later years.

During the years of architectural pupilage T.H. had two other literary friends in Dorchester. One was Hooper Toldort, organ nephew of one of the partners in a firm of mechanical engineers, who had an extraordinary facility in the acquisition of languages. He was a

pupil of the Rev. W. Barnes, the Dorset poet, philologist, and schoolmaster, and was preparing for the Indian Civil Service. The other was Horace Moule of Queens College, Cambridge - just them beginning practice as author, & reviewer. Walks in the fields with each of these by T.H. biassed him still further in the direction of books. He began writing verses, also prose articles and reviews, which do not appear to have been printed anywhere. On his suggesting to Moule that he should go on reading some Greek plays, M's opinion was that if T.H.' had (as had been considered) to make an income in some way by architecture in 1862, it would hardly be worth while for him to read Sophocles in 1860-61, and Greek was altogether dropped from that date.

1862 April 17. Thursday.

T.H. starts alone for London, to pursue the art of Architecture on more advanced lines, with two letters of introduction in his pocket - one to Mr Benjamin Ferrey, of 1 Trinity Place, Charing Cross, an architect who had been a pupil of Pugin's, and had designed a good many Dorset buildings - one or two of which had been erected by T.H.'s father.

His only previous visit to the capital had been with his mother in 1849, when they passed through it on the way to and back from Hertfordshire, on a visit to a relative.

pupil of the Rev. W. Barnes, the Dorset poet, philologist, and schoolmaster, and was preparing for the Indian Civil Service. The other was Horace Monk of Queens College, Cambridge - last then beginning practice as author, reviewer. Walks in the fields with each of these by T.H. biased him still further in the direction of books. He began writing verses, also prose articles and reviews, which do not appear to have been printed anywhere. On his suggesting to Monk that he should go on reading some Greek plays, a's opinion was that if T.H. had (as had been considered) to make an income in some way by architecture in 1868, it would hardly be worth while for him to read Sophocles in 1868-69, and Greek was altogether dropped from that date.

1868 April 17. Saturday.

T.H. starts alone for London, to pursue the art of architecture on more advanced lines, with two letters of introduction in his pocket - one to Sir Tonjamin Pottery, of 1 Trinity Place, Charing Cross, an architect who had been a pupil of Pugin's, and had designed a good many Roman buildings - one of two of which had been erected by T.H.'s father.

His only previous visit to the capital had been with his mother in 1862, when they passed through it on the way to and back from Portsmouth, on a visit to a relative.

The other introduction was to Mr John Norton of 24 Old Bond St. - also an architect. It is believed that Mr Norton was a Bristol man, and a fellow pupil of Hicks's of Dorchester. Anyhow, Norton received young Thomas Hardy with great kindness, and his friendship coming at the nick of time when it was needed, proved himself one of the best if not the very best friend T.H. ever had. The architect told him that he must on no account be wandering alone in London without friend or occupation, and arranged that he should come daily and make drawings in his office whilst he looked about him. As he was in no need of assistance the remuneration would be merely nominal.

Last week in April, 1917. This was really the best thing that could have happened. Yet strangely enough, on his arriving on the following Monday to begin, Mr Norton informed him that a friend of his whom he had met a day or two before at the Institute of British Architects, had asked him if he knew of a young Gothic draughtsman who could design churches and rectory houses. He had strongly recommended Thomas Hardy and packed him off at once to call on Mr Arthur Blomfield the friend in question, a son of the late Bishop Blomfield, and a well known church architect. Hardy found him in, arrangements were made, and on the following Monday, May 4.

The other introduction was to Mr John Norton of 24 Old Bond St. - also an architect. It is believed that Mr Norton was a Prelatist man and a fellow pupil of Blake's at Portsmouth. Anyway, Norton received young Thomas Early with great kindness, and his friendship coming at the risk of time when it was needed, proved himself one of the constant not the very best friend I.H. ever had. The architect told him that he must on no account go wandering alone in London without friend or companion, and arranged that he should come daily and make drawings in his office whilst he looked about him. As he was in no need of assistance the remuneration would be merely nominal.

Last week in April, 1917. This was really the best thing that could have happened. Yet strangely enough, on his arriving on the following monday to begin, Mr Norton informed him that a friend of his whom he had met a day or two before at the Institute of British Architects, had asked him if he knew of a young Catholic draughtsman who could design churches and factory houses. He had strongly recommended Thomas Early and packed him off at once to call on Mr Arthur Grimble the friend in question, a son of Blanco Fleetfield, and a well known church architect. Early found his in. arrangements were made, and on the following monday, May 4.

AT Blomfield's

Mr Blomfield, being the son of the Bishop of London, was considered a right and proper man for supervising the removal of bodies in sases in which railways had obtained a faculty for making cuttings throu-gh churchyards so that it should be done decently and in order. In one case in which this had been carried out, Mr Blomfield came to T.H and informed him with a look of concern that he had just returned from visiting the site on which all the removed bodies were said by the company to have been reinterred, but there appeared to be nothing present, the surface of the ground being quite level as before. He much feared that he had not ~~exceed~~ exercised a sufficiently sharp supervision, and that the railway~~s~~ company had got over him somehow. Soon there occurred a simialr proceeding on a much larger scale, the carrying of a cutting by the Midland Railway through Old St. Pancras churchyard, which would necessitate the removal of many hundreds of coffins, and bones in huge quantities, in which business Mr Blomfield was to represent the Bishop as before. The architect said that this time there should be no mistake about the superintendence being thoroughly carried out. Accordingly, he set a clerk of works in the churchyard, who was never to leave during working hours; and as the removals were effected by night and the clerk of works might be late, he deputed Thomas Hardy to go every eveing at uncertain hours, to see that the clerk of works was performing his duties; while Mr B. himself was to drop in unexpected-ly two or three times a week, to see that neither T.H. nor the clerk of works was a defaulter. The plan worked excellently, and throughout the late autumn and early winter (of probably the year 1865, or thereabouts)

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works was a defaulter. The plan worked excellently, and throughout the
late autumn and early winter (of probably the year 1865, or thereabouts)

T.H. attended at the churchyard every evening between 5 and 6, where within a hoarding that could not be overlooked and by the light of flare lamps the exhumations went on continuously of the coffins that that had been uncovered during the day, new coffins being provided for those that came apart in lifting, and for loose skeletons; and those that held together being carried to the new ground on a board merely. In one coffin that fell apart was one skeleton and two skulls. T.H. used to tell that when, after some twenty years of separation, he met Arthur Blomfield again, among Sir Arthur's first words were: "Do you remember how we found the man with two heads at St. Pancras?"

Thomas Hardy used to tell some amusing stories of Mr, afterwards Sir Arthur,Blomfield. Among other ways in which he and his pupils and T.H. used to get on with their architecture was by singing glees and catches during office hours. The alto part was the difficulty, and Blomfield said one day: "Hardy, if you meet an alto anywhere in the Strand do ask him to come in and join us." One day a Punch and Judy show performed outside the office and presently the house-keeper a woman London born, came running upstairs, and exclaiming "Why Mr Arthur, I declare there's a man inside!" On another occasion when a builder had called on business B. airily said: "Well Mr T. what will you take this morning - sherry or port?" " Mr T.- on reflection said "Port, sir". As ~~there was~~ we had no wine or any other liquor at the offices, Blomfield was for a moment disconcerted at the worthy builder's seriousness, but was as good as his word, and the office

T.H. attended at the churchyard every evening between 5 and 6, where within a hearing that could not be overlooked and by the light of flare lamps the exhumations went on continuously of the coffins that had been uncovered during the day, new coffins being provided for those that came apart in lifting, and for loose skeletons; and those that held together being carried to the new ground on a board merely. In one coffin that fell apart was one skeleton and two skulls. T.H. used to tell that when, after some twenty years of separation, he met Arthur Bloomfield again, among Sir Arthur's first words were: "Do you remember how we found the man with two heads at St. Pancras?"

Thomas Hardy used to tell some amusing stories of Mr. afterwards Sir Arthur Bloomfield. Among other ways in which he and his pupils and T.H. used to get on with their architecture was by winging clerks and cadgers during office hours. The site part was the difficulty, and Bloomfield said one day: "Hardy, if you meet an site anywhere in the strand do ask him to come in and join us." One day a French and lady show performed outside the office and presently the house-keeper a woman London born, came running upstairs, and exclaiming "Why Mr Arthur, I declare there's a man inside!" On another occasion when a builder had called on business B. airily said: "Well Mr T. what will you take this morning - sherry or port?" Mr T.- on reflection said "Port, sir". As ~~[illegible]~~ we had no wine or any other liquor at the offices, Bloomfield was for a moment disconcerted at the worthy builder's sobriousness, but was as good as his word, and the office

boy was secretly dispatched to the Strand to buy a bottle of port, and to the housekeeper to borrow a glass.

T.H. remembered how one morning he arrived at the Terrace to ~~fin~~ find Blomfield standing with his back to the fireplace, and a very serious face. As T.H. entered Blomfield said without any preface "Hardy, that tower has fallen." T.H. followed the direction of his eyes which were fixed on the opposite wall where was the drawing of a new church just then finished. It was a serious matter for an architect, especially as some years earlier another well-known architect had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for manslaughter, one of his new buildings having fallen and killed some people. Fortunately no-one was killed in the present case, and the architect was quite exonerated by having the tower rebuilt stone by stone as it had been before, and so proving the construction to be unimpeachable, for there it has st od ever s ince without a crack. What had caused the fall was always a mystery.

This used to remind T.H. of another church tower story, Mr Hicks with whom he had served his pupillage, told him that at the beginning of his practice he built a church tower near Bristol, and one night after it was finished he dreamt that he was riding up to it, and saw a huge crack in its walls from the parapet downwards. He was so disturbed that next morning he mounted his horse - it was before railways, and architects mostly rode to the supervision of their buildings - and riding off to the village saw the tower loom into view. There was the crack in its face exactly as he had seen it

boy was secretly dispatched to the strand to buy a bottle of port, and to the housekeeper to borrow a glass.

T.H. remembered how one morning he arrived at the terrace to find Bloomfield standing with his back to the fireplace, and a very serious face. As T.H. entered Bloomfield said without any preface "Hardy, that tower has fallen." T.H. followed the direction of his eyes which were fixed on the opposite wall where was the drawing of a new church just then finished. It was a serious matter for an architect, especially as some years earlier another well-known architect had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for manslaughter, one of his new buildings having fallen and killed some people. Fortunately no-one was killed in the present case, and the architect was quite exonerated by having the tower rebuilt stone by stone as it had been before, and so proving the construction to be unimpeachable, for there it has stood ever since without a crack. What had caused the fall was always a mystery.

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in his dream.

(Here may be quoted some more architectural stories from the paper entitled Church Restoration, read to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, June 1906. copy in cupboard, and also printed about that time in the Cornhill)

However, as the work is intended to be a poetic drama and not a philosophic treatise I did not feel bound to develope this.

The assumption of unconsciousness in the driving force is, of course, not new. But I think the view of the unconscious force as gradually becoming conscious: i.e. that consciousness is creeping further and further back towards the origin of force had never (so far as I know) been advanced before the Dynasts appeared. But being only a mere impressionist I must not pretend to be a philosopher in a letter, and ask you to believe me

Sincerely yours,

Thomas Hardy.

Dr. Saleeby.

Max Gate. Dorchester.
Feb.2. 1915.

Dear Dr.Saleeby:

Your activities are unlimited. I should like to hear your address on "Our War for International Law." Personally I feel rather disheartened when I think it probable that the war will end by sheer exhaustion of the combatants, and that things will be left much as they were before. But I hope not.

I have been now and then dipping into your Bergson,

and shall be returning the volume soon. I suppose I may assume that you are more or less disciple, or fellow-philosopher, of his. Therefore you may be rather shocked by some views I hold about his teachings - if I may say I hold any views about anything whatever, which I hardly do.

His theories are certainly much more delightful than those they contest, and I for one would gladly believe them, but I cannot help feeling all the time that he is rather an imaginative and poetical writer than a reasoner, and that for his attractive assertions he does not adduce any proofs whatever. His use of the word "creation" seems loose to me. Then, as to "conduct". I fail to see how, if it is not mechanism, it can be other than Caprice, though he denies it (p.50). And he says that Mechanism and Finalism (I agree with him as to Finalism) are only external views of our conduct.

"Our conduct extends between them, and slips much further." Well, I hope it may, but he nowhere shows that it does. And again: "a mechanistic conception....treats the living as the inert... Let us on the contrary, trace a line of demarcation between the inert and the living.(208)." Well, let us, to our great pleasure, if we can see why we should introduce an inconsistent rupture of order into uniform and consistent laws of the same.

You will see how much I want to be a Bergsonian

(indeed I have for many years). But I fear that his philosophy is, in the bulk, only our old friend Dualism in a new suit of clothes - an ingenious fancy without real foundation, and more complicated, and therefore less likely than the determinist fancy and others that he endeavours to overthrow.

You must not think me a hard-hearted rationalist for all this - Half my time (particularly when I write verse) I believe - in the modern use of the word - not only in things that Bergson does, but in spectres, mysterious voices, intuitions, omens, dreams, haunted places, etc,etc.

But then, I do not believe in these in the old sense of belief any more for that; and in arguing against Bergsonism I have of course, meant belief in its old sense when I aver myself incredulous.

By the way, as a kindred matter can you explain the meaning of the paragraph I enclose? To me it seems nonsense - Please return it when writing, in case I should want to ask the author when I am at Cambridge.

Sincerely Yours,

Thomas Hardy.

Max Gate. Dorchester.

16. 3. 1915.

Dear Dr Saleeby,

My thanks for the revised form of "The Longest

Price of War", which I am reading.

I do not know if you mean to accept the invitation to speak at the Temperance meeting in Dorchester; but if you do I shall hope to see you. We live a mile from the town, and I am not sure if our house would be convenient for staying at, on account of the distance at night, and our not keeping a car. But we could put you up here with pleasure if that would be no objection.

I am returning, or shall be in a day or two, your volume of Bergson. It is most interesting reading, and one likes to give way to its views and assurances without criticizing them.

If however we ask for reasons and proof (which I don't care to do) I am afraid we do not get them.

An elan vital - by which I understand him to mean a sort of additional and spiritual force, beyond the merely unconscious push of life - the "will" of other philosophers that propels growth and developement - seems much less probable than single and simple determinism, or what he call mechanism, because it is more complex: and where proof is impossible probability must be our guide. His partly mechanistic and partly creative theory seems to me clumsy and confused.

He speaks of "the enormous gap that separates even the lowest form of life from the inorganic world." Here again it is more probable that organic and inorganic modulate into each

other, one nature and law operating throughout. But the most fatal objection to his view of creation plus propulsion seems to me to lie in the existence of pain. If nature were creative she would have created painlessness, or be in process of creating it - pain being the first thing we instinctively fly from. If on the other hand we cannot introduce into life what is not already there, and are bound to mere recombination of old materials, the persistence of pain is intelligible.

Sincerely yours,

Thomas Hardy.

T.S.

"LIFE". ("Late years")

Vol. II. Ch. XVI & Ch. XVII.

Two T.S. – original and carbon copy.

also fragment of another typing of these chapters.

These are paginated so as to follow Typescripts of Vol. II in larger envelopes. RQC

T. H.

Memoranda & Notes towards completing the remainder of Vol. II, (which will be the end of book).

[3rd. (Rough) Copy.]

Notes towards completing remainder of Vol. II.

From this point (Part VIII, Chap. XXXV. p546) to the end. The compilation is mostly in the form of undigested memoranda, requiring critical consideration as to what biographical particulars shall be retained, differently expressed, or omitted.
F.E.H.

546

H's handwriting

conjunction with Lord Bryce and Professor Gilbert Murray, for an Anglo-American University at Plymouth, is of much interest to me, both for general reasons and from my having had a domestic connection with the town for many years.

"It appears to me that if the scheme as outlined could be carried into effect the results would be far-reaching and admirable. And as to situation, the large population of Plymouth, the close relation of that port with American history, and the beauty of the town and neighbourhood, point to it as an ideal site for such a University. Curiously enough I was quite lately standing on the stone at the Barbican that marks the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked.

"I quite understand that it would offer no rivalry to the proposed English University at Exeter and the Southampton University College.

The idea being but in embryo, as I gather, I am unable to offer any criticisms as you suggest, which would depend largely on details. However, if any remarks upon the proposal should occur to me I will send them. Meanwhile I can only express my hope that the idea may mature."

"Sunday June 2. Seventy-eighth birthday. Several letters". Among others was an interesting one from a lady who informed him

Notes towards completing remainder of Vol II
Chapter XXXV.

Letters, Visits, Poetical Questions, & Mellstock Club-room.

T.H.'s handwriting

1918-1919. Aet. 78-79

To Rendel Harris Esq. Manchester. May 20: 1918.

"Your letter on the proposals you are bringing forward, in conjunction with Lord Bryce and Professor Gilbert Murray, for an Anglo-American University at Plymouth, is of much interest to me, both for general reasons and from my having had a domestic connection with the town for many years.

"It appears to me that if the scheme as outlined could be carried into effect the results would be far-reaching and admirable. And as to situation, the large population of Plymouth, the close relation of that port with American history, and the beauty of the town and neighbourhood, point to it as an ideal site for such a University. Curiously enough I was quite lately standing on the stone at the Barbican that marks the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked.

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"Sunday June 2. Seventy-eighth birthday. Several letters". Among others was an interesting one from a lady who informed him

that some years earlier she had been made the happiest woman ~~on earth~~ in the world by accidentally meeting for the first time, by the "Druid Stone" on his lawn, at the late Mrs Hardy's last garden-party, the man who was now her husband. And a little later came one he much valued, from a man he long had known - Mr Charles Moule, Senior Fellow and President of Corpus, Cambridge, enclosing a charming poem to Hardy as his "almost lifelong friend"..... "Too seldom seen since far-off times" - times when the two had visited mediaeval buildings together, and dived from a boat on summer mornings into the green water of Weymouth Bay.

"June 10. 1918.

To W.M.Stone. Esq. Blind Asylum. Edinburgh.

"You have my permission to print "The Woodlanders" and "The Return of the Native" in Braille type for the use of the blind, and I hope the books may be of interest to them."

In the same summer Mrs Champ Clark of Washington, who had sometimes ~~assisted~~ visited him and his wife in London, wrote to tell him of her husband's political adventures. He had been elected Speaker of the House, and would have been elected President of the United States, she said, if the majority had

that she had been made the happiest woman ~~on earth~~ in the world by spontaneously meeting for the first time, by the "Druid stone" on the lawn, at the late Mrs Hardy's last garden-party, the man who was now her husband. And a little later came one be much wanted, from a man he long had known - Mr Charles Moule, Senior Fellow and President, of course; candidate, enclosing a charming poem to Hardy as his "almost lifelong friend"..... "Too seldom seen since far-off times" - times when the two had visited Wessex together, and drived from a boat on summer mornings into the green water of Weymouth bay.

"June 10. 1918.

Dear Sir. Blind Asylum. Edinburgh.

"You have my permission to print "Two Soldiers" and "The Return of the Native" in Braille for the use of the blind, and I hope the book may be of interest to them."

In the same summer Mrs Grover Clark of Washington, who had recently entertained Mr and Mrs Hardy in London, wrote to tell him of her husband's political adventures. He had been elected Speaker of the House, and would have been elected President of the United States, she said, if the ballot had

ruled in the Democratic National Convention as it did in the Republican. However, Mr Champ Clark died within about two years.

In September 1918 he received a circular letter asking him to assist in bringing home to people certain facts relating to the future with a view to finding a remedy, and stating that

"It is agreed by all students of modern military methods that this war, horrible as it seems to us, is merciful in comparison with what future wars must be. Scientific munition-making is only in its infancy. The next world-war, if there is another, will find the nations provided ~~with~~ not with thousands, but with hundreds of thousands of aeroplanes, not with hundreds but with thousands of submarines, and all these as far surpassing the present types in power and destructiveness as they surpass the feeble beginnings of ten years ago .....

In his reply he remarked

"If it be all true that the letter prophecies, I do not think a world in which such fiendishness is possible to be worth the saving. Better let Western "civilization" perish, and the black and yellow races have a chance.

"However, as a meliorist (not a pessimist as they say) I think better of the world."

filed in the Democratic National Convention as it did in the Republican. However, it clearly dies within about two years.

Hardy also heard from the Chief Rabbi, who sent him his book of "Jewish Thought"; and towards the end of the year received from Athens a poem in modern Greek on Tess of the d'Urbervilles, and Mr Charles A. Speyer's music to the lyric "When I set out for Lyonesse".

"Dec. 31. New Years Eve. Did not sit up, "

Hardy also heard from the Chief Rabbi, who sent him his book of "Jewish Thought"; and towards the end of the year received from Athens a poem in modern Greek on Jews of the d'Urbervilles, and Mr Charles A. Speer's music to the lyric "When I set out for Lyonnesse".

"Dec. 31. New Years Eve. Did not sit up."

1919.

At the beginnigg of the year Hardy received a letter and volume of verses from Miss Amy Lowell the American poetess, who reminded him of her call at the beginning of the war --"two bedraggled ladies", herself and her friend. Hardy did remember, and their consternation lest they should not be able to get back to their own country. She wrote to him again a few months later, explaining her "polyphonic prose", which had appeared in the volume she had sent him:

"I do not think that polyphonic prose is a very good name for it. It is not intended to be prose at all, but poetry..... Of course the way to read it is just to take it the way it comes without accentuating w either the rhythm or the rhyme, since they are only used to enrich the form, and are not supposed to produce the same effects that they produce in metrical verse.... Perhaps it is an impossible form, but when I read it aloud to my audiences (for I have been acting the part of John the Baptist, going all over the country and giving readings and talks to stimulate interest in poetry) I have no difficulty in making them apprehend it. "

In February he signed a declaration of sympathy with the

1919.

At the beginning of the year Mary received a letter and volume of verses from Alan Gorell the American Bostonian, who resided on his ship of war during the beginning of the war --"two bewildered ladies", herself and her friend. Mary did know her, and their domestication last they should not be able to get back to their own country. She wrote to him again a few months later, explaining her «Japonnic prose», which had appeared in the volume she had sent him:

"I do not think that polyphonic prose is a very good name for it. It is not intended to be prose at all, but poetry.... Of course the way to read it is just to take it the way it comes without scanning - either the rhythm or the rhyme, since they are only used to evolve the form, and are not supposed to produce the same effects that they produce in metrical verse.... Perhaps it is an impossible form, but when I read it aloud to audiences (for I have been getting the part of John the Baptist, going all over the country and giving readings and talks to stimulate interest in poetry) I have no difficulty in making them understand it."

In February he dismissed a deputation of enquiry with his

Jews in support of a movement for "the reconstitution of Palestine as a National Home for the Jewish People", and during the spring received letters from Quiller Couch, Crichton Browne, and other friends on near and dear relatives they had lost in the war; about the same time appearing a relevant poem by Hardy in The Athenaeum which was much liked, entitled, in words from the Burial Service, "According to the Mighty Working".

In May Mr Edmund Gosse wrote that he was very curious to know who drew the rather unusual illustration on the cover of the first edition of The Trumpet Major. Hardy was blank on the matter for a time, until, finding a copy, he remembered that he drew it himself.

Being in London for a few days the same month he went to the dinner of the Royal Academy - the first held since the war - with his friend Sir James Barrie with whom he was then staying, and was saddened to find how many of the guests and Academicians that he had been formerly accustomed to meet there had disappeared from the scene. He felt that he did not wish to go again, and indeed he never did. Among the incidents of this visit was a meeting at Lady St. Heliers with Dr Bernard, Archbishop of Dublin, and a discussion with him on Coverdale's translation of the Psalms, and the inferiority of the Latin Vulgate in certain passages of them - with which Dr Bernard agreed, sending him afterwards the two versions in parallel readings.

On his birthday in June he did what he had long intended to do - took his wife and sister to Salisbury by the

love in support of a movement for "the reconstitution of Palestine as a National Home for the Jewish People", and uniting the spiritual involved letters from Quiller Couch, Frieston Symons, and other friends on that and other occasions they had lost in the war; about the same time a Spiritual Joyment Loan by Mandy in the Aircraft which was Young Israel, entitled in Verse from the Russian service. According to the Night Notable.

In May ex Kipling been wrote that he was very cautious in how he drew the latter wrongly illustration on the cover of the first edition of the Jungle Book. Barry was blind on the matter for a time, until, finding a copy he recognized that he drew it himself.

Being in London for a few days the same month he went to see the dinner of the Royal Academy - the first meal since the war - and was saddened to find how many of the figures he had acquainted there that he had been formally introduced to most there had disappeared from the scene. He felt that he did not wish to go again. Among the invitations or this visit was a meeting at Bath at Milnes with Dr Dormard, Archbishop of Dublin, and a dinner with on Coventhia's translation of the Psalms. Dinner with the Inorlorety of the Latin Valeste in certain passages of the - with which Dr Rotnard agreed, handing him afterwards the two versions in Parallel Fashion.

On his birthday in June he did what he had long intended to do - took his wife and mistress to Salisbury to the

old road which had been travelled by his and their forefathers in their journeys to London - via Blandford, Woodyates Inn, and Harnham Hill, whence Constable had painted his famous view of ~~th~~ the cathedral and where the track was still accessible to wheels. Woodyates Inn, - now no longer such, to the surprise of everybody since the revival of road traffic - still retained its genial hostelry appearance - and reminded Hardy of the entry in the diary of one of the daughters of George ~~III~~ the Third after she and the rest of the family had halted there: "At Woodyates Inn....had a beastly breakfast." It is said that Browning's great-grandfather was once the landlord of this famous inn.

In a reply to a letter of this date concerning a new literary periodical started in Canada, he adds, after some commendatory remarks:-

"But why does the paper stultify its earlier articles by advertising 'The Best Sellers'? Of all marks of the unliterary journal this is the clearest. If the "Canadian Bookman" were to take a new line and advertise eulogistically the worst sellers it might do something towards its object".

[Insert letter to Mrs Arthur Henniker]

Shortly after his birthday he received a charming volume of holograph poems, beautifully bound, from some forty or fifty living poets. ~~This~~ The mark of recognition so appealed to him that he determined to answer every one of the contributors by letter, and ultimately did so, though it took him a long while;

old road which had been travelled by his and their forefathers in their journeys to London - via Blandford, Woodyates Inn, and Barnham Hill, whence constable had painted his famous view of the cathedral and where the track was still accessible to wagons. Woodyates Inn, - now no longer such, to the surprise of everybody since the revival of road traffic - still retained its central posteliary appearance - and reminded Hardy of the entry in the diary of one of the daughters of George III the Third after she had the rest of the family had halted there: "At Woodyates Inn....Ba a beautiy breakfast." It is said that Browning's great-grandfather was once the landlord of this famous inn.

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saying that if they could take the trouble to write the ~~letter-~~ poems he could certainly take the trouble to write the letters. It was almost his first awakening to the consciousness that an opinion had silently grown up, as it were in the night, that he was no mean power in the contemporary world of poetry.

It had impressed him all the more as coming just after his reading quite by chance in an Australian paper a quotation from a recent English review of Hardy's verse - belittling one of the poems - that called "On Sturminster Foot Bridge" in a manner that showed the said critic to be quite unaware of what was called "onomatopoeia" in poetry, the principle on which the lines had been composed, which were intended to convey by their rhythm the impression of a clucking of ripples into riverside holes when blown upon by an up-stream wind; so that when his reviewer jested on the syllables of the verse sounding like milk in a cart he was simply stating that the author had succeeded in doing what he had tried to do - the sounds being similar. As the jest ~~from the~~ by the English reviewer had come back to England from Australia, where it had been quoted to Hardy's damage without the context, he took the trouble to explain the matter to to the writer of the article, which he would probably have left undone if it had not so frequently happened that his intentions were shown up as his blunders. But he did not get a more satisfactory reply than that critics like the writer were sheep in wolves' clothing, and meant no harm.

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Hardy's loyalty to his friends was shown by his unfailing devotion to the Moule family, members of which he had known intimately when he was a young man. The following is probably the last letter he wrote to one whom he could remember as a small boy.

29 June 1919.

"My dear Bishop of Durham:

"You may agree with me in thinking it a curious coincidence that the evening before your letter arrived, and when it probably was just posted, we were reading a chapter in Job, and on coming to the verse: "All the ~~appointed~~ days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come", I interrupted and said: "That was the text of the Vicar of Fordington one Sunday evening about ~~1869~~ 1860" And I can hear his voice repeating the text as the sermon went on - in the way they used to repeat it in those days - just as if it were yesterday. I wonder if you have ever preached from that text; I daresay you have. I should add that he delivered his discourse without note of any kind.

"My warm thanks for your good feeling about my birthday. The thoughts of friends about one at these times take off some of the sadness they bring as one gets old.

"The study of your father's life (too short, really) has interested me much. I well remember the cholera-years in Fordington: you might have added many details. For instance,

"My dear Sandor St Jurmon: "You may agree with me in thinking it a curious coincidence that the overture before your letter arrived, and when it probably was just ending, we were reading a chapter in Job, and on coming to the verse: "All the appointed days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come", I interrupted and said: "That was the text of the vicar of Pottington one Sunday evening about 1800" And I can hear his voice repeating the text as the sermon went on - in the way they used to repeat it in those days - just as if it were yesterday. I wonder if you have ever pondered upon that text; I daresay you have. I should say that no delivered his discourse without note of any kind.

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22 June 1919.

every morning a man used to wheel the clothing and bed-linen of those who had died in the night out into the mead, where the Vicar had a large copper set. Some was boiled there, and some burnt. He also had large fires kindled in Mill-Street to carry off infection. An excellent plan I should think.

"Many thanks too for the volume of poems which duly came. "Apollo at Pherae" seems to me remarkably well constructed in "plot", and the verse facile: I don't quite know how you could have acquired such readiness at such an early date, and the influence of Milton is not excessive - at least I think not.

"I hope you will let us know when you come this way again,"

To Mr W.J.Malden - Chairman of the Wessex Saddleback Pig Society.

"August 23. 1919.

" I must thank you for your attention in sending me particulars of the Wessex Saddleback Pig Society and the Herd Book. "I do not know much about breeding such stock, and am more bent on humane methods of slaughtering them on anything else in relation to it. So that in accepting with appreciation Honorary Membership of the Society I add a suggestion that the question

every morning a man used to shoot the clothing and bed linen of those who had died in the night out into the road, where the vicar had a large copper set. Some was boiled there, and some burnt. He also had large fires kindled in Mill Street to carry off infection. An excellent plan I should think.

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of slaughtering, and transit before slaughtering, should be among the matters that the Society takes up, with a view to causing as little suffering as possible to an animal so intelligent. This worthy object would, I think, add distinction to the Society.

"I am not aware if the stupid custom still prevails of having pork 'well bled'. This impoverishment of the meat for the sake of a temporary appearance should, I feel, be discouraged by the Society."

It is satisfactory to know that Hardy's suggestions were acted upon by the Society.

August. The Collected edition of Hardy's poems was published about this time in two volumes, the first containing the shorter poems, and the second "The Dynasts".

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Author. The collected edition of Hardy's poems was published about this time in two volumes, the first containing the shorter poems, and the second "The Dynasts".

October 1919. A curious question arose in Hardy's mind at this date on whether a romancer was morally justified inggoing to extreme lengths of assurance -- after the manner of De Foe - in respect of a tale he knew to be absolutely false. Thirty seven years ~~eat~~ earlier, when much pressed to produce something of the nature of a fireside yarn, he had invented a picturesque account of a stealthy nocturnal visit to England by Napoleon in 1804, during the war, to spy out a good spot for invasion. Being ~~stru~~ struck with the extreme ~~probability~~ improbability of such a story he added a circumstantial framework describing it as an old local tradition to blind the reader to the hoax. When it was published he was much surprised at ~~having~~ people remarking to him: "I see you have made use of that well-known tradition of Napoleon's landing," He then supposed that, strange as it seemed, such a story must have been in existence without his knowledge, and that perhaps the event had happened. So the matter rested till the time at which we have arrived, when a friend who was interested made inquiries, and was assured by historians and annalists whom he consulted, that such a visit would have been fatuous, and well-nigh impossible. Moreover, that there had never existed any such improbable tradition. Hence arose Hardy's aforesaid case of conscience as to being too natural in the art he could practise so well. Had he not long discontinued the writing of romances he would, he said, have put at the beginning of each new one: "Understand that however true

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this book may be in essence, in fact it is utterly untrue."

Being interested in a dramatic case of piracy on the high seas, which might have happened a hundred or two hundred years before, Hardy and his wife went to the October assizes, on the invitation of Mr Justice Darling, and sat through the case. Such sensational trials came to quiet Dorset whenever the port of landing was in the county, even if they happened a thousand miles off.

To Mr ---- Exeter College, Oxford. October 30th. 1919.

"Dear Sir: In reply to your letter I write for Mr Hardy who is in bed with a chill to say that he cannot furnish you with any biogrpahical details ------ To your inquiry if "Jude the Obscure" is autobiographical I have to answer that there is not a scrap of personal detail in it, it having the least to do with his own life of all his books. The rumour, if it still persists, was stated ~~in this present~~ some years ago. Speaking generally,

this book may be in essence, in fact it is literary nature.

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October 1st. 1919.

To Mr ---- Master College, Oxford.

"Dear Sir: In reply to your letter I write for Mr Hardy who in bad with a cold to say that he cannot furnish you with a biographical details ------ To your inquiry if "Jude the obscure" is autobiographical I have to answer that there is a world of personal detail in it, it having who learnt to d his own life of all his books. The result, if it still p was stated by John Jameson some years ago. Speaking ge

there is more autobiography in a hundred lines of Mr Hardy's poetry than in all the novels."

It is a tribute to Hardy's powers of presentation that readers would not for many years believe that such incidents as Jude's being smacked when bird keeping, his driving a baker's cart, his working as a journeyman mason, as also many situations described in verse, were not actual transcripts of the writer's personal experience, although the briefest reference to diary-books would have shown the impossibility of anything of the sort.

On the last day of October he assisted the Bishop of Salisbury at the opening of a Children's Hospital at Swanage. The wind was very cold, and the Bishop looked so ill that Hardy who had known him some while apologized in the name of the Committee for dragging him out on such a day. "Oh never mind" said Dr Ridgway drily: "if it hadn't been here it would have been somewhere else!" He was genuinely sorry when he heard of the overworked and worthy Bishop's death shortly after.

¶ Hardy had been asked this autumn if he would object to a representation of some of the scenes ~~of~~ in "The Dynasts" by the Oxford University Dramatic Society in the following year, and on his making no objection, some correspondence ensued with the President and Manager on certain details.

To Mr Maurice Colbourne.
November 11. 1919.

"Your plan for showing the out-of-doors scenes is very ingenious and attractive - and more elaborate than I imagined, my idea having been just a backcloth coloured greyish-blue, and a floor-cloth coloured greenish-grey - a purely conventional representation for all open-air scenes .....My feeling was the same as yours about the Strophe and Antistrophe - that they should be unseen, and as it were speaking from the sky. But it is, as you hint, doubtful if the two ladies will like to have their charms hidden. Would boys do instead, or ugly ladies with good voices?

.....

But I do not wish to influence largely your methods of presentation. It will be of the greatest interest to me, whether I can get to Oxford for the performance or not, to see how the questions that arise in doing the thing have been grappled with by younger brains than mine."

"November 18. To my father's grave [he was born Nov. 18. 1811] with F. [Mrs Hardy]. The funeral psalm formerly sung at the graveside to the tune of 'St. Stephen' was the XC, in Tate and Brady's version. Whether Dr Watt's version, beginning 'O God our help in ages past' - said to be a favourite with Gladstone - was written before or after T. & B's (from Coverdale's prose of the same psalm) I don't know, but I think it inferior to the other, which contains some good and concise verse. e.g.,

T.& B.

'For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch at dead of night
Whose hours unnumbered waste,
Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams'....

Watt's (more diffusely):

'A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as a watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
Time like an ever rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.' "

But I do not wish to influence largely your methods or presenta-
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Short as a watch that ends the night
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Bears all its sons away;
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Dies at the opening day.'

In December Sir George Douglas writes concerning a lecture he is going to give in Edinburgh on Hardy's poems, and incidentally remarks: "Those Aeschylean poems in 'The Past and Present' .....how would Wordsworth have regarded them, I wonder, differing so markedly as they do from his view of Nature?" His friend Sir Frederick Pollock also sent a letter containing an impromptu scene of a humorous kind: "Overheard at the sign of the Mermaid in Elysium", purporting to be a conversation between the shades of Shakespeare, Campion, and Heine, "on a book newly received" - (i.e. Hardy's Collected Poems), in which Shakespeare says:

> 'Twas pretty wit, friend Thomas, that you spoke;
> You take the measure of my Stratford folk.

The lines referring to ~~Had~~ Hardy's poem "To Shakespeare after three hundred years".

In the same month he opened a village war-memorial in the form of a club-room in Bockhampton. It was close to his first school - erected, as has been told, by the manor-lady of his early affections - and here he danced - probably the last time in his life - with the then lady of the manor, Mrs Cecil Hanbury. The room was

In December Sir George Douglas writes commenting a lecture he had gone to give in Edinburgh on Hardy's poems, and intoxicated by romance: "Those Association lords in 'The Past and Present' ....how would Wordsworth have regarded them, I wonder."

Hardy so naturally as they do from his view of Nature." His friend Sir Frederick Pollock also sent a letter containing different reactions of a humorous kind: "overheard at the play of Imaginary scene of a Hardyism" (supposing to be a conversation between the Morals in Elysium, Cupid, and Nature, "on a book newly received" - (i.e. Hardy's collected Poems). In which Shakespeare the shades of Shakespeare, Cupid, and Nature, "on a book newly received" - (i.e. Hardy's collected Poems). In which Shakespeare says:

'Time pretty wit, Titans thunder, that you spoke;
You take the measure of my Stratford folk.
The lines matching to Mr Hardy's poem "To Shakespeare after three hundred years"

In the same month he opened a village war-memorial in the form of a club-room in Stockinghton. It was close to his first school - erected, as has been told, by the manor-lady of his early affections - and here he danced - probably the last time in his life - with the town lady of the manor. The Poems was

erected almost on the very spot where had stood Robert Reason's shoe-making shop when H. was a boy, described in Under the Greenwood Tree as "Mr Robert Penny's".

The ~~following~~ short speech made by Hardy at ~~the~~ this opening, ~~of the Bockhampton Reading-room and Club on the 2nd. December 1910~~ being amongst the very few he ever made in his life, is here given, as it was not reported in any newspaper:

"I feel it an honour - and an honour of a very interesting kind - to have been asked by your President to open this Club as a memorial to the gallant men of this parish who fought in the last great war - a parish I know so well, and which is only a about a mile from my own door.

"It is, it seems, to be called "The Mellstock Club". I fancy I have heard that name of "Mellstock" before. But we will let that pass.

" Before I proceed to the formal function of starting the pendulum of the Club, so to speak, I may be allowed to say a word or twoabout the bygone times of this Parish and Village, and the changes which led on to the present happy stage in the history of ~~this~~ the place. There would be many things to interest us in the past of Bockhampton if we could only know them, but we know only a few.

"It has had various owners. In the time of the Conquerer it belonged to a Norman Countess; later to a French Priory; and in the time of Queen Elizabeth to the Dean and Chapter of Exeter, who at the beginning of the last century sold it to Mr Morton

erected almost on the very spot where has stood Robert Benson's shoe-making shop when h. was a boy, described in Under the Greenwood Tree as "Mr Robert Penny's".

The following speech made by Hardy at the opening of the Dorchester Benefit Club and Institute, December 1880 was not reported in any newspaper.

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It is, it seems, to be called "The Hollstock Club". I fancy I have heard this name of "Hollstock" before. But we will let that pass.

Before I proceed to the formal function of christing the premium of the club, so to speak, I may be allowed to say a word or twoabout the bygone times of this parish and village and the changes which led on to the present happy state in the history of this place. There would be many things to interest us in the past of Bockhampton if we could only know them, but we know only a few.

It was that various owners. In the time of the conqueror it belonged to a Norman countess; later to a Saxon priory; and in the time of Queen Elizabeth to the Poer and Chaytor of Kneton, who at the beginning of the last century sold it to Mr Morton

Pitt, a cousin of ~~Pitt~~ the Premier, who came, as we all know, of a Dorset family. What a series of scenes does this bare list of owners bring back!

"At one time Bockhampton had a water-mill. Where was that mill, I wonder? It had a wood. Where was that wood?

"However, to come to my own recollections. From times immemorial the village contained several old Elizabethan houses, with mullioned ~~we~~ windows and doors, of Ham-hill stone. They stood between General Balguy's house and the withy bed. I remember seeing some of them in process of being pulled down, but some were pulled down before I was born. To this attaches a story. Mr Pitt, by whose orders it was done, came to look on, and asked one of the men several questions as to why he was doing it in such and such a way. Mr Pitt was notorious for his shabby clothes, and the labourer, who did not know him, said at last, "Look here old chap, don't you ask so many questions, and just go on. Anybody would think the house was yours!" Mr Pitt obeyed orders, and meekly went on, murmuring, "Well, 'tis mine, after all!"

"Then there were the Poor-houses, I remember - just at the corner turning down to the dairy. These were the homes of the parish paupers before workhouses were built. In one of these lived an old man who was found one day rolling on the floor, with a lot of pence and half-pence scattered round him. They asked him what was the matter, and he said he had heard of people rolling in money, and he thought that for once in his life he would do it, to see what it was like.

"Then there used to be dancing parties at Christmas, and some

Pitt, a cousin of Pitt the Premier. What a notion of scenes does this bare list of owners bring back!

At one time Rockingham had a water-mill. Where was that mill, I wonder? It had a wood. Where was that wood?

However, to come to my own impressions. From times immemorial the village contained several old Elizabethan houses, with mullioned windows and doors, of Ham-hill stone. They stood between General Malmsy's house and the white bog. I remember seeing some of them pulled down, but some were pulled down before I was born. In this attempts a story. Mr Pitt, by whose orders it was done, came to look on, and asked one of the men several questions as to why he was doing it in such and such a way. Mr Pitt was notorious for his stubby clothes, and the labourer, who did not know him, said at last: "Look here old chap, don't you ask so many questions, and just go on. Anybody would think the house was yours!" Mr Pitt changed orders, and nobody went on, grumbling. "Well, 'tis mine, after all!"

Then there are the poor-houses. I remember - just at the corner turning down to the dairy. In one of them lived an old man who was found one day rolling on the floor, with a lot of pence and half-pence scattered round him. They asked him what was the matter, and he said he had heard of people rolling in money, and he thought that for once in his life he would do it.

Then there used to be doorway portrait of Cromwell and some to see what it was like.

weeks after. This kind of party was called a Jacob's Join, in which every guest contributed a certain sum to pay the expenses of the entertainment - it was mostly half-a-crown in this village. They were very lively parties I believe. The curious thing is that the man who used to give the house-room for the dances lived in a cottage which stood exactly where this Club house stands now - so that when you dance here you will be simply carrying on the tradition of the spot.

"But though Bockhampton has had all these interesting features in the past it has never till now had a War Memorial - never had a Club-room for social intercourse and reading. That had to wait till your kind-hearted friend and President Mr Hanbury, and no less kind-hearted Mrs Hanbury, came along, and in consultation with your valued friend Mr Cowley, set it going; and here the thing is.

"In conclusion I have now merely to say I declare the Mellstock Club and reading room to be open."

---

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But Church Hockerington has had all these interesting features in the past it has never till now had a var harmonial - never had a club-room for social intercourse and reading. That had to wait till your kind-hearted friend and President Mr Hanbury, and no less kind-hearted are Hanbury, came along, and in consultation with your valued friend Mr Cowley, set it going; and here the thing is.

In conclusion I have now merely to say I declare the Hailstock Club and Reading Room to be open.

December 26. 1919.

Dear Professor Phelps:

I am much honoured by the request of the Governing Body of ~~the~~ Yale University and yourself that I should deliver the first of the lectures instituted as a memorial to Francis Bergen. It is, however, quite out of my power to entertain the notion of such an undertaking; and this for more than one reason. I have never practised lecturing, or had any inclination to do so, and the time of life is now come to me at whish, even if I had practised it, I should be compelled to leave off for physical reasons. All the same I thank the University for sending the suggestion to me, and including my wife in the welcome that is offered."

To Mrs Ambrose Dudley.

December 30. 1919.

"I am sorry to say that your appeal for a poem that should be worthy of the event of the 8th. August 1918 reaches me at too late a time of life to attempt it.....The outline of such a poem, which you very cleverly sketch, is striking, and ought to result, at the hands of somebody or other who may undertake it,

December 28. 1919.

Dear Professor Phelps:

I am much honored by the request of the governing Body of the Yale University and venture if that I should deliver the first of the lectures instituted as a memorial to Francis Bergan. It is, however, quite out of my power to entertain the notion of such undertaking; and this for more than one reason. I have never practised lecturing, or had any inclination to do so, and the time of life is now come to me at which, even if I had practised it, I should be compelled to leave off for physical reasons. All the same I thank the University for sending the suggestion to me, and imagining my wife in the welcome that is offered.

To Mrs Ambrose Bailey.

December 30. 1919.

"I am sorry to say that your request for a poem that should be worthy of the event of the 8th. August 1919 reasons me at too late a time of life to attempt it.....The outline of such a poem, which you very cleverly sketch, is striking, and could to Yeats, at the hands of somebody or other who may understand it,

in a literary parallel to the Battle of Prague -- a piece of music which ceased to be known long before your time, but was extraordinarily popular in its day - reproducing the crashing of guns nearer and nearer, the groans of the wounded, and the final fulfilment, with great fidelity.

"The length of the late war exhausted me of all my impromptu poems dealing with that tragedy..... I quite think that one of our young poets would rise to the occasion if you were to give him the opportunity."

To an unnamed young poet-

(about December 1919.)

"The only practical advice I can give, and I give that with great diffidence, is to begin with imitative poetry, adopting the manner and views of any recent poet - say Wordsworth or Tennyson. You will thus attract the praises of the critical papers, and escape the satire and censure which they are sure to bestow on anything that strikes them as unfamiliar. Having won them by good imitations you can introduce your originalities by degrees. For if you want your book to sell it is fatal to begin

in a literary parallel to the Battle of Prague -- a piece of music which ceased to be known long before your time, but was extraordinarily popular in its day - reproducing the clashing of arms nearer and nearer, the groans of the wounded, and the final fulfilment, with great fidelity.

The length of the late war exhausted us of all my impertur- bable dealing with that tragedy..... I quite think that one of our young poets ought to give time to the occasion if you were to give him the opportunity."

To an unknown young poet-

(about December 1918.)

"The only practical advice I can give, and I give that with great diffidence, is to begin with <u>initiative</u> poetry, adopting the manner and views of any recent poet - any workworth of favourable. You will thus attract the praises of the critics papers, and escape the malice and censure which they are sure to bestow on anything that attacks them as unknown. Having won them by good imitations you can introduce your originalities by degrees. For if you want your book to sell it is fatal to begin

with any original vein you may be blest with - ~~to hear~~ the hearing of "some new thing", which so fascinated the Athenians, being ~~a red rag~~ as to the English reviewer, as a red rag to a bull.

"Be also very careful about the mechanical part of your verse - rhythms, rhymes, &c. They do not know that dissonances, and other irregularities, can be produced advisedly, as art, and so worked as to give more charm than strict conformities, to the mind and ear of those trained and stepped in poetry; but they assume that a poet who commits one of these irregularities does so because of his ignorance, and the inferiority of his ear to that of the critic himself. Ars est celare artem they have never heard of, or forget it.

This year went out quietly with Hardy as is shown by the brief entry: "New Year's Eve. Did not sit up."

repeated so often in his diaries.

with any original vein you may be dealt with - to deny "some new thing", which so fascinated the Athenians, being a gift unique to the English reviewer.

"So also very out fit about the mechanical part of your verse - rhythms, rhymes, &c. They do not know that disharmonies and other irregularities can be produced advisedly, as art, and worked as to give more gusto than strict correctness, to the mind and ear of those trained and steeped in poetry; but they assume that a poet who commits one of these irregularities does so because of his ignorance, and the inferiority of his ear to that of the critic himself. Are not critics asses, they have never heard of, or forgot it.

This year went out quietly with Hardy as is shown by the brief entry: "New Year's Eve. Did not sit up."

Chapter XXXVI

"The Dynasts" at Oxford: Hon. Degree: A Deputation: A Controversy.

1920. — Aet. 79-80.

"January 19. Coming back from Talbothays by West Stafford-Cross I saw Orion upside down in a pool of water under an oak."

To the Secretary of the Navy League.

Jan. 24. 1920

"I am sorry to say that I do not belong to a Naval family, though I have many friends both in the English and American navies. All that I can state with certainty is that both Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy's family and my own have been Dorset for centuries, dwelling within a few miles of each other, and that they are reputed to come from the same ancestry, as is antecedently probable for several reasons. But they branched apart ~~long~~ before the Admiral's time.

"He had no direct descendants in the male line, having left two daughters only."

On February 2. Hardy was invited to receive ~~an~~ the Honorary ~~Deg~~ Degree of Doctor of Letters during the time he was to be in Oxford at the performance of "The Dynasts" at the theatre, which he had promised to attend; and on the 9th. he set out by train

1920.— ADVICE.

"JANUARY 19. COMING BACK FROM TALCOTNAYA BY WAY: BRAITOVA-STOVA I HAD OFTEN LOOKED DOWN IN A DEPTH OF WATER UNDER AN OAK."

To the Secretary of the Navy League.

"I AM WRITE TO MAY LOST I AM NOT BELONG TO A NAVAL FAMILY. HOWEVER I HAVE MANY FRIENDS DOIG IN THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN NAVIES. ALL THAT I CAN MAKE THIS CERTAINTY IS THAT BOTH ADMIRAL BIS TRY AS HARDY'S FAMILY AND MY OWN HAVE BEEN FOTHER FOR GENERATIONS, DWELLING WITHIN A FEW MILES OF EACH OTHER, AND THAT THEY ARE REPUTED TO COME FROM THE SAME ANCESTRY. AS IS REASONABLY DEPENDING FOR SEVERAL REASONS. BUT THEY DEMANDED A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE ADMIRAL'S TIME.

"THE HAD NO ATTEMPT DESCENDANTS IN THE MALE LINE, HAVING LEFT TWO DAUGHTERS ONLY.

ON FEBRUARY 8. HARDY WAS INVITED TO RECEIVE AT SECRETARY HOUSE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LETTERS DURING THE TIME HE WAS TO BE IN DEPARTED AT THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE DYNASTS" AT THE THEATRE. WHEN HE HAD PROMISED TO ATTEND; AND ON THE 8TH. HE SET OUT BY TRAIN

for Oxford with Mrs Hardy, though the members of the O.U.D.S. had offered to send a car for him all the way. The day was unusually fine for February and they were met at the station by enthusiastic representatives of the society, driven round Oxford, and conducted to the house of Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh who were their hosts.

The next day, after lunching with the Giffords at Arlington House, they went to the Sheldonian, and the degree was received, his wife, ~~and~~ Evelyn Gifford, and her sister Daisy being present among other friends. Evelyn, daughter of the late Archdeacon Gifford, was ~~the~~ his bright and affectionate cousin by marriage, whom Hardy was never to see again. Had he known it when he was parting from her outside the Sheldonian in the rain that afternoon his heart would have been heavier than it was.

In the afternoon he met the Poet-Laureate, Mr Masefield, and many more friends at the Raleighs', and also at the theatre in the evening, from which they did not return till one o'clock - the whole day having been of a most romantic kind, and the performance of "The Dynasts" by the O.U.D.S everything that could be desired. It was said that the bookings applied for would have filled the theatre for three weeks, had it been available.

for Oxford with his family, though the members of the U.D.S. had offered to send a car for him all the day. The day was unusually fine for February and they were out at the station by ontumatse-time representatives of his constituency, driven round Oxford, and joined to the round of his talks and lunch parties who were their guests.

The next day after travelling with the officers at Arlington Court Evelyn Gardner, and her sister Daisy being present his wife, Evelyn, daughter of the late Ardnacoon, spoke other friends. Evelyn, daughter of the late Ardnacoon, his brides and reproachfully chaffed by saying: Had he known it when he was offered, was ~~the~~ court to see again. Then Daisy was ~~the~~ shattered in the rain that after-noon. Even her curiosity the shattered in the rain that after-noon the part could have been greater than it was.

Martin Ross could have been greater, Mr Amerfield and in the afternoon he met the post-impressate, Mr Amerfield and Lady Lenore at the Rabirche' and also at the theatre in the evening, from which they did not return till one o'clock - the whole day having been of a most romantic kind.

To Mr Joseph Mc Cabe, who wrote proposing to include Hardy in a Biographical Dictionary of Modern Rationalists.

February 18. 1920.

Dear Sir:

"As Mr Hardy has a cold which makes writing trying ~~at his age~~-- to his eyes, I answer your letter for him. He says he thinks he is rather an irrationalist than a rationalist, on account of his inconsistencies. He has, in fact, declared as much in prefaces to some of his poems where he explains his views as being mere impressions that frequently change. Moreover, he thinks he could show that no man is a rationalist, and that human actions are not ruled by reason at all in the last resort. But this, of course, is outside the question. So that he cannot honestly claim to belong to the honourable body you are including in your dictionary, whom he admires for their straightforward~~ness~~ sincerity and permanent convictions, though he does not quite think they can claim their title.

Yours very truly,

F.E.Hardy.

571

March 7. 1920.

To Mr John Slater. F.R.I.B.A.

"My dear Slater:

"It is very curious that yesterday at lunch I said apropos of nothing: 'I never hear or see anything of John Sleter nowadays'. And lo, here is a letter from you!

"As to your question whether I should like to be nominated as an Hon. Fellow of the R.I.B.A. I really don't know what to say. Age has naturally made me, like Gallio, care for none of these things, at any rate very much, especially as I am hardly ever in London But at the same time I am very conscious of the honour of such a proposition, and like to be reminded in such a way that I once knew what a T square was. So, shall I leave the decision to your judgment? But if you think there would be any doubt in the mind of any member of the Council, please don't propose it.

" Your letter recalls those times we had in Bedford Street together. Are there any such aimable architects now as Roger Smith was? Not many. Also, what became of Conder? - the one who had such a keen sense of humour."

[Conder, strangely enough, died in Japan that very year.]

Hardy was duly nominated and elected, and it was a matter of regret with him that he could not attend the meetings of the Institute, held still in the same old room in Conduit Street in which he had received the prize medal for his essay in 1862 from

March 7. 1920.

To Mr John Slater. F.R.I.B.A.

"My dear Slater:

"It is very curious that yesterday at lunch I said aloud to nobody: 'I never hear or see anything of John Slater nowadays'. And lo, here is a letter from you!

"As to your question whether I should like to be nominated as an Hon. Fellow of the R.I.B.A. I really don't know what to say. Age has naturally made me, like Dallio, care for none of these things very much, especially as I am nearly ever in London but at the rare times I am very conscious of the honour of such a proposition, and like to be reminded in such a way that I once knew what a I square was. So, shall I leave the decision to your judgment? But if you think there would be any doubt in the mind of any member of the Council, please don't propose it.

"Your letter recalls those days we had in Bedford Street together. Are there any such studios architects now as Roger Smith was? Not many. Also, what become of Crunden - the one who had such a keen sense of humour."

(Condor, strangely enough, died in Jersey that very year)

Hardy was duly nominated and elected, and it was a matter of regret with him that he could not attend the meetings of the Institute, and still in the same old room in Conduit Street in which he had received the Gold medal for his essay in 1889 from

the hands of Sir Gilbert Scott. Mr John Slater was almost the only surviving friend of Hardy's architectural years in London since the death of Arthur Blomfield.

"March 25. Joined National Committee for acquiring Wentworth Place - the house once occupied by John Keats."

"April 7. A would-be author, not without humour, writing from S. Africa for a 'foreword' from me, adds: 'Mr Balfour when writing asked me not to use his ~~remarkable~~ remarks, mentioning the number of books sent him from all parts of the world (for forewords). But mental dexterity greatly inferior to yours, Sir, could contrive to do somewhat, and yet avoid the consequences contemplated' -i.e., multitudes of other would-be novelists asking the same favour."

"April 21. Went with F. to St. Margaret's, Westminster to the wedding of Harold Macmillan, and Lady Dorothy Cavendish. Sat with Lord Morley, and signed as one of the witnesses. Morley, seeing Bryce close by us, and the Duke of Devonshire near, said to F.: "~~Which weigh most~~, "Three O.M's ~~or~~ equal one Duke?"

This was Hardy's last visit to London. He, with his wife, stayed for two nights only at ~~Sir James~~ J.M. Barrie's flat in the Adelphi, so near the house in Adelphi Terrace where he had worked as architect's assistant nearly sixty years before.

"May 14. Motored with F. and K. (his sister) to Exeter. Called on the Granville-Barkers at Sidmouth. Cathedral service: The beautiful anthem, 'God is gone up.' (Croft) Well sung. Psalms to Walker in E-flat. Felt I should prefer to be a cathedral organist to anything in the world. 'Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work, claiming each slave of the sound.' A fine May day."

At the end of May ~~May 30.~~ came a letter from C.W.Moule in reply to Hardy's note of sympathy on his loss of his only remaining brother Handley the Bishop of Durham, with whom Hardy had had occasion to correspond the year before. As it was the last letter Hardy received from his correspondent, who himself passed away within the next year, the following passages are quoted:

"In condolence 'the half is more than the whole', as the wise Greek paradox saith (πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς.).....
Your friendly acceptance of those stanzas was answered by me, ~~but~~ but that in which you told me that dear Horace was one of 'The Five Students' in 'Moments of Vision' I fear was never answered... I did not know of Handley's nearness in age to your sister Mary [(they were only two days apart)] nor did I know that your mother and mine knew each other well enough to compare notes on the point,.....I am glad you saw him at Max Gate. We wish that we could see you here. I may try to send you some book in memoriam

~~H.C.G.H.....Not one is there~~

H.C.G.M.....' Not one ~~among us~~ is there among us that understandeth any more', as a snapshot of the current generation, is worthy of you." [Hardy had quoted the words from the 74th Psalm in the letter to which this was an answer, alluding probably to the memories familiar to all three].

On June 2nd. of this year ~~it was~~ came Hardy's eightieth birthday, and he received a deputation from the Society of Authors, consisting of Mr Augustine Birrell, Mr Anthony Hawkins, and Mr John Galsworthy. The occasion was a pleasant one and the lunch lively. ~~affection shown by his visitors gave Hardy unqualified pleasure~~. Many messages were received during the day, including one from the King, the Lord Mayor of London, the Cambridge Vice-Chancellor, and the Prime Minister.

Hardy pencilled down the following as "Birthday notes:

"When, like the Psalmist, 'I call mine own ways to remembrance', I find nothing in them that quite justifies this celebration.

"The value of old age depends upon the person who reaches it. To some men of early performance it is useless. To others, who are late to develop, it just enables them to complete their job.

"We have visited two cathedrals during the last month, and I could not help feeling that if men could get a little more of

the reposefulness and peace of those buildings into their lives how much better it would be for them.

"Nature's indifference to the advance of her species along what we are accustomed to call civilized lives makes the late war of no importance to her, except as a sort of geological fault in her continuity.

"Though my life, like the lives of my contemporaries, covers a period of more material advance in the world than any of the same length can have done in other centuries, I do not find that real civilization has advanced equally. People are not more humane, so far as I can see, than they were in the year of my birth. Disinterested kindness is less. The spontaneous goodwill that used to characterize manual workers seems to have departed. One day of late a railway-porter said to a feeble old lady, a friend of ours, 'see to your luggage yourself'. Human nature had not sunk so low as that in 1840.

"If, as has been lately asserted, only the young and feeble League of Nations stands between us and the <u>utter destruction of Civilization</u>, it makes one feel he would rather be old than young. For a person whose chief interest in life has been the literary art - poetry in particular - the thought is depressing that, should such an overturn arrive, poetry will be the first thing to go, probably not to revive again for many centuries. Anyhow, it behoves young poets and other writers to endeavour to stave off such a catastrophe."

The aforesaid somewhat unexpected celebration of his eightieth birthday seems to have set Hardy's mind running on his ancestry and connections: for later in June he made inquiries as to the descendants of the Revd. C. Holder, his deceased brother-in-law, formerly rector of St. Juliot, and about the same time he inquired of a Cornish friend as to the welfare of the newspaper "The West Briton", which had been founded by his great-great uncle on the maternal side in 17...., and the reply was:

"How interesting, your family connection with the birth of 'The West Briton' ~~s~~ - which still lives. It has circulated mainly in the mining districts, and is now the property of a Company at Truro, where it is published."

Among others who remembered his birthday Mr John Lane sent a glass goblet which had come ~~came~~ into his possession many years before, remarking,....."no doubt it was intended as a gift for you from some fair but probably shy admirer;" to which Hardy replied:

"Alas, for the mysterious goblet inscribed to the mysterious namesake of mine. He must, or may, have been a jockey from the diagrams.....Anyhow, no woman ever took the trouble to inscribe her love for me on a cup of crystal - of that you may

be sure; and it is best on the whole to leave the history of the glass in vague uncertainty."

The next week Sir J.M.Barrie came to Max Gate on a visit, and in July Hardy and his wife were motoring about Dorset, showing some features of the county to their friend Mrs Arthur Henniker, who was staying at Weymouth, and at that time had ideas of buying a house in the neighbourhood. He was also engaged ~~further~~ in further correspondence on the scheme of establishing a South-western University at Exeter.

July 28. Hardy sent the poem on Keats at Hampstead as a contribution to the book proposed to be Dublsihed on the Centenary of Keats's death, saying "I wish I could have let you have something more worthy of the occasion and the man; but worthy writing does not come at call at my age".

To Mr G. Herbert Thring. "August 23. 1920

"The address from the Members of the Council, representing the Society of Authors all, has reached me safely, and though I knew its contents - it spiritual part - on my actual birthday when the deputation came here, I did not realize its bodily beauty till now -

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As to the address itself I can only confirm by this letter what I told the deputation by word of mouth - how much I have been moved by such a mark of good-feeling - affection as I may truly call it - in the body of writers whose President I have had the distinction of being for many years - a do-nothing President, a roi-fainéant, I very greatly fear, in spite of their assurances! However, the Society has been good enough to take me as worth this tribute, and I thank them heartily for it and what it expresses. It will be a cheering reminder of bright things whenever I see it or think of it, which will be often and often."

From Mr A---M--- of Letchworth. August 1920.

Dear Sir: I am drived to wonder why the devil you don't answer letters that are written to you!

Very truly, A---M---"

"September 6. Death of Evelyn Gifford daughter of Em's uncle, at Arlington House, Oxford. Dear Evelyn! whom I last parted from in apparently perfect health." She was the daughter of the Dr. Gifford who married Margaret Jeune, & the poem "Evelyn G. of Christminster" was written on this occasion.

Nov. 1

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Nov. 11. Hardy's poem "And there was a great calm," appeared in The Times Armistice Supplement, and on the 13th. the ~~Hardy Players~~ Dorchester amateurs performed "The Return of the Native" in Dorchester, as dramatized by Mr Tilley.

"A much better play than I expected. The dancing was just as it used to be at ~~at Higher~~ Bookhampton in my childhood, and Gertrude Bugler as Eustacia looked the part, enacting the hand-kissing scene with Charley to a T. ~~also some phases~~ excellently."

~~The dramatic company were entertained at Max Gate later in the month.~~

December 8. 1920

To Howard Ruff Esq.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th. informing me of the gratifying suggestion of your Committee that I should become an Honorary Vice-President of your now well-known and popular Society.

"I am sorry to answer that I have been compelled of late, for ~~mea~~ reasnns I need not trouble you with, to ~~se~~ forgo such ~~instructions~~ distinctions... .....All the same I may be allowed to congratulate its members upon their wise insistence on the word 'English' as the name of this country's people, and in not giving way to a few short-sighted clamourers for the vague, unhistoric, and pinch-beck title of 'British' by which they would fain see it supplanted."

Nov. 11. Hardy's poem "And there was a great calm" suggested in the Times Literary Supplement, and on the 14th. the Hardy Pageant performed the Return of the Native in Dorchester, as dramatised by Mr Tilsley.

"A much Dostoyevskian item I enjoyed. The dancing was just as elegant or boorish on the mediaeval, and Dostoyevskian Heath as Hughes-ia looked the part, smouldering also some phrases admirably."

The dramatic company were entertained at dark later in the month.

To Howard Buff Esq.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th. informing me of the gratifying nomination of your committee that I should become an Honorary Vice-President of your now well-known and popular society.

"I am sorry to answer that I have been occupied of late for some reasons I need not trouble you with, to so force such instructions...

.....All the same I may be allowed to congratulate the members upon their wise insistence on the word 'English' as the name of this country's people, and in that active way to a few short-sighted observers for the years, mediaeval and pre-Dark Ages title of 'British' as which they would fain see it adjudicated."

To Mr Alfred Noyes. "Dorchester.

"15th. December.
1920.

"Dear Mr Noyes:

"Somebody has sent me an article from The Morning Post of Dec. 9. entitled "Poetry and Religion", which reports you as saying, in a lecture, that mine is "a philosophy which told them (readers) that the Power behind the Universe was an imbecile jester."

"As I hold no such 'philosophy', and, to the best of my recollection, never could have done so, I should be glad if you would inform me whereabouts I have seriously asserted such to be my opinion. "Yours truly,

"Th. Hardy."

It should be stated that Mr Noyes had always been a friendly critic of Hardy's writings, and one with whom he was on good terms, which was probably Hardy's reason for writing to him, who would be aware there was no personal antagonism in his letter.

Mr Noyes replied that he was sorry the abbreviated report of his address did not contain the tribute he had paid Hardy as a writer with artistic mastery and at the head of living authors, although he did disagree with his pessimistic philosophy; a philosophy which, in his opinion, led logically to the conclusion that the Power behind the Universe was malign; and he referred to various passages in Hardy's poems that seemed to bear out his

To Mr Alfred Noyes.

Dorchester.

15th. December.
1930.

Dear Mr Noyes:

"Somebody has sent me an article from the morning post of Dec. 8. entitled "Poetry and Religion" which reports you as saying, in a lecture, that mine is a philosophy which told them (readers) that the power behind the Universe was an impossible Deity."

"As I hold no such philosophy, and, to the best of my recollection, never could have done so, I should be glad if you would inform me wherein I have seriously asserted such to be my opinion.

"Yours truly,

"Th. Hardy."

It should be stated that Mr Noyes had always been a friendly critic of Hardy's writings, and one with whom he was on good terms, which was probably Hardy's reason for writing to him, who would be aware there was no personal animosity in his letter.

Mr Noyes replied that he was sorry the abbreviated report of his address did not contain the tribute he had paid Hardy as a writer with realistic mastery and at the head of living authors although he did disagree with his pessimistic philosophy; a philosophy which, in his opinion, led logically to the conclusion that the power behind the Universe was malign; and he referred to various passages in Hardy's poems that seemed to bear out his

belief that their writer held the views ~~that~~ attributed to him ~~&~~ in the lecture; offering however to revise it when reprinted if he had misinterpreted the aforesaid passages.

Omit Mr Noyes' name.

To Mr Alfred Noyes. "December 19th. 1920.

"I am much obliged for your reply, which I really ought not to have troubled you to write. I may say for myself that I very seldom do give critics such trouble, usually letting things drift, though there have been many occasions when a writer who has been so much abused for his opinions as I have been would perhaps have done well not to hold his peace.

"I do not know that there can be much use in my saying more than I did say. It seems strange that I should have to remind a man of letters of what, I should ~~say~~ have supposed, he ~~a~~ would have known as well as I - of the very elementary rule of criticism that a writer's opinions should be judged as a whole, and not from picked passages that contradict them as a whole - and this especially when they are scattered over a period of ~~sixty~~ 50 years.

"Also that I should have to remind him of the vast difference between the expression of fancy and the expression of belief. My imagination may have often run away ~~from me~~ — with me;

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but all the same, my sober opinion - so far as I have any definite one - of the Cause of Things, has been defined in scores of places, and is that of a great many ordinary thinkers:- that the said Cause is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral:- "loveless and hateless" I have called it; "which neither good nor evil knows" - etc, etc - (you will find plenty of these definitions in "The Dynasts" as well as in short poems, and I am surprised that you have not taken them in.) This view is quite in keeping with what you call a Pessimistic philosophy (a mere nickname with no sense in it), which I am quite unable to see as 'leading logically to the conclusion that the Power behind the universe is malign.'

"In my fancies, or poems of the imagination, I have of course called this Power all sorts of names - never supposing they would be taken for more than fancies. I have even in prefaces warned readers to take them only as such - as mere impressions of the moment, exclamations, in fact. But it has always been my misfortune to presuppose a too intelligent reading public, and no doubt people will go on thinking that I really believe the Prime Mover to be a malignant old gentleman, a sort of King of Dahomey - an idea which, so far from my holding it, is to me irresistibly comic. 'What a fool one must have been to write for such a public!' is the inevitable reflection at the end of one's life.

"The lines you allude to, 'A young man's Epigram' dated 1866, I

but all the same, my sober opinion - so far as I have any definite one - of the Cause of Things, has been defined in scores of places, and is that of a great many orthodoxy thinkers:- that the said Cause is neither moral nor immoral, but IMMORAL:- "Jovians and Satanians" I have called it; "which neither good nor evil knows" - etc, etc - (you will find plenty of these definitions in "The Dynasts" as well as in short poems, and I am surprised that you have not taken them in.) This view is quite in keeping with what you call a Materialistic philosophy (a term nicknamed with no sense in it), which I am quite unable to see as "leading logically to the conclusion that the power behind the universe is malign."

As my functions, or terms of the imagination, I have of course called such power all sorts of names - never suggesting they would be taken for more than functions. I have even in prefaces warned readers to take them only as such - as mere improvisations of the moment, exclamations, in fact. But it has always been my instructions to presuppose a too intelligent reading public, and no doubt people will go on thinking that I really believe the Prime Mover to be a malignant old gentleman, a sort of King of Paphomy - an idea which so far from my holding it, is to me irresistibly comic. "What a fool one must have been to write for such a public!" is the inevitable reflection at the end of one's life.

"The times you allude to, 'A young man's Epitaph' dated June 1

remember finding in a drawer, and printed them as merely as an ~~instance of~~ amusing instance of early cynicism. The words "Time's Laughingstocks" are legitimate imagery all of a piece with such ex pressions as "Life, Time's fool", and thousands in poetry and I am amazed that you should see any belief in them. The other verses you mention, "New Year's Eve", "His Education", are the same fanciful impressions of the moment. The poem called "He abjures Love" ending with "and then the curtain", is a love-poem, and lovers are chartered irresponsibles. A poem often quoted against me, and apparently in your mind in the lecture, is the one called "Nature's Questioning", containing the words ~~"an Automaton"~~, "some Vast Imbecility", &c. - as if these definitions were my creed. But they are merely enumerated ± in the poem as fanciful alternatives to several others, having nothing to do with my own opinion. As for "The Unborn" to which you allude, though the form of it is imaginary, the sentiment is one which I should think, especially since the war, is not uncommon or unreasonable.

"This week I have had sent me a review which quotes a poem entitled "To my father's violin" containing a Virgilian reminiscence of mine of Acheron and the Shades. The ~~reviewer~~ pennyaliner ~~who writes it~~ writer comments: "Truly this pessimism is insufportable ... One marvels that Hardy is not in a madhouse." Such is English criticism, and I repeat , Why did I ever write a line! And perhaps the young ladies to whom you lectured really knew that , so far from being the wicked personage they doubt-less think me at present to be, I am a harmless old character much like their own grandfathers, they would consider me far less romantic

remember finding in a drawer, and printed them ~~as~~ merely as an ~~instance of~~ amusing instance of early symbism. The words "Time's laughingstocks" are legitimate imagery all of a piece with such expressions as "Life, Time's fool", and thousands in poetry and I am amazed that you should see any <u>belief</u> in them. The other verses you mention, "New Year's Eve", "His Education", are the same fanciful impressions of the moment. The poem called "He ponders Love" ending with "and then the outlaw", is a love-poem, and lovers are charactered irresponsibles. A poem often quoted against me and apparently in your mind in the lecture is the one called "Nature's Questioning", containing the words "an Intercession", "more Vast Impossibility", &c. - as if these definitions were my creed. But they are merely enumerated ± in the poem as fanciful alternatives to several others, having nothing to do with my own opinion. As for "The Unknown" to which you allude, though the form of it is imaginary, the sentiment is one which I should think, respectfully states the way, is not unreasonable.

"This week I have had sent me a review which quotes a poem entitled "To my father's violin" containing a Virgilian reminiscence of wine of Admetus and the Shades. The reviewer comments: "Truly this pessimism is insupportable ... one marvels that hardly is not in a madhouse." Such is English criticism, and I repeat , why did I ever write a line! And perhaps the young ladies to whom you lectured really knew that , so far from being the wicked personage they doubtless think me at present to be, I am a harmless old character much like their own grandfathers, they would consider me far less romantic

and attractive."

Mr Noyes in a further interesting letter, after reassuring Hardy that he would correct any errors, gave his own views, one of which was that he had "never been able to conceive a Cause of Things that could be less in any respect than the things caused."

To which Hardy replied:

"Many thanks for your letter. The Scheme of Things is, indeed, incomprehensible; and there I suppose we must leave it - perhaps for the best. Knowledge might be terrible."

It may be added that, as has been stated before, the above mentioned view that the Cause of things, so far from being malignant, was indifferent and unconscious had long been Hardy's. — which, as Hardy somewhere says, "is but the Invariable Antecedent, in philosophy -

Mr Noyes conception that a Cause could not be less than the thing caused, required no refutation, being evidenced everywhere.

To The New York World. "December 23. 1920.

"Yes: I approve of international disarmament, on the lines indicated by the New York World."

White line

The following letter, written to some one about December 1920, obviously refers to his correspondence with Mr Noyes:-

"A friend of mine writes objecting to what he calls my 'philosophy' (though I have no philosophy - merely what I have often explained to be only a confused heap of impressions, like

those of a bewildered child at a conjuring show.) He says he has never been able to conceive a Cause of Things that could be less in any respect than the thing caused. This apparent impossibility to him, has been long ago proved non-existent by philosophers, and and to so many, is very likely owing to his running his head against a Single Cause, and perceiving no possible other. But if he would discern that what we call the First Cause should be called First Causes, his difficulty would be lessened. Assume a thousand unconscious causes - lumped together in poetry as one Cause, or God - and bear in mind that a coloured liquid can be produced by the mixture of colourless ones, a noise by the juxtaposition of silences, etc., etc., and you see that the assumption that intelligent beings arise from the combined action of unintelligent forces is sufficiently probable for imaginative writing, and I have never attempted scientific. It is my misfortune that people will treat all my mood-dictated writing as a single scientific theory."

About Christmas the song entitled "When I set out for Lyonesse" was published as set to music by Mr Charles A. Speyer. It was one of his own poems that Hardy happened to like, and he was agreeably surprised that it should be liked by anybody else, his experience being that an author's preference for particular verses of his own was usually based on the circumstances that

gave rise to them, and not on their success as art.

On Christmas night the carol-singers and mummers came to Max Gate as they had promised, the latter performing the Play of Saint George, just as he had seen it performed in his childhood. On the last day of the old year a poem by Hardy called "At the entering of the New Year" appeared in the Athenaeum.

End of 1920.

[The rest is in small Note books of Memoranda beginning 1921]

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y often said that a poet's writings could not be judged till
st line had been written, which was the death of the author. The
on was particularly true of his own poetry, and indeed of all
roductions.

p. 428. Jan. 1899.

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T. H.

Memoranda & Notes for completing the Remainder of Vol. II. (Chemistry book)

original

From this point (Part VIII. Chap XXXV. p.546) to the end, the compilation is mostly in the form of undigested Memoranda, requiring critical consideration as to what biographical particulars shall be retained, differently expressed or omitted.

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me, both for general reasons and from my having had a domestic connection with the town for many years.

"It appears to me that if the scheme as outlined could be carried into effect the results would be far-reaching and admirable. And as to situation, the large population of Plymouth, the close relation of that port with American history, and the beauty of the town and neighbourhood, point to it as an ideal site for such a University. Curiously enough I was quite lately standing on the stone at the Barbican that marks the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked.

"I quite understand that it would offer no rivalry to the proposed English University at Exeter and the Southampton University College.

"The idea being but in embryo as I gather, I am unable to offer any criticisms as you suggest, which would depend largely on details. mHoWever, if any remarks upon the proposal should occur to me I will send them. Meanwhile I can only express my hope that the idea may mature."

Chapter XXXV.

Letters; Visits; Poetical Questions: & Mellstock Club-room.
1918-1919. Aet 78-79.

To Rendel Harris Esq. Manchester.

May 20. 1918.

"Your letter on the proposals you are bringing forward, in conjunction with Lord Bryce and Professor Gilbert Murray, for an Anglo-American University at Plymouth, is of much interest to me, both for general reasons and from my having had a domestic connection with the town for many years.

"It appears to me that if the scheme as outlined could be carried into effect the results would be far-reaching and admirable. And as to situation, the large population of Plymouth, the close relation of that port with American history, and the beauty of the town and neighbourhood, point to it as an ideal site for such a University. Curiously enough I was quite lately standing on the stone at the Barbican that marks the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked.

"I quite understand that it would offer no rivalry to the proposed English University at Exeter and the Southampton University College.

"The idea being but in embryo as I gather, I am unable to offer any criticisms as you suggest, which would depend largely on details. mHoWever, if any remarks upon the proposal should occur to me I will send them. Meanwhile I can only express my hope that the idea may mature."

Chapter XXXV.

Cities: Visits; Political Questions; A Midlands Club-room.
1918-1919. Aet 78-79.

"Your letter on the projects you are obtaining towards an
connection with good Dryce and Tolerance Gilbert Murray, for
an Anglo-American University at Plymouth, is of much interest to
me, both for general reasons and from my having had a domestic
connection with the town for many years.

It appears to me that if the scheme as outlined could be
carried into effect the result's would be very gaining and
advantageous. And as to attraction, the large population of Plymouth,
the close relation of that port with American history, and the
beauty of the town and neighbourhood, point to it as an ideal
site for such a Dryden city. Particularly amongst I was quite lately
standing on the spot on at the Pilgrim Fathers that marks the spot where
the pilgrim fathers crossed.

I quite understand that it would offer no rivalry to the
proposed English University at Exeter and the Southampton
University College.

The idea being but in embryo as I gather, I am unable to
offer any suggestions as you request, which would depend largely
on details. However, if any thoughts upon the proposed should
occur to me I will send them. Meanwhile I can only express my
hope that the idea may mature."

"Sunday June 2. Seventy-eighth birthday. Several letters". Among others was an interesting one from a lady who informed him that some years earlier she had been made the happiest woman ~~on earth~~ in the world by accidentally meeting for the first time, by the "Druid Stone" on his lawn, at the late Mrs Hardy's last garden-party, the man who was now her husband. And a little later came one he much valued, from a man he long had known - Mr Charles Moule, Senior Fellow and President of Corpus, Cambridge, enclosing a charming poem to Hardy as his "almost lifelong friend"..... "Too seldom seen since far-off times" - times when the two had visited mediaeval buildings together, and dived from a boat on summer mornings into the green water of Weymouth Bay.

"June 10. 1918.

To W.M.Stone. Esq. Blind Asylum. Edinburgh.

"You have my permission to print "The Woodlanders" and "The Return of the Native" in Braille type for the use of the blind, and I hope the books may be of interest to them."

In the same summer Mrs Champ Clark of Washington, who had sometimes ~~assisted~~ visited him and his wife in London, wrote to tell him of her husband's political adventures. He had been elected Speaker of the House, and would have been elected President of the United States, she said, if the majority had

[illegible] ~~--------~~ in the world that was had been made the happiest woman ~~--------~~ in the world by accidentally meeting for the first time: by the "David Stone" on his lawn: at the late Mrs Hardy's last garden-party, the man who was now her husband. And a little later came one so much valued, from a man he long had known - Mr Onorine Yonio, Senior Police and President of Corpus, Cambridge: analogically a charming poem to Hardy as his "almost literary friend"..... "Two saloon boats of six-and-twenty - three men and the two had visited mediaeval buildings together, and lived from a boat on water: mornings have the green water of Weymouth Bay.

"June 10. 1908.

To W.H. Stone. Esq. Pitnd Devon. Dorchester.

"You have my permission to print "The Woodlanders" and "The Return of the Native" in Italic type for the use of the blind.

And I hope the books may be of better use to them."

In the same letter was "Dear Miss of Wandington, who had sometimes assisted Mrs and his wife in London, wrote to tell him of her husband's political adventures. He had been elected Member of the House, and would have been elected if the United States: the said, if the majority had

ruled in the Democratic National Convention as it did in the Republican. However, Mr Champ Clark died within about two years.

In September 1918; received a circular letter asking him to assist in bringing home to people certain facts relating to the future with a view to finding a remedy, and stating that

"It is agreed by all students of modern military methods that this war, horrible as it seems to us, is merciful in comparison with what future wars must be. Scientific munition-making is only in its infancy. The next world-war, if there is another, will find the nations provided ~~with~~ not with thousands, but with hundreds of thousands of aeroplanes, not with hundreds but with thousands of submarines, and all these as far surpassing the present types in power and destructiveness as they surpass the feeble beginnings of ten years ago .....

In his reply he remarked

"If it be all true that the letter prophecies, I do not think a world in which such fiendishness is possible to be worth the saving. Better let Western "civilization" perish, and the black and yellow races have a chance.

"However, as a meliorist (not a pessimist as they say) I think better of the world."

tried in the Democratic National convention as it did in the Republican. However, Mr Cleary did within about two years.

In September 1918, received a direct letter bearing him to market in science more to people certain facts relating to the future with a view to arming a parody, and stating that

"It is agreed by all students of modern military methods that this war, horrible as it seems to us, is weighed in comparison with what future wars must be. Scientific mutilation machine is only in its infancy. The next world-war, if there is another, will find the nations provided ---- not with thousands but with hundreds of thousands of aeroplanes, not with hundreds but with thousands of submarines, and all these as far superior to the present types in power and destructiveness as they appear the feeble beginnings of ten years ago .....

In his reply he remarked

"It is all true that the letter prophecies, I do not think a world in which such developments is possible to be worth the saving. Better let western "civilization" perish, and the Japs and Yellow Races have a chance.

"However, as a materialist (not a peasantist as they say) I think better of the world."

Hardy also heard from the Chief Rabbi, who sent him his book of "Jewish Thought"; and towards the end of the year received from Athens a poem in modern Greek on Tess of the d'Urbervilles, and Mr Charles A. Speyer's music to the lyric "When I set out for Lyonesse".

"Dec. 31. New Years Eve. Did not sit up, "

1919.

At the beginning of the year Hardy received a letter and volume of verses from Miss Amy Lowell the American poetess, who reminded him of her call at the beginning of the war --"two bedraggled ladies", herself and her friend. Hardy did remember, and their consternation lest they should not be able to get back to their own country. She wrote to him again a few months later, explaining her "polyphonic prose", which had appeared in the volume she had sent him:

"I do not think that polyphonic prose is a very good name for it. It is not intended to be prose at all, but poetry..... Of course the way to read it is just to take it the way it comes without acdentuating w either the rhythm or the rhyme, since they are only used to enrich the form, and are not supposed to produce the same effects that they produce in metrical verse.... Perhaps it is an impossible form, but when I read it aloud to my audiences (for I have been acting the part of John the Baptist, going all over the country and giving readings and talks to stimulate interest in poetry) I have no difficulty in making them apprehend it. "

In February he signed a declaration of sympathy with the

1919.

At the beginning of the year Hardy received a letter and volume of verses from John R. V. Jowell, the American poetess, who remained on her hill at the beginning of the war --"two bedraggled ladies", Hardy did remember, and their correspondence. Hardy did remember, and their own country. She wrote to him again a few months later, explaining her "hydrophobia-verse", which had appeared in the volume she had sent him:

"I do not think that polyphonic prose is a very good name for it. I do not intended to be prose at all; but poetry.... of course the way to scan it is just to take it the way it comes without sophistication - without the rhythm or the rhyme, since they are only used to emphasize the form, and are not supposed to produce the same effects that their predecessors in metrical verse.... perhaps it is an impossible form; but when I read it aloud to my audiences (for I have been getting the poet or John the Baptist voice all over the country and giving readings and talks to stimulate interest in poetry) I have no difficulty in reading them expressing it."

In February he aimed a combination of sympathy with the

Jews in support of a movement for "the reconstitution of Palestine as a National Home for the Jewish People", and during the s spring received letters from Quiller Couch, Crichton Browne, and other friends on near and dear relatives they had lost in the war; about the same time appearing a relevant poem by Hardy in The Athenaeum which was much liked, entitled in words from the Burial Service "According to the Mighty Working".

In May Mr Edmuch Gosse wrote that he was very curious to know who drew the rather unusual illustration on the cover of th the first edition of The Trumpet Major. Hardy was blank on the matter for a time, until, finding a copy he remembered that he drew it himself.

Being in London for a few days the same month he went to ~~th~~ the dinner of the Royal Academy - the first held since the war - with his friend Sir James Barrie with whom he was then staying, and was saddened to find how many of the guests ~~of~~ and Academicians that he had been formerly accustomed to meet there had disappeared from the scene. He felt that he did not wish to go again, and indeed he never did. Among the incidents of this visit was a meeting at Lady St. Heliers with Dr Bernard, Archbishop of Dublin, and a discussion with him on Coverdale's translation of the Psalms, and the inferiority of the Latin Vulgate in certain passages of them - with which Dr Bernard agreed, sending him afterwards the two versions in parallel readings.

On his birthday in June he did what he had long intended to do - took his wife and sister to Salisbury by the

Iowa in support of a movement for "the reconstitution of Palestine as a National Home for the Jewish people", and during the spring received letters from Dublin court, Grimston Square, and other friends on Mount and our relatives they had lost in the war; about the same time appeared a relevant poem by Hardy in the Athenaeum which was immediately entitled in words from the Burial Service "according to the Hardy version". In May he forwarded drawn illustration on the cover of the first edition of the Target Tractor. Hardy was blunk on the matter for a time, until, finding a copy he remembered that he drew it three-fir.

Years in hand a for a top-dyne the week month he went to the dinner of the Royal Academy - the first held since the war - and was asked to read his poem, the Muse of the Ancients -- and Academy-stars that he had been formally accustomed to meet there had disappeared from the scene. He felt that he did not wish to go and dodged the Academy or this visit was a meeting at Hardy's. A month or Bernard, Aromishbey or Dublin, and a St. Hilaire with Mr Bernard's translation of the Passing dissuasion with him on Cavendish's translation of certain passages and the literatly of the Hardy Village, sending him afterwards the vacation in Dartmoor readings.

On his birthday in June he said what he had long intended to do - took his wife and sister to Salisbury by the

old road which had been travelled by his and their forefathers in their journeys to London - via Blandford, Woodyates Inn, and Harnham Hill, whence Constable had painted his famous view of th the cathedral and where the track was still accessible to wheels. Woodyates Inn, - now no longer such, to the surprise of everybody since the revival of road traffic - still retained its genial hostelary appearance - and reminded Hardy of the entry in the diary of one of the daughters of George ~~III~~ the Third after she and the rest of the family had halted there: "At Woodyates Inn....had a beastly breakfast." It is said that Browning's great-grandfather was once the landlord of this famous inn.

In a reply to a letter of this date concerning a new literary periodical started in Canada, he adds, after some commendatory remarks:-

"But why does the paper stultify its earlier articles by advertising 'The Best Sellers'? Of all marks of the unliterary journal this is the clearest. If the "Canadian Bookman" were to take a new line and advertise eulogistically the worst sellers it might do something towards its object"

Shortly after his birthday he received a charming volume of holograph poems, beautifully bound, from some forty or fifty living poets. ~~This~~ The mark of recognition so appealed to him that he determined to answer every one of the contributors by letter, and ultimately did so, though it took him a long while;

⁂ This "Poet's Tribute" had been arranged by his friend and brother-poet Siegfried Sassoon who brought the splendid gift and placed it in Hardy's hands.

saying that if they could take the trouble to write the ~~letter-~~ poems he could certainly take the trouble to write the letters. It was almost his first awakening to the consciousness that an opinion had silently grown up as it were in the night that he was no mean power in the contemporary world of poetry. X on opposite page

It had impressed him all the more as coming just after his reading quite by chance in an Australian paper a quotation from a recent English review of Hardy's verse - belittling one of the poems - that called "On Sturminster Foot Bridge" in a manner that showed the said critic to be quite unaware of what was call ed "onomatopoeia" in poetry, the principle on which the lines had been composed, which were intended to convey by their rhythm the impression of a clucking of ripples into riverside holes when blown upon by an up-stream wind; so that when his reviewer jested on the syllables of the verse sounding like milk in a cart he was simply stating that the author had succeeded in doing what he had tried to do - the sounds being similar. As the jest from the reviewer had come back to England from Australia, where it had been quoted to Hardy's damage without the context, he took the trouble to explain the matter to to the writer of the article, which he would probably have left undone if it had not so frequently happened that his intentions were shown up as his blunders. But he did not get a more satisfactory reply than that critics like the writer were sheep in wolves' clothing, and meant no harm.

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the context. He took the trouble to explain the matter to the
writer of the article, which he would probably have left undone
if it had not so frequently happened that his intentions were
shown up as his blunder. But he did not get a more satisfactory
reply than that critics like the writer were sheep in wolves'
clothing, and meant no harm.

29 June 1919.

"My dear Bishop of Durham:

"You may agree with me in thinking it a curious coincidence that the evening before your letter arrived, and when it probably was just posted, we were reading a chapter in Job, and on coming to the verse: "All the ~~appointed~~ days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come", I interrupted and said: "That was the text of the Vicar of Fordington one Sunday evening about 1860" And I can hear his voice repeating the text as the sermon went on - in the way they used to repeat it in those days - just as if it were yesterday. I wonder if you have ever preached from that text; I daresay you have. I should add that he delivered his discourse without note of any kind.

"My warm thanks for your good feeling about my birthday. T The thoughts of friends about one at these times take off some of the sadness they bring as one gets old.

"The study of your father's life (too short, really) has interested me much. I well remember the cholera years in Fordington: you might have added many details. For instance,

my dear Bishop of Durham: "you may agree with me in thinking it a curious coincidence that the evening before your letter arrived, and when it probably was just leaving Oxford, we were reading a chapter in Job, and on reaching to the verse: "All the ~~---~~ days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come", I interrupted and said: "That was the text of the vicar of Paddington one Sunday evening before Lent." And I can hear his voice repeating the text as the sermon went on - in the way they used to repeat it in those days - as if it were yesterday. I wonder if you have ever preached from that text; I daresay you have. I should and that he delivered his discourse without note of any kind.

"My warm thanks for your good feeling about my birthday. The thoughts of friends about one at times like this cast off some of the sadness that may bring us one year's old.

"The study of your father's life (too short, really) has interested me much. I will remember the obsolete words in Paddington: you might have added many details. For instance,

every morning a man used to wheel the clothing and bed linen of those who had died in the night out into the mead, where the Vicar had a large copper set. Some was boiled there, and some burnt. He also had large fires kindled in Mill Street to carry off infection. An excellent plan I should think.

"Many thanks too for the volume of poems which duly came. "Apollo at Pherae" seems to me remarkably well constructed in "plot", and the verse facile: I don't quite know how you could have acquired such readiness at such an early date, and the influence of Milton is not excessive - at least I think not.

"I hope you will let us know when you come this way again,"

To Mr W.J.Malden - Chairman of the Wessex Saddleback Pig Society.

"August 23. 1919.

I must thank you for your attention in sending me particulars of the Wessex Saddleback Pig Society and the Herd Book. "I do not know much about breeding such stock, and am more bent on humane methods of slaughtering than on anything else in relation to it. So that in acdepting with appreciation Honorary Membership of the Society I add a suggestion that the question

of slaughtering, and transit before slaughtering, should be among the matters that the Society takes up, with a view to causing as little suffering as possible to an animal so intelligent. This worthy object would, I think, add distinction to the Society.

"I am not aware if the stupid custom still prevails of having pork "well bled". This impoverishment of the meat for the sake of a temporary appearance should, I feel, be discouraged by the Society."

It is satisfactory to know that Hardy's suggestions were acted upon by the Society.

August. The Collected edition of Hardy's poems was published about this time in two volumes, the first containing the shorter poems, and the second "The Dynasts".

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done the matters that the society takes up: with a view to
causing as little suffering as possible to an animal so intelli-
gent. This verse object would, I think, add distinction to the
society.

"I am not aware if the ritual question still prevails of
having pork "well" blown. This improvement or the most fa the
sake of a temporary superstition should, I feel, be discouraged by
the society."

It is satisfactory to know that Hardy's suggestions were
acted upon by the society.

The collected edition of Hardy's poems was published
about this time in two volumes, the first containing the shorter
poems, and the second "The Dynasts".

October 1919. A curious question arose in Hardy's mind at this date on whether a romancer was morally justified inggoing to extreme lengths of assurance -- after the manner of De Foe - in respect of a tale he knew to be absolutely false. Thirty seven years ~~eal~~ earlier, when much pressed to produce something of the nature of a fireside yarn, he had invented a picturesque account of a stealthy nocturnal visit to England by Napoleon in 1804 during the war, to spy out a good spot for invasion. Being ~~stru~~ struck with the extreme ~~probability~~ improbability of such a story he added a circumstantial framework describing it as an old local tradition to blind the reader to the hoax. When it was published he was much surprised at having remarked to him: "I see you have made use of that well-known tradition of Napoleon's landing," He then supposed that, strange as it seemed, such a story must have been in existence without his knowledge, and that perhaps the event had happened. So the matter rested till the time at which we have arrived, when a friend who was interested made inquiries, and was assured by historians and annalists whom he consulted that such a visit would have been fatuous, and well-nigh impossible. Moreover, that there had never existed any such improbably tradition. Hence arose Hardy's aforesaid case of conscience as to being too natural in the art he could practise so well. Had he not long discontinued the writing of romances he would, he said, have put at the beginning of each new one: "Understand that however true

October 1812. A serious question arose in Hardy's mind at this
date on whether a tomahawk was mortally inflicted in coming to
extreme length of assurance -- after the number of he pos - in
tagonist of a table he knew to be absolutely false. Thirty seven
years --- earlier, when man proposes to produce mountains of the
nature of a friendly earth, he had invented a photographic account
of a stealthy nocturnal visit to England by Napoleon in 1804
during the war, to say out a good deal for invasion. Being ---
attack with the extreme improbability of such a
story he added a circumstantial framework designating it as an
old local tradition to blind the reader to the hoax. When it
was published he was soon surprised at having referred to him:
"Don you have made use of that well-known tradition of
Sandham's lighting." He then proposed that, strange as it
seemed, such a story must have been in existence without his
knowledge, and that perhaps the event had happened. So the
matter rested till the time at which we have arrived, when a
friend who was interested made inquiries, and was assured by
historians and annalists when he consulted that such a visit
would have been talked, but well-nigh impossible. Moreover,
that there had never existed any such tradition.
Hence arose Hardy's strength and of no-matter as to being too
natural in the act he could produce he would, he said, have put
disconnected the writing of romances he would, however time
at the beginning of each new one:

this book may be in essence, in fact it is utterly untrue."

Being interested in a dramatic case of piracy on the high seas, which might have happened a hundred or two hundred years before, Hardy and his wife went to the October assizes, on the invitation of Mr Justice Darling, and sat through ~~y~~ the case. Such sensational trials came to quiet Dorset whenever the port of landing was in the county, even if they happened a thousand miles off.

To Mr ---- Exeter College, Oxford. October 30th. 1919.

"Dear Sir: In reply to your letter I write for Mr Hardy who is in bed with a chill to say that he cannot furnish you with any biogrpahical details ------ To your inquiry if "Jude the Obscure" is autobiographical I have to answer that there is not a scrap of personal detail in it, it having the least to do with his own life of all his books. The rumour, if it still persists was stated by idle pressmen some years ago. Speaking generally,

this book may be its successor, in fact it is strictly natural.

Some interested in a direct in case of injury on the side of space. When first here happened a number of two hundred years before. Early and the wide world to the outdoor sections, on the initiation of an direction traits. Will not though - the case such something trials come to quite forest wonders the port of landing was in the month, even if they happened a thousand miles off.

October 20th. 1919.

To Mr ---- Exeter College, Oxford.

Dear Sir: In reply to your letter I write for Harry who is in bed with a chill to say that he cannot consider you with any degree of potential. ---- To your inquiry if "time the observer" is a subjectsexpected I have to answer that there is not a scrap of personal doubt in it. It behoves him least to do with his own life of all his books. The result, if it will persists was stated by Jane Brownson some years ago. Something somewhat

there is more autobiography in a hundred lines of Mr Hardy's poetry than in all the novels."

It is a tribute to Hardy's powers of presentation that readers would not for many years believe that such incidents as Jude's being smacked when bird-keeping, his driving a baker's cart, his working as a journeyman mason, as also many situations described in verse, were not actual transcripts from the writer's personal experience, although the briefest reference to biographical date-books would have shown the impossibility of anything of the sort.

On the last day of October he assisted the Bishop of Salisbury at the opening of a Children's Hospital at Swanage. The wind was very cold and the Bishop looked so ill that Hardy, who had known him some while, expressed regret that he had been dragged there such a day. "Oh never mind," said Dr Ridgway drily: "if it hadn't been here it would have been somewhere else!" He was genuinely sorry when he heard of the overworked and worthy Bishop's death shortly after.

white line

Hardy had been asked this autumn if he would object to a representation of some of the scenes ~~of~~ in "The Dynasts" by the Oxford University Dramatic Society in the following year, and on his making no objection, some correspondence ensued with the President and Manager on certain details.

To Mr Maurice Colbourne.
November 11. 1919.

"Your plan for showing the out-of-doors scenes is very ingenious and attractive - and more elaborate than I imagined, my idea having been just a backcloth coloured greyish-blue, and a floor-cloth coloured greenish-grey - a purely conventional representation for all open-air scenes .....My feeling was the same as yours about the Strophe and Antistrophe - that they should be unseen, and as it were speaking from the sky. But it is, as you hint, doubtful if the two ladies will like to have their charms hidden. Would boys do instead, or ugly ladies with good voices?

there is more autobiography in a hundred lines of Mr Hardy's poetry than in all the novels.

It is a pity that such a wonderful, strange, tragic, and also very human story should be known only in bits, as it was, through the brief reports of the Coroner's inquest, or through the brief reports of the Coroner's inquest, or through the brief reports of the Coroner's inquest, or

But I do not wish to influence largely your methods of presentation. It will be of the greatest interest to me, whether I can get to Oxford for the performance or not, to see how the questions that arise in doing the thing have been grappled with by younger brains than mine."

"November 18. To my father's grave [he was born Nov. 18. 1811] with F. [Mrs Hardy] The funeral psalm formerly sung at the graveside to the tune of 'St. Stephen' was the XC, in Tate and Brady's version. Whether Dr Watt's version, beginning 'O God our help in ages past' - said to be a favourite with Gladstone - was written before or after T. & B's (from Coverdale's prose of the same psalm) I don't know, but I think it inferior to the other, which contains some good and concise verse. e.g.,

T.& B.
'For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch at dead of night
Whose hours unnumbered waste,
Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams'....

Watt's (more diffusely):
'A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as a watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
Time like an ever rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.' "

but I do not wish to influence largely your methods of presenta-
tion. It will be of the greatest interest to me, whether I can
get to Oxford for the performance or not, to see how the open-
ing that arise in doing the things have been dealt with by
younger people than myself.

Yours.

[Nov. 1st. 1911]

" November 10. To my father's grave (he was born Nov. 10. 1811)
with (like Hart) This funeral pomp tomorrow would at the
revenging to end time or at stephen's version. beginning to end
Hardy's version. Hardy is walt's version. In time and
our rolls in eyes poet - said to on a "poem" to with Gladstone -
was written before on a lot? ? P's (from Davidsals's prose or
the same again) I don't know, but I think it inferior to the
other which contains some good and sonnies verse. e.g.

I. A poor in thy plant a thousand years
Are like a day that's past
or like a watch unnumbered at dead or night
Whose sleep at as off as with a flood.
Now sweep we as dreams like dreams
We random hence

Hart's (more distinctly):
A thousand eyes in the night
Are like an evening gone
Short as a watch that ends
Before the rising sun
Time like an ever rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day."

In December Sir George Douglas writes concerning a lecture he is going to give in Edinburgh on Hardy's poems, and incidentally remarks: "Those Aeschylean poems in 'The Past and Present' .....how would Wordsworth have regarded them, I wonder, differing so markedly as they do from his view of Nature?" His friend Sir Frederick Pollock also sent a letter containing an impromptu scene of a humorous kind: "Overheard at the sign of the Mermaid in Elysium", purporting to be a conversation between the shades of Shakespeare, Campion, and Heine, "on a book newly received" - (i.e. Hardy's Collected Poems). in which Shakespeare says:

'Twas pretty wit, friend Thomas, that you spoke;
You take the measure of my Stratford folk.

The lines referring to ~~Had~~ Hardy's poem "To Shakespeare after three hundred years"

In the same month he opened a village war-memorial in the form of a club-room in Bockhampton. It was close to his first school - erected, as has been told, by the manor-lady of his early affections - and here he danced - probably the last time in his life - with the then lady of the manor. The room was

erected almost on the very spot where had stood Robert Reason's shoe-making shop when H. was a boy, described in Under the Greenwood Tree as "Mr Robert Penny's"

The following speech made by Hardy at the opening of the Bockhampton Reading-room and Club on the 2nd. December 1919 was not reported in any newspaper.

I feel it an honour - and an honour of a very interesting kind - to have been asked by your President to open this Club as a memorial to the gallant men of this parish who fought in the last great war - a parish I know so well, and which is only a about a mile from my own door.

It is, it seems, to be called "The Mellstock Club". I fancy I have heard that name of "Mellstock" before. But we will let that pass.

Before I proceed to the formal function of starting the pendulum of the Club, so to speak, I may be allowed to say a word or twoabout the bygone times of this Parish and Village, and the changes which led on to the present happy stage in the history of this place. There would be many things to interest us in the past of Bockhampton if we could only know them, but we know only a few.

It has had various owners. In the time of the Conquerer it belonged to a Norman Countess; later to a French Priory; and in the time of Queen Elizabeth to the Dean and Chapter of Exeter, who at the beginning of the last century sold it to Mr Morton

erected almost on the very spot where had stood Robert Ransom's
snow-white shop when I was a boy: described in Under the
Greenwood Tree as "Mr Robert Penny's" at the opening of the
Mottingham Reading-Room and Club on the 2nd. December 1879 was
not imported in any newspaper.

The following appeared in the Kentish Mercury:

I feel it an honour - and an honour of a very interesting
kind - to have been invited by your President to open this Club as
a central to the Railway men of this parish, and which is only -
a great step - a pledge I know as well, and which is only -
less than a mile from my own door.

It is, it seems, to be called "The Mottingham Club". I know
I have heard this name or "Mottingham" before. But we will let
that pass.

Before I proceed to the Central Education or starting the
Parliament of the Club, so to speak, I may be allowed to say a
word or two about the pigeons times or this Parish and village.
And the occasions which led on to the present happy stage in the
history of this Place. There would be many things to interest
us in the past or Commemoration if we could only know them, but we
know only a few.

It was and Vestries owners. In the time of the computer it
belonged to a Norman Cuthbert; later to a French Priory; and the
time of Queen Elizabeth to the Dean and Chapter of Exeter.
Who is the beginning of the last century sold it to Mr Ransom

Pitt, a cousin of Pill the Premier. What a series of scenes does this bare list of owners bring back!

At one time Bockhampton had a water-mill. Where was that mill, I wonder? It had a wood. Where was that wood?

However, to come to my own recollections. From times immemorial the village contained several old Elizabethan houses, with mullioned ~~we~~ windows and doors, of Ham-hill stone. ~~They stood between General Balguy's house and the withy bed~~. I remember seeing some of them pulled down, but some were pulled down before I was born. To this attaches a story. Mr Pitt, by whose orders it was done, came to look on, and asked one of the men several questions as to why he was doing it in such and such a way. Mr Pitt was notorious for his shabby clothes, and the labourer, who did not know him, said at last, "Look here old chap, don't you ask so many questions, and just go on. Anybody would think the house was yours!" Mr Pitt obeyed orders, and meekly went on, murmuring, "Well, 'tis mine, after all!"

Then there were the Poor-houses, I remember - just at the corner turning down to the dairy. In one of these lived an old man who was found one day rolling on the floor, with a lot of pence and half-pence scattered round him. They asked him what was the matter, and he said he had heard of people rolling in money, and he thought that for once in his life he would do it, to see what it was like.

Then there used to be dancing parties at Christmas and some

weeks after. This kind of party was called a Jacob's Join, in which every guest contributed a certain sum to pay the expenses of the entertainment - it was mostly half-a-crown in this village. They were very lively parties I believe. The curious thing is that the man who used to give the house-room for the dances lived in a cottage which stood exactly where this Club house stands now - so that when you dance here you will be simply carrying on the tradition of the spot.

But though Bockhampton has had all these interesting features in the past it has never till now had a War Memorial - never had a Club-room for social intercourse and reading. That had to wait till your kind-hearted friend and President Mr Hanbury, and no less kind-hearted Mrs Hanbury, came along, and i in concultation with your valued friend Mr Cowley, set it going; and here the thing is.

In conclusion I have now merely to say I declare the Mellstock Club and reading room to be open.

---

wonderful. This kind of party was called a 'house'a joint', in which every guest contributed a certain sum to pay the expenses of the entertainment - it was really half-a-crown in this village. They were very lively parties I believe. The customs that is that the men used to give the house-room for the dances lived in a separate section where you danced here you will be house taking on the tradition of the spot.

Simply carrying on the tradition of the spot.

But though Podmarsh has had all these entertainments in the past it has never till now had a war memorial - culture in the past for social intercourse and recreation. That never had a club room for the ex-service men's friendly and fraternal to meet and had to wait till now. The ex-service men's hall, comes about, and no less and hard-hearted has Hardwick, and in connection with your valued friend Mr Cowley, and it going further the village is.

And here the village is.

In conclusion I have now merely to say I declare the meetings club and reading room to be open.

December 26. 1919.

Dear Professor Phelps:

I am much honoured by the request of the Governing Body of ~~the~~ Yale University and yourself that I should deliver the first of the lectures instituted as a memorial to Francis Bergen. It is, however, quite out of my power to entertain the notion of such an undertaking; and this for more than one reason. I have never practised lecturing, or had any inclination to do so, and the time of life is now come to me at which, even if I had practised it, I should be compelled to leave off for physical reasons. All the same I thank the University for sending the suggestion to me, and including my wife in the welcome that is offered."

To Mrs Ambrose Dudley.

December 30. 1919.

"I am sorry to say that your appeal for a poem that should be worthy of the event of the 8th. August 1918 reaches me at too late a time of life to attempt it.....The outline of such a poem, which you very cleverly sketch, is striking, and ought to result at the hands of somebody or other who may undertake it,

in a literary parallel to the Battle of Prague -- a piece of music which ceased to be known long before your time, but was extraordinarily popular in its day - reproducing the crashing of guns nearer and nearer, the groans of the wounded, and the final fulfilment, with great fidelity.

The length of the late war exhausted me of all my impromptu poems dealing with that tragedy..... I quite think that one of our young poets would rise to the occasion if you were to give him the opportunity."

To an unnamed young poet-

(about December 1919.)

"The only practical advice I can give, and I give that with great diffidence, is to begin with imitative poetry, adopting the manner and views of any recent poet - say Wordsworth or Tennyson - You will thus attract the praises of the critical papers, and escape the satire and censure which they are sure to bestow on anything that strikes them as unfamiliar. Having won them by good imitations you can introduce your originalities by degrees. For if you want your book to sell it is fatal to begin

In a literary parallel to the battle of Fingal — a place of
Thule which seems to be known less before your time, but was
extraordinarily important in its day — reproducing the dreaming of
some poetic and heroic, the stream of the wounded, and the final
triumph, with great validity.

The young critic late was astonished he of all my tributaries
Doom dwelling with that tragedy..... I quite think that one of
our young poets would read to the occasion if you were to give
him the opportunity.

(about November 1919.)

To an unknown young poet—

The only essential advice I can give, and I give that with
much hesitance, is to begin with initiative poetry, adopting
the manner and views of any recent poet - say Wordsworth or
Tennyson - you will thus attract the praises of the critical
people, and assume the author and enhance which they are sure to
bestow on anything that attitude than as unrealistic. Having won
their ear and imitations you can introduce your originalities by
degrees, for if you want your book to sell it is useful to begin

with any original vein you may be blest with - to hear "some new thing", which so fascinated the Athenians, being a red rag to the English reviewer.

"Be also very careful about the mechanical part of your verse - rhythms, rhymes, &c. They do not know that dissonances, and other irregularities can be produced advisedly, as art, and worked as to give more charm than strict conformities, to the mind and ear of those trained and stepped in poetry; but they assume that a poet who commits one of these irregularities does so because of his ignorance, and the inferiority of his ear to that of the critic himself. Ars est celare artem they have never heard of or forget it.

This year went out quietly with Hardy as is shown by the brief entry: "New Year's Eve. Did not sit up."

Chapter XXXVI

1920.

"January 19. Coming back from Talbothays by West Stafford Cross I saw Orion upside down in a pool of water under an oak."

To the Secretary of the Navy League.

Jan. 24. 1920

"I am sorry to say that I do not belong to a Naval family, though I have many friends both in the English and American navies. All that I can state with certainty is that both Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy's family and my own have been Dorset for centuries, dwelling within a few miles of each other, and that they are reputed to come from the same ancestry, as is antecedently probable for several reasons. But they branched apart long before the Admiral's time.

"He had no direct descendant~~s~~ in the male line, having left two daughters only.

On February 2. Hardy was invited to receive an Honorary ~~Deg~~ Degree of Doctor of Letters during the time he was to be in Oxford at the performance of "The Dynasts" at the theatre, which he had promised to attend; and on the 9th. he set out by train

1890.

"Tuesday 15. Coming back from Talbotdaye by West stafford cross I saw Orion Wuatde down in a pool of water under an oak."

To the Secretary of the Navy Navane.

Jan. 24. 1890

"I am sorry to say that I do not belong to a Naval family, though I have many friends both in the English and American Navies. All that I can state with certainty is that both Admiral Sir Thomas Heath's family and my own have been Potent for centuries, dwelling within a few miles of each other, and that they are reputed to come from the same ancestry, and are actually probable for several reasons. But they branched apart long before the Admiral's time.

"We had no direct descendants in the male line, having left two daughters only.

On reading a Lady was invited to receive an honorary degree or Doctor of Letters during the time he was to be in Oxford at the performance of "The Dynasts" at the theatre, which he had promised to attend, and on the 6th. he set out by train

for Oxford with Mrs Hardy though the members of the O.U.D.S. had offered to send a car for him all the way. The day was unusuall fine for February and they were met at the station by enthusiastic representatives of the society, driven round Oxford, and conducted to the house of Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh who were their hosts.

The next day after lunching with the Giffords at Arlington House they went to the Sheldonian and the degree was received, his wife, ~~and~~ Evelyn Gifford, and her sister Daisy being present among other friends. Evelyn, daughter of the late Archdeacon Gifford, was ~~the~~ his bright and affectionate cousin by marriage, whom Hardy was never to see again. Had he known it when he was parting from her outside the Sheldonian in the rain that afternoon his heart would have been heavier than it was.

In the afternoon he met the Poet-Laureate, Mr Masefield and many friends at the Raleighs' and also at the theatre in the evening, from which they did not return till one o'clock - the whole day having been of a most romantic kind.

To Mr Joseph Mc Cabe, who wrote proposing to include Hardy in a Biographical Dictionary of Modern Rationalists.

February 18. 1920.

Dear Sir:

"As Mr Hardy has a cold which makes writing trying ~~at his age~~ to his eyes, I answer your letter for him. He says he thinks he is rather an irrationalist than a rationalist, on account of his inconsistencies. He has, in fact, declared as much in prefaces to some of his poems where he explains his views as being mere impressions that frequently change. Moreover, he thinks he could show that no man is a rationalist, and that human actions are not ruled by reason at all in the last resort. But this, of course, is outside the question. So that he cannot honestly claim to belong to the honourable body you are including in your dictionary, whom he admires for their straightforward~~ness~~ sincerity and permanent convictions, though he does not quite think they can claim their title.

Yours very truly,

F.E.Hardy.

March 7. 1920.

To Mr John Slater. F.R.I.B.A.

"My dear Slater:

"It is very curious that yesterday at lunch I said apropos of nothing: 'I never hear or see anything of John Sleter nowadays'. And lo, here is a letter from you!

"As to your question whether I should like to be nominated as an Hon. Fellow of the R.I.B.A. I really don't know what to say. Age has naturally made me, like Gallio, care for none of these things, at any rate very much, especially as I am hardly ever in London But at the same time I am very conscious of the honour of such a proposition, and like to be reminded in such a way that I once knew what a T square was. So, shall I leave the decision to your judgment? But if you think there would be any doubt in the mind of any member of the Council, please don't propose it.

" Your letter recalls those times we had in Bedford Street together. Are there any such aimable architects now as Roger Smith was? Not many. Also, what became of Conder? - the one who had such a keen sense of humour."

(Conder, strangely enough, died in Japan that very year.)

Hardy was duly nominated and elected, and it was a matter of regret with him that he could not attend the meetings of the Institute, held still in the same old room in Conduit Street in which he had received the prize medal for his essay in 1862 from

the hands of Sir Gilbert Scott. Mr John Slater was almost the only surviving friend of Hardy's architectural years in London since the death of Arthur Blomfield.

"March 25. Joined National Committee for acquiring Wentworth Place - the house once occupied by John Keats."

"April 7. A would-be author, not without humour, writing from S. Africa for a'foreword' from me, adds: 'Mr Balfour when writing asked me not to use his ~~remarkable~~ remarks, mentioning the number of books sent him from all parts of the world (for forew ords). But mental dexterity greatly inferior to yours, Sir, could contrive to do somewhat, and yet avoid the consequences contemplated' -i.e., multitudes of other would-be novelists asking the same favour."

"April 21. Went with F. to St. Margaret's, Westminster to the wedding of Harold Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Cavendish. Sat with Lord Morley, and signed as one of the witnesses. Morley, seeing Bryce close by us, and the Duke of Devonshire near, ~~said~~ whispered to F.; "Which weigh most, three O.M's or one Duke?"

"May 14. Motored with F. and K. to Exeter. Called on the Granville-Barkers at Sidmouth. Cathedral service: the beautiful anthem, 'God is gone up.' (Croft) Well sung. Psalms to Walker in E. flat. Felt I should prefer to be a cathedral organist to anything in the world. 'Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work, claiming each slave of the sound.' A fine May day."

At the end of (May ~~30.~~ a letter came from C.W.Moule in reply to Hardy's note of sympathy on his loss of his only remaining brother Handley the Bishop of Durham, with whom Hardy had had occasion to correspond the year before. As it was the last letter Hardy received from his correspondent, who himself passed away within the next year, the following passages are quoted:

"In condolence 'the half is more than the whole', as the wise Greek paradox saith (πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς.)..... Your friendly acceptance of those stanzas was answered by me, ~~but~~ but that in which you told me that dear Horace was one of 'The Five Students' in Moments of Vision I fear was never answered... I did not know of Handley's nearness in age to your sister Mary (they were only two days apart) nor did I know that your mother and mine knew each other well enough to compare notes on the point.....I am glad you saw him at Max Gate. We wish that we could see you here. I may try to send you some book in memoriam H.C.G.M....'Not one i th

H.C.G.M.....' Not one ~~among us~~ is there among us that understandeth any more', as a snapshot of the current generation, is worthy of you." (Hardy had quoted the words from the 74th Psalm in the letter to which this was an answer, alluding to the ememories familiar to all three).

On June 2nd. of this year it was Hardy's eightieth birthday, and he received a deputation from the Society of Authors, consisting of Mr Augustine Birrell, Mr Anthony Hawkins, and Mr John Galsworthy. The occasion was a pleasant one, and the ~~lunch~~ Lunch lively. ~~affection shown by his visitors gave Hardy much gratification.~~ ~~lively~~. Many messages were received during the day, including one from the King, the Lord Mayor of London, the Cambridge Vice-Chancellor, and the Prime Minister.

Hardy pencilled down the follwoing as "Birthday notes:

"When, like the Psalmist, 'I call mine own ways to remembrance', I find nothing in them that quite justifies this celebration.

"The value of old age depends upon the person who reaches it. To some men of early performance it is useless. To others, who are late to develop, it just enables them to complete their job.

"We have visited two cathedrals during the last month, and I could not help feeling that if men could get a little more of

the reposefulness and peace of those buildings into their lives how much better it would be for them.

"Nature's indifference to the advance of her species along what we are accustomed to call civilized lives makes the late war of no importance to her, except as a sort of geological fault in her continuity.

"Though my life, like the lives of my contemporaries, covers a period of more material advance in the world than any of the same length can have done in other centuries, I do not find that real civilization has advanced equally. People are not more humane, so far as I can see, than they were in the year of my birth. Disinterested kindness is less. The spontaneous goodwill that used to characterize manual workers seems to have departed. One day of late a railway-porter said to a feeble old lady, a friend of ours, 'See to your luggage yourself'. Human nature had not sunk so low as that in 1840.

"If, as has been lately asserted, only the young and feeble League of Nations stands between us and the <u>utter destruction of Civilization</u>, it makes one feel he would rather be old than young. For a person whose chief interest in life has been the literary art - poetry in particular - the thought is depressing that, should such an overturn arrive, poetry will be the first thing to go, probably not to revive again for many centuries. Anyhow, it behoves young poets and other writers to endeavour to stave off such a catastrophe."

the reconstruction and peace of those buildings into their lives

how much better it would be for them.

"Wages is indifference to all civilized lives make the life

what we are accustomed to not: except in a fact of economical

war of no importance.

fault in her loyalty.

"Though my life, life's the days of my contemporaries.

covers a period of more forty days done in other centuries, I do not

of the same length evaluation has a reduced equality. People are

think that they were in the year

not more energic: so far as I can see: that they were in the year

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nature had not sunk so low as that in Naco.

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stay off such a disastrous.

The aforesaid somewhat unexpected celebration of his eightieth birthday seems to have set Hardy's mind running on his ancestry and connections: for later in June he made inquiries as to the descendants of the Revd. C. Holder his deceased brother-in-law, formerly rector of St. Juliot, and about the same time he inquired of a Cornish friend as to the welfare of the newspaper "The West Briton", which had been founded by his great-great uncle on the maternal side in 17..., and the reply was:

"How interesting, your family connection with the birth of 'The West Briton' ~~p~~ - which still lives. It has circulated mainly in the mining districts, and is now the property of a Company at Truro, where it is published."

Among others who remembered his birthday Mr John Lane sent a glass goblet which ~~came~~ had come into his possession many years before, remarking,....."no doubt it was intended as a gift for you from some fair but probably shy admirer;" to which Hardy replied:

"Alas, for the mysterious goblet inscribed to the mysterious namesake of mine. He must, or may, have been a jockey from the diagrams.....Anyhow, no woman ever took the trouble to inscribe her love for me on a cup of crystal - of that you may

be sure; and it is best on the whole to leave the history of the glass in vague uncertainty."

The next week Sir J.M.Barrie came to Max Gate on a visit, and in July Hardy and his wife were motoring about Dorset, showing some features of the county to their friend Mrs Arthur Henniker, who was staying at Weymouth, and at that time had ideas of buying a house in the neighbourhood. He was also engaged ~~further~~ in further correspondence on the scheme of establishing a South-western University at Exeter.

July 28. Hardy sent the poem on Keats at Hampstead aa a contribution to the book proposed to be publsihed on the Centenary of Keats's death, saying "I wish I could have let you have something more worthy of the occasion and the man, but worthy writing does not come at call at my age".

To Mr G. Herbert Thring.

"August 23. 1920

"The address from the Members of the Council, representing the Society of Authors all, has reached me safely, and though I knew its contents - it spiritual part - on my actual birthday when the deputation came here, I did not realize its bodily beauty till now -

As to the address itself I can only confirm by this letter what I told the deputation by word of mouth - how much I have been moved by such a mark of good-feeling - affection as I may truly call it - in the body of writers whose President I have had the distinction of being for many years - a do-nothing President, a roi-fainéant, I very greatly fear, in spite of their assurances! However, the Society has been good enough to take me as worth this tribute, and I thank them heartily for it and what it expresses. It will be a cheering reminder of bright things whenever I see it or think of it, which will be often and often."

From Mr A---M--- of Letchworth. August 1920.

Dear Sir: I am driven to wonder why the devil you don't answer letters that are written to you!

Very truly, A---M---"

"September 6. Death of Evelyn Gifford daughter of Em's uncle, at Arlington House, Oxford. Dear Evelyn! whom I last parted from in apparently perfect health." She was the daughter of Dr Gifford who married Margaret Jeune, and the poem "Evelyn G. of Christminster" was written on this occasion.

Nov. 11. Hardy's poem "And there was a great calm," appeared in The Times Armistice Supplement, and on the 13th. the ~~Hardy Players~~ Dorchester Amateurs performed "The Return of the Native in Dorchester," as dramatized by Mr Tilley.

" A much better play than I expected to be. The dancing was just as it used to be at Higher Bockhampton in my childhood, ~~and Gertrude Bugler as Eustacia looked the part~~ ~~to be the hand-kissing scene with Charley~~ ~~omitting the or some phases~~ ~~excellently.~~ More interested ~~The dramatic company were entertained at Max Gate later in the month.~~

On December 8, declining an invitation to become Vice-President of a society he writes:

~~"December 8: 1920.~~

~~To Howard Ruff Esq.~~

~~"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th. informing me of the gratifying suggestion of your Committee that I should become an Honorary Vice-President of your now well-known and popular Society.~~

"I am sorry to answer that I have been compelled of late, for reasnns I need not trouble you with, to ~~so~~ forgo such ~~instr~~ distinctions... .....All the same I may be allowed to congratulate its members upon their wise insistence on the word 'English' as the name of this country's people, and in not giving way to a few short-sighted clamourers for the vague, unhistoric and pinch-beck title of 'British' by which they would fain see it supplanted."

To Mr Alfred Noyes.

"Dorchester.

"13th. December.
1920.

Dear Mr Noyes:

"Somebody has sent me an article from The Morning Post of Dec. 9. entitled "Poetry and Religion" which reports ~~ye~~ you as saying, in a lecture, that mine is "a philosophy which told them (readers) that the Power behind the Universe was an imbecile jester."

"As I hold no such 'philosophy', and, to the best of my recollection, never could have done so, I should be glad if you would inform me whereabouts I have seriously asserted such to be my opinion.

"Yours truly,

"Th. Hardy."

It should be stated that Mr Noyes had always been a friendly critic of Hardy's writings, and one with whom he was on good terms, which was probably Hardy's reason for writing to him, who would be aware there was no personal antagonism in his letter.

Mr Noyes replied that he was sorry the abbreviated report of his address did not contain the tribute he had paid Hardy as a writer with artistic mastery and at the head of living authors, although he did disagree with his pessimistic philosophy; a philosophy which, in his opinion, led logically to the conclusion that the Power behind the Universe was malign; and he referred to various passages in Hardy's poems that seemed to bear out his

belief that their writer held the views ~~that~~ attributed to him ~~i~~ in the lecture; offering however to revise it when reprinted if he had misinterpreted the aforesaid passages.

To Mr Alfred Noyes.

"December 19th. 1920.

"I am much obliged for your reply, which I really ought not to have troubled you to write. I may say for myself that I very seldom do give critics such trouble, usually letting things drift, though there have been many occasions when a writer who has been so much abused for his opinions as I have been would perhaps have done well not to hold his peace.

"I do not know that there can be much use in my saying more than I did say. It seems strange that I should have to remind a man of letters of what, I should ~~say~~ have supposed, he ~~e~~ would have known as well as I - of the very elementary rule of criticism that a writer's opinions should be judged as a whole, and not from picked passages that contradict them as a whole - and this especially when they are scattered over a period of ~~sixty~~ 50 years.

"Also that I should have to remind him of the vast difference between the expression of fancy and the expression of belief. My imagination may have often run away ~~from me~~ with me;

but all the same, my sober opinion - so far as I have any definite one - of the Cause of Things, has been defined in scores of places, and is that of a great many ordinary thinkers:- that the said Cause is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral:- "loveless and hateless" I have called it; "Which neither good nor evil knows" - etc, etc - (you will find plenty of these definitions in "The Dynasts" as well as in short poems, and I am surprised that you have not taken them ~~in~~ in.) This view is quite in keeping with what you call a Pessimistic philosophy (a mere nickname with no sense in it), which I am quite unable to see as "leading logically to the conclusion that the Power behind the universe is malign."

"In my fancies, or poems of the imagination, I have of course called this Power all sorts of names - never supposing they would be taken for more than fancies. I have even in prefaces warned readers to take them only as such - as mere impressions of the moment, exclamations, in fact. But it has always been my misfortune to presuppose a too intelligent reading public, and no doubt people will go on thinking that I really believe the Prime Mover to be a malignant old gentleman, a sort of King of Dahomey - an idea which , so far from my holding it, is to me irresistibly comic. "What a fool one must have been to write for such a public!" is the inevitable ~~re-~~ reflection at the end of one's life.

"The lines you allude to, 'A young man's Epigram' dated 1866, I

remember finding in a drawer, and printed them ~~as~~ merely as an ~~instance of~~ amusing instance of early cynicism. The words "Time's Laughingstocks" are legitimate imagery all of a piece with such ex pressions as "Life, Time's fool", and thousands in poetry and I am amazed that you should see any belief in them. The other verses you mention, "New Year's Eve", "His Education", are the same fanciful impressions of the moment. The poem called "He abjures Love" ending with "and then the curtain", is a love-poem, and lovers are chartered irresponsibles. A poem often quoted against me, and apparently in your mind in the lecture, is the one called "Nature's Questioning", containing the words ~~[illegible]~~ "some Vast Imbecility", &c. - as if these definitions were my creed. But they are merely enumerated ~~+~~ in the poem as fanciful alternatives to several others, having nothing to do with my own opinion. As for "The Unborn" to which you allude, though the form of it is imaginary, the sentiment is one which I should think, especially since the war, is not uncommon or unreasonable.

"This week I have had sent me a review which quotes a poem entitled "To my father's violin" containing a Virgilian reminiscence of mine of Acheron and the Shades. The ~~[illegible]~~ writer comments: "Truly this pessimism is insupportable ... One marvels that Hardy is not in a madhouse." Such is English criticism, and I repeat , Why did I ever write a line! And perhaps if the young ladies to whom you lectured really knew that , so far from being the wicked personage they doubtless think me at present to be, I am a harmless old character much like their own grandfathers, they would consider me far less romantic

and attractive."

Mr Noyes in a further interesting letter, after reassuring Hardy that he would correct any errors, gave his own views, one of which was that he had "never been able to conceive a Cause of Things that could be less in any respect than the things caused." To which Hardy replied:

"Many thanks for your letter. The Scheme of Things ~~u~~ is, indeed, incomprehensible; and there I suppose we must leave it - perhaps for the best. Knowledge might be terrible."

It may be added that, as has been stated before, the above mentioned view that the Cause of things, so far from being malignant, was indifferent and unconscious had long been Hardy's. Mr Noyes conception that a Cause which, as Hardy somewhere says, "is but the Invariable Antecedent", in philosophy, could not be less than the thing caused required no refutation, the opposite being evidenced everywhere.

To The New York World.

"December 23. 1920.

"Yes: I approve of international disarmament, on the lines indicated by the New York World."

white line

The following letter, written to some one about December 1920, obviously refers to his correspondence with Mr Noyes:-

"A friend of mine writes objecting to what he calls my 'philosophy' (though I have no philosophy - merely what I have often explained to be only a confused heap of impressions, like

those of a bewildered child at a conjuring show.) He says he has never been able to conceive a Cause of Things that could be less in any respect than the thing caused. This apparent impossibility to him, and to so many, has been long ago proved non-existent by philosophers, and is very likely owing to his running his head against a **Single** Cause, and perceiving no possible other. But if he would discern that what we call the First Cause should be called First Causes, his difficulty would be lessened. Assume a thousand unconscious causes - lumped together in poetry as one Cause, or God - and bear in mind that a coloured liquid can be produced by the mixture of colourless ones, a noise by the juxtaposition of silences, etc., etc., and you see that the assumption that intelligent beings arise from the combined action of unintelligent forces is sufficiently probable for imaginative writing, and I have never attempted scientific. It is my misfortune that people will treat all my mood-dictated writing as a single scientific theory."

About Christmas the song entitled "When I set out for Lyonesse" was published as set to music by Mr Charles A. Speyer. It was one of his own poems that Hardy happened to like, and he was agreeably surprised that it should be liked by anybody else, his experience being that an author's preference for particular verses of his own was usually based on the circumstances that

gave rise to them, and not on their success as art.

On Christmas night the carol-singers and mummers came to Max Gate as they had promised, the latter performing the Play of Saint George, just as he had seen it performed in his childhood. On the last day of the old year a poem by Hardy called "At the entering of the New Year" appeared in the Athenaeum.

End of 1920.

[~~Refer to Note Book of Memoranda beginning 1921, for continuation.~~]

1919.

At the beginning of the year Hardy received a letter and volume of verses from Miss Amy Lowell the American poetess, who reminded him of her call at the beginning of the war -- "two bedraggled ladies", herself and her friend. Hardy did remember, and their consternation lest they should not be able to get back to their own country. She wrote to him again a few months later, explaining her "polyphonic prose", which had appeared in the volume she had sent him:

"I do not think that polyphonic prose is a very good name for it. It is not intended to be prose at all, but poetry..... Of course the way to read it is just to take it the way it comes without accentuating either the rhythm or the rhyme, since they are only used to enrich the form, and are not supposed to produce the same effects that they produce in metrical verse..... Perhaps it is an impossible form, but when I read it aloud to my audiences (for I have been acting the part of John the Baptist, going all over the country and giving readings and talks to stimulate interest in poetry) I have no difficulty in making them apprehend it."

In February he signed a declaration of sympathy with the Jews in support of a movement for "the reconstitution of Pales-

Shortly after his birthday he received a charming volume of holograph poems, beautifully bound, from some forty or fifty living poets. The mark of recognition so appealed to him that he determined to answer every one of the contributors by letter, and ultimately did so, though it took him a long while; saying that if they could take the trouble to write the poems he could certainly take the trouble to write the letters. It was almost his first awakening to the consciousness that an opinion had silently grown up as it were in the night, that he was no mean power in the contemporary world of poetry.

This "Poets' Tribute" had been arranged by his friend and brother poet Siegfried Sassoon, who brought the splendid gift and placed it in Hardy's hands.

It had impressed him all the more as coming just after his reading quite by chance in an Australian paper a quotation from a recent English review of Hardy's verse - belittling one of the poems - that called "On Sturminster Foot Bridge" in a manner that showed the said critic to be quite unaware of what was called "onomatopoeia" in poetry, the principle on which the lines had been composed, which were intended to convey by their rhythm the impression of a clucking of ripples into river-side holes when blown upon by an up-stream wind; so that when his reviewer jested on the syllables of the verse sounding like milk in a cart he was simply stating that the author had succeeded in doing what he had tried to do - the sounds being similar. As the jest by the English review had come back to

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England from Australia, where it had been quoted to Hardy's damage without the context, he took the trouble to explain the matter to the writer of the article, which he would probably have left undone if it had not so frequently happened that his intentions were shown up as blunders. But he did not get a more satisfactory reply than that the critics like the writer were sheep in wolves' clothing, and meant no harm.

Hardy's loyalty to his friends was shown by his unfailing devotion to the Moule family, members of which he had known intimately when he was a young man. The following is probably the last letter he wrote to one whom he could remember as a small boy.

29 June 1919.

"My dear Bishop of Durham:

"You may agree with me in thinking it a curious coincidence that the evening before your letter arrived, and when it probably was just posted, we were reading a chapter in Job, and on coming to the verse: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come", I interrupted and said: "That was the text of the Vicar of Fordington one Sunday evening about 1860." And I can hear his voice repeating the text as the sermon went on - in the way they used to repeat it in those days - just as if it were yesterday. I wonder if you have ever preached from that text; I daresay you have. I should add that he delivered his discourse without

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note of any kind.

"My warm thanks for your good feeling about my birthday. The thoughts of friends about one at these times take off some of the sadness they bring as one gets old.

"The study of your father's life (too short, really) has interested me much. I well remember the cholera years in Fordington: you might have added many details. For instance, every morning a man used to wheel the clothing and bed-linen of those who had died in the night out into the mead, where the Vicar had a large copper set. Some was boiled there, and some burnt. He also had large fires kindled in Mill Street to carry off infection. An excellent plan I should think.

"Many thanks too for the volume of poems which duly came. "Apollo at Pherae" seems to me remarkably well constructed in "plot", and the verse facile: I don't quite know how you could have acquired such readiness at such an early date, and the influence of Milton is not excessive - at least I think not.

"I hope you will let us know when you come this way again."

To Mr.W.J.Malden, Chairman of the Wessex Saddleback Pig Society, he writes on August 23. 1919:-

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"My warm thanks for your good feeling about my birthday. The thoughts of friends about one at these times take off some of the sadness they bring as one gets old.

"The study of your father's life (too short, really) has interested me much. I well remember the choicest years in Worthington; you might have added many details. For instance, every morning a man used to wheel the clothing and bed-linen of those who had died in the night out into the road, where the Vicar had a large copper set. Some was boiled there, and some burnt. He also had large fires lighted in Mill Street to carry off infection. An excellent plan I should think.

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To Mr.W.G.Maiden - Chairman of the Wessex Saddleback Pig Society. Mr Hardy is Aug. 23 1919:-

"~~August 23, 1919.~~

"I must thank you for your attention in sending me particulars of the Wessex Saddleback Pig Society and the Herd Book. I do not know much about breeding such stock,and am more bent on humane methods of slaughtering them or anything else in relation to it. So that in accepting with appreciation Honorary Membership of the Society I add a suggestion that the question of slaughtering, and transit before slaughtering, should be among the matters that the Society takes up, with a view to causing as little suffering as possible to an animal so intelligent. This worthy object would, I think, add distinction to the Society."

"I am not aware if the stupid custom still prevails of having pork "well bled". This impoverishment of the meat for the sake of a temporary appearance should, I feel, be discouraged by the Society."

It is satisfactory to know that Hardy's suggestions were acted upon by the Society.

August. The Collected edition of Hardy's poems was published about this time in two volumes, the first containing the shorter poems, and the second "The Dynasts."

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October 1919. A curious question arose in Hardy's mind at this date on whether a romancer was morally justified in going to extreme lengths of assurance -- after the manner of De Foe - in respect of a tale he knew to be absolutely false. Thirty seven years earlier, when much pressed to produce something of the nature of a fireside yarn, he had invented a picturesque account of a stealthy nocturnal visit to England by Napoleon in 1804, during the war, to spy out a good spot for invasion. Being struck with the extreme improbability of such a story he added a circumstantial framework describing it as an old local tradition to blind the reader to the hoax. When it was published he was much surprised at people remarking to him: "I see you have made use of that well-known tradition of Napoleon's landing." He then supposed that, strange as it seemed, such a story must have been in existence without his knowledge, and that perhaps the event had happened. So the matter rested till the time at which we have arrived, when a friend who was interested made inquiries, and was assured by historians and annalists whom he consulted, that such a visit would have been fatuous, and well-nigh impossible. Moreover, that there had never existed any such improbable tradition. Hence arose Hardy's aforesaid case of conscience as to being too natural in the art he could practise so well. Had he not long discontinued the writing of romances he would, he said, have put at the beginning of each new one: "Understand that however true this book may be in essence, in fact it is utterly untrue."

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K.D.
42
J.M.H.

11

Being interested in a dramatic case of piracy on the high seas, which might have happened a hundred or two hundred years before, Hardy and his wife went to the October assizes, on the invitation of Mr Justice Darling, and sat through the case. Such sensational trials came to quiet Dorset whenever the port of landing was in the county, even if they happened a thousand miles off.

To Mr..... Exeter College, Oxford. October 30th. 1919.

"Dear Sir: In reply to your letter I write for Mr Hardy who is in bed with a chill to say that he cannot furnish you with any biographical details..... To your inquiry if "Jude the Obscure" is autobiographical I have to answer that there is not a scrap of personal detail in it, it having the least to do with his own life of all his books. The rumour, if it still persists, was started some years ago. Speaking generally, there is more autobiography in a hundred lines of Mr Hardy's poetry than in all the novels."

It is a tribute to Hardy's powers of presentation that readers would not for many years believe that such incidents as Jude's being smacked when bird keeping, his driving a baker's

being interrupted in a dramatic case of piracy on the high seas, which might have happened a hundred or two hundred years before. Hardy and his wife went to the October assizes, on the invitation of Mr Justice Darling, and sat through the case. Such sensational trials came to quiet Dorset whenever the port of landing was in the county, even if they happened a thousand miles off.

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cart, his working as a journey man mason, as also many situations described in verse, were not actual transcripts from the writer's personal experience, although the briefest reference to biographical date-books would have shown the impossibility of anything of the sort.

On the last day of October he assisted the Bishop of Salisbury at the opening of a Children's Hospital at Swanage. The wind was very cold and the Bishop looked so ill that Hardy expressed regret that he had been dragged out on such a day. "Oh never mind", said Dr Ridgway drily: "if it hadn't been here it would have been somewhere else!" Hardy was genuinely sorry when he heard of the over-worked and worthy Bishop's death shortly after.

Hardy had been asked this autumn if he would object to a representation of some of the scenes in "The Dynasts" by the Oxford University Dramatic Society in the following year and on his making no objection some correspondence ensued with the President and Manager on certain details.

To Mr Maurice Colbourne.
November 11. 1919.

"Your plan for showing the out-of-doors scenes is very ingenious and attractive - and more elaborate than I imagined, my idea having been just a backcloth coloured greyish-blue, and a

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To Mr Maurice Colbourne.
November 11. 1910.

"Your plan for showing the out-of-doors scenes is very ingenious and attractive - and more elaborate than I imagined. My idea having been just a backcloth coloured sky-like, and a

floor-cloth coloured greenish-grey - a purely conventional representation for all open-air scenes..... My feeling was the same as yours about the Strophe and Antistrophe - that they should be unseen, and as it were speaking from the sky. But it is, as you hint, doubtful if the two ladies will like to have their charms hidden. Would boys do instead, or ugly ladies with good voices? But I do not wish to influence largely your methods of presentation. It will be of the greatest interest to me, whether I can get to Oxford for the performance or not, to see how the questions that arise in doing the thing have been grappled with by younger brains than mine."

"November 18. To my father's grave (he was born Nov. 18. 1811) with F. (Mrs Hardy) The funeral psalm formerly sung at the graveside to the tune of "St Stephen" was the XC, in Tate and Brady's version. Whether Dr Watt's version, beginning "O God our help in ages past" - said to be a favourite with Gladstone - was written before or after T. & B's (from Coverdale's prose of the same psalm) I don't know, but I think it inferior to the other, which contains some good and concise verse. e.g.,

T. & B.

"For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch at dead of night
Whose hours unnumbered waste
Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams....."

cast. His training as a journey man mason, as also many situations described in verse, were not actual transcripts from the writer's personal experiences, although the brief at reference to biographical data-books would have shown the impossibility of anything of the sort.

On the last day of October he assisted the Bishop of Salisbury at the opening of a Children's Hospital at Swanage. The wind was very cold and the Bishop looked so ill that Hardy expressed regret that he had been dragged out on such a day. "Oh never mind", said Mr Hardy drily: "if it hadn't been here it would have been somewhere else!" Hardy was genuinely sorry when he heard of the over-worked and worthy Bishop's death shortly after.

Hardy has been asked this autumn if he would object to a representation of some of the scenes in "The Dynasts" by the Oxford University Dramatic Society in the following year and on his making no objection some correspondence ensued with the President and Manager on certain details.

To Mr Maurice Colbourne.
November 11. 1910.

"Your plan for showing the out-of-doors scenes is very ingenious and attractive - and more elaborate than I imagined, my idea having been that a backcloth coloured greyish-blue, and a

floor-cloth coloured greenish-grey - a purely conventional representation for all open-air scenes..... My feeling was the same as yours about the Strophe and Antistrophe - that they should be unseen, and as it were speaking from the sky. But it is, as you hint, doubtful if the two ladies will like to have their charms hidden. Would boys do instead, or ugly ladies with good voices? But I do not wish to influence largely your methods of presentation. It will be of the greatest interest to me, whether I can get to Oxford for the performance or not, to see how the questions that arise in doing the thing have been grappled with by younger brains than mine."

"November 18. To my father's grave (he was born Nov. 18. 1811) with F. (Mrs Hardy) The funeral psalm formerly sung at the graveside to the tune of "St Stephen" was the XC, in Tate and Brady's version. Whether Dr Watt's version, beginning "O God our help in ages past" - said to be a favourite with Gladstone - was written before or after T. & B's (from Coverdale's prose of the same psalm) I don't know, but I think it inferior to the other, which contains some good and concise verse. e.g.,

T. & B.

"For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch at dead of night
Whose hours unnumbered waste
Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams....."

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Then sweep'st us off as with a flood,
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Watt's (more diffusely):

" A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
Time like an ever rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day."

In December Sir George Douglas writes concerning a lecture he is going to give in Edinburgh on Hardy's poems, and incidentally remarks: "Those Aeschylean poems in "The Past and Present" .....how would Wordsworth have regarded them, I wonder, differing so markedly as they do from his view of Nature?" His friend Sir Frederick Pollock also sent a letter containing an impromptu scene of a humorous kind: "Overheard at the sign of the Mermaid in Elysium", purporting to be a conversation between the shades of Shakespeare, Campion, and Heine, "on a book newly received" - (i.e. Hardy's Collected Poems.) in which Shakespeare says:

"Twas pretty wit, friend Thomas, that you spoke;
You take the measure of my Stratford folk.

The lines referring to Hardy's poem "To Shakespeare after three hundred years."

In December he opened a village war-memorial in the form of a club-room in Bockhampton. It was close to his first school, erected, as has been told, by the manor-lady of his early affections, and here he danced, for the last time in his life, with

(36)

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"Thou pretty wit, friend Thomas, that you spoke;
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The lines referring to Hardy's poem "To Shakespeare after three hundred years."

In December he opened a village war-memorial in the form of a clock-tower in Boothampton. It was close to his first school, - erected, as has been told, by the manor-lady of his early affections, - and here he danced - for the last time in his life - with

the then lady of the manor. The room was erected almost on the very spot where had stood Robert Reason's shoe-making shop when H. was a boy, described in Under the Greenwood Tree as "Mr Robert Penny's."

A speech made by Hardy at the opening of the Bockhampton Reading-room and Club on the 2nd.December 1919 was not reported in any newspaper, but the following extracts from it may be of interest.

I feel it an honour - and an honour of a very interesting kind - to have been asked by your President to open this Club as a memorial to the gallant men of this parish who fought in the last great war - a parish I know so well, and which is only about a mile from my own door.

This room is, it seems, to be called "The Mellstock Club." I fancy I have heard that name of "Mellstock" before. But we will let that pass.....

The village of Bockhampton has had various owners. In the time of the Conquerer it belonged to a Norman Countess; later to a French Priory; and in the time of Queen Elizabeth to the Dean and Chapter of Exeter, who at the beginning of the last century sold it to Mr Morton Pitt, a cousin of Pitt the Premier. What a series of scenes does this bare list of owners bring back!

At one time Bockhampton had a water-mill. Where was that mill, I wonder? It had a wood. Where was that wood?

To come to my own recollections. From times immemorial

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At one time Bookhampton had a water-mill. Where was that mill, I wonder? It had a wood. Where was that wood? To come to my own recollections. How time immortal!

the village contained several old Elizabethan houses, with mullioned windows and doors, of Ham-hill Stone. It stood by the withy bed. I remember seeing some of them in process of being pulled down, but some were pulled down before I was born. To this attaches a story. Mr Pitt, by whose orders it was done, came to look on, and asked one of the men several questions as to why he was doing it in such and such a way. Mr Pitt was notorious for his shabby clothes, and the labourer, who did not know him, said at last, "Look here old chap, don't you ask so many questions, and just go on. Anybody would think the house was yours!" Mr Pitt obeyed orders, and meekly went on, murmuring, "Well 'tis mine, after all!"

J.M.H. 43 E.F.

"Then there were the Poor-houses, I remember - just at the corner turning down to the dairy. These were the homes of the parish paupers before workhouses were built. In one of them lived an old man who was found one day rolling on the floor, with a lot of pence and half-pence scattered round him. They asked him what was the matter, and he said he had heard of people rolling in money, and he thought that for once in his life he would do it, to see what it was like."

"Then there used to be dancing parties at Christmas, and some weeks after. This kind of party was called a Jacob's Join, in which every guest contributed a certain sum to pay the expenses of the entertainment - it was mostly half-a-crown in this village. They were very lively parties I believe. The curious thing is

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that the man who used to give the house-room for the dances lived in a cottage which stood exactly where this Club house stands now - so that when you dance here you will be simply carrying on the tradition of the spot."

"In conclusion I have now merely to say I declare the Mellstock Club and reading room to be open."

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To Mrs Ambrose Dudley, on December 30. Hardy writes:

~~December 30. 1919.~~

"I am sorry to say that your appeal for a poem that should be worthy of the event of the 8th.August 1918 reaches me at too late a time of life to attempt it..... The outline of such a poem, which you very cleverly sketch, is striking, and ought to result at the hands of somebody or other who may undertake it, in a literary parallel to the Battle of Prague -- a piece of music which ceased to be known long before your time, but was extraordinarily popular in its day - reproducing the crashing of guns nearer and nearer, the groans of the wounded, and the final fulfilment, with great fidelity.

The length of the late war exhausted me of all my impromptu poems dealing with that tragedy..... I quite think that one of our young poets would rise to the occasion if you were to give him the opportunity."

This year went out quietly with Hardy as is shown by the brief entry: "New Year's Eve. Did not sit up."

To Mrs Ambrose Dudley, on December 30 Monday [illegible]

December 30, 1916.

"I am sorry to say that your appeal for a poem that should be worthy of the event of the 4th August 1916 reaches me at too late a time of life to attempt it..... The outline of such a poem, which you very cleverly sketch, is striking, and ought to result at the hands of somebody or other who may undertake it, in a literary parallel to the battle of Prague -- a piece of music which proved to be known long before your time, but was extraordinarily popular in its day - reproducing the crashing of guns nearer and nearer, the groans of the wounded, and the final fulfilment, with great fidelity.

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Chapter XVII

"The Dynasts" at Oxford; Hon. Degree A deputation;A Controversy.
1920. Act 79 - 80.

"January 19. Coming back from Talbothays by West Stafford Cross I saw Orion upside down in a pool of water under an oak."

On February 2, Hardy was invited to receive an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Letters during the time he was to be in Oxford at the performance of "The Dynasts" at the theatre, which he had promised to attend; and on the 9th. he set out by train for Oxford with Mrs Hardy though the members of the O.U.D.S. had offered to send a car for him all the way. The day was unusually fine for February and they were met at the station by enthusiastic representatives of the society, driven round Oxford, and conducted to the house of Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh who were their hosts.

The next day after lunching with friends they went to the Sheldonian and the degree was received, his wife, Evelyn Gifford, and her sister being present among others. Evelyn, daughter of the late Archdeacon Gifford, was his bright and affectionate cousin by marriage, whom Hardy was never to see again. Had he known it when he was parting from her outside the Sheldonian in the rain that afternoon his heart would have been heavier than

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On February 2, Hardy was invited to receive an honorary Degree of Doctor of Letters during the time he was to be in Oxford at the performance of "The Dynasts" at the theatre, which he had promised to attend; and on the 6th, he set out by train for Oxford with Mrs Hardy though the members of the O.U.D.S. had offered to send a car for him all the way. The day was unusually fine for February and they were met at the station by enthusiastic representatives of the society, driven round Oxford, and conducted to the house of Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh who were their hosts.

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it was.

In the afternoon he met the Poet-Laureate, Mr Masefield and many friends at the Raleigh's and also at the theatre in the evening, from which they did not return till one o'clock - the whole day having been of a most romantic kind.

follow on.

An Account of Thomas Hardy's coming to Oxford in 1920 to witness a performance of The Dynasts by the Oxford University Dramatic Society, and of a later meeting with him in Dorchester when A Desperate Remedy was produced there: written in 1929, at Mrs Hardy's request, by Charles Morgan, who in 1920 was Manager for the O.U.D.S, in 1921 its President, and afterwards dramatic critic of The Times.

When the University re-assembled after the war, the Oxford University Dramatic Society was in low water. The tradition was broken, the surviving membership was not more than half-a-dozen, and the treasury was empty. During 1919 new members joined and life began to flicker in the Society, but its future largely depended upon the success or failure of the first annual play in the new series.

An undergraduate was instructed to consider, during the long vacation of 1919, what play should be performed and to report to the Committee. His choice was The Dynasts and he had to defend it against those who objected that it was not Shakespearian and that Shakespeare was a tradition of the Society: and against

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those more dangerous critics who said that The Dynasts would be costly, and, pointing to the balance sheet, asked whence the money would come. The financial objection was at last overcome by personal guarantees. The Committee endorsed the choice and the Vice-Chancellor, whose special consent was needed for the performance of so modern a work, allowed it. The arguments in its favour were, indeed, unanswerable. The Dynasts was unique in literature, an epic drama without predecessor in its own kind. Its writer was a living Englishman: its subject was closely linked with the tragedy in which nearly all the players had lately participated; and, except for those who had seen Granville-Barker's production, it would be a new theatrical experience.

One difficulty remained: the play was copyright, and it seemed to us very probable that Hardy would refuse permission to perform it. He is an old man, we said, and set fast in Dorset; he will not give a fig for what he will call amateur theatricals, nor will he be troubled with our affairs. It was the impression of us all that he would be forbidding and formidable, and he was approached with misgiving. He gave his play to us, not grudgingly nor with any air of patronage, but with so gracious a courtesy that we were made to feel that he was genuinely pleased to find young men eager to perform his work. I do not remember the text of his reply to the original request, but I

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remember well the impression made by it - an impression increased by his later correspondence. Long before he came to Oxford his individuality had become established among us. Without whittling away his legend by any of the affectations of modesty, he had, by his gentle plainness, banished our fear of it.

Even so, when we invited him and Mrs Hardy to come to Oxford to see the play, we had little hope that he would accept, for our ideas had over-estimated his age - or, rather, under-estimated the vigour of it- and his withdrawal into Wessex was believed to be permanent. But he said he would come, and Sir Walter Raleigh invited him to be his guest. So soon as it was known that he would visit Oxford, everyone perceived what hitherto few had been able to perceive - that, in withholding her highest honour from the author of The Dynasts and The Return of the Native (perhaps, whispered Cambridge and the world, because he was also the author of Jude the Obscure) Christminster was making herself ridiculous. A D.C.L. was offered him. Authority must have sighed with relief when he did not refuse.

It fell to me to meet him at the station. I give my impression of him then and afterwards, not because it is of value as being mine, but for two reasons- first that Mrs Hardy has asked it; secondly that I should dearly love to see some great writer of the past

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Hardy made it easy for a young man to be his host - made it easy, not by any loose affability of manner or by a parade of that heartiness which, in too many celebrated men, is a form of patronage, but simply by making no attempt whatever to impress or to startle me. I had not expected cleverness or volubility in him; and his speech was,at first, slight and pleasantly conventional. He introduced me to Mrs Hardy, asked how long the drive would be to Sir Walter's, used, in brief, the small talk of encounter, giving me time to become accustomed to his presence and to break free of the thought: I must remember this; I shall remember and tell of it when I am an old man. He himself seemed to me prodigiously old, not because there was any failure in his powers - he was, on the contrary, sprightly, alert, bird-like - but because his head had an appearance of being much older than his body, his neck having the thinness and his brow the tightness of great age, and his eyes - so old that age itself seemed to have swung full circle within them - being the eyes of some still young man who had been keeping watch at sea since the beginning of time. I remember that, sitting opposite him in the cab, I began to think of the sea and to

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imagine his head appearing above the bridge-ladder of a warship. Then I thought of a bird again, a small bird with a great head. And I made another discovery that pleased me: in external things he was deeply old-fashioned, and, fearing perhaps some assertive, new-fangled conduct in an undergraduate, timid and a little suspicious. I knew at once that I had nothing to fear from an old gentleman who by no means wished to pretend that he was young and would never embarrass me by forsaking those little formalities of ordinary behaviour to which I myself had been trained.

Thus, because he made no attempt to break it, the ice melted easily and naturally. He asked of the play, saying that it had not been intended for the stage and that he wondered at our having chosen it.

Then, breaking off from this and reminded, I think, by Mrs Hardy, he said: "We thought we should we like to make a little tour of Oxford before going out to the Raleigh's. I don't know it well as it is to-day, and Mrs Hardy knows it less." He knew it, however, well enough to have planned a route with precision. We drove slowly, stopping now and then when he commanded it, and of each place he spoke in a different tone as if some mood were connected with it. Jude was, of course, the inevitable thought of one who had read that book in a midshipman's hammock when to him also Oxford was a beckoning dream. It seemed very strange to be

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driving solemnly down the High and up the Broad with the author of Jude. It seemed strange because, after all, it was so natural. Here was an old man taking a normal and reasonable interest in the place where he was - quietly "seeing the sights" in the fasion of his own time and without the self-consciousness of ours.

But when we are undergraduates we expect writers to be literary men in all things; we cannot easily dissociate them from their works; and it seemed to me very odd that Thomas Hardy should bother about the Martyns' Memorial.

When the tour was over, we went forward towards our destination. Hardy began to ask me about the age of undergraduates and what effect the war had had upon us. I told him that my own war service delivered me from one examination and from compulsory chapels. "Compulsory chapels..." said Hardy and no more; then, opening a little case on the seat beside him and producing from it a handful of small volumes, he aske me if I knew what they were. "Poems," he said, "written by young men. They very kindly send them to me." Very kindly - was there irony in that? But Hardy, reading my thought, dismissed it. He left no doubt that he was glad to have these volumes sent to him, seeing in them a tribute to himself as a poet, not a novelist - and he cared deeply for that. And from this there came

driving solemnly down the High and up the Broad with the author of Jude. It seemed strange because, after all, it was so natural. Here was an old man taking a normal and reasonable interest in the place where he was - quietly "seeing the sights" in the fashion of his own time and without the self-consciousness of ours.

But when we are undergraduates we expect writers to be literary men in all things; we cannot easily dissociate them from their works; and it seemed to me very sad that Thomas Hardy should bother about the Hartyne Memorial.

When the tour was over, we went forward towards our destination. Hardy began to ask me about the age of undergraduates and what effect the war had had upon us. I told him that my own war service delivered me from one examination and from compulsory chapels. "Compulsory chapels..." said Hardy and he forgot them, opening a little case on the seat beside him and producing from it a handful of small volumes, he asks me if I knew what they were. "Poems," he said, "written by young men. They very kindly send them to me." Very kindly - was there irony in that? But Hardy, reading my thought, dismissed it. He left no doubt that he was glad to have these volumes sent to him, seeing in them a tribute to himself as a poet, not a novelist - and he cared deeply for that. And from this there came

to me an opportunity to ask a question that I had been afraid to ask: whether he would ever write another tale. "No," he answered, "I gave it up long ago. I wanted to write poetry in the beginning; now I can. Besides, it is so long since I wrote a novel that novel-readers must have forgotten me." And, when I had said something, he added: "No. Much depends on the public expectation. If I wrote a story now, they would want it to be what the old ones were. Besides, my stories are written."

I have no recollection of any conversation after that nor any picture of Hardy in my mind until, going to Dorchester in 1922 to see the Hardy Players perform a dramatization of Desperate Remedies, I was invited by him to Max Gate, where we sat round the fire after tea and he told me of his early days in London, and how he would go to Shakespearian plays with the text in his hands and, seated in the front row, follow the dialogue by the stage-light. He told me, too, that he had written a stage-version of Tess, and something of its early history; how, after the success of the novel, the great ones of the earth had pressed him to dramatize it; how he had done so and the play had been prepared for the stage; by what mis-chance the performance of it had been prevented. Where was it now? In a drawer. Would he allow it to be performed? He smiled, gave no answer, and began at once to talk of

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criticism - first of dramatic criticism which, he said, in the few newspapers that took it seriously was better than literary criticism, the dramatic critics having less time "to rehearse their prejudices"; then of literary criticism itself - a subject on which he spoke with a bitterness that surprised me. The origin of this bitterness was in the past where, I believe, there was indeed good reason for it, but it was directed now against contemporary critics of his own work, and I could not understand what general reason he had to complain of them. He used no names; he spoke with studied reserve, sadly rather than querulously; but he was persuaded - and there is evidence of this persuasion in the preface to the posthumous volume of his verse - that critics approached his work with an ignorant prejudice against his "pessimism" which they allowed to stand in the way of fair reading and fair judgment.

This was a distortion of facts as I knew them. It was hard to believe that Hardy honestly thought that his genius was not recognised; harder to believe that he thought his work was not read. Such a belief indicated the only failure of balance, the only refusal to seek the truth, which I perceived in Hardy, and I was glad when the coming of a visitor, who was I think secretary of the Society of Dorset men, led him away from criticism to plainer subjects. When the time came for me to go, seeing that he proposed to come out

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with me, I tried to restrain him, for the night was cold; but he was determined, and Mrs Hardy followed her own wise course of matching her judgment with his vitality. So he came down among the trees to the dark road, and I saw the last of him standing outside his gate with a lantern swaying in his hand. I shall not know a greater man nor have I ever known one who had, in the same degree, Hardy's power of drawing reverence towards affection.

He was not simple; he had the formal subtlety peculiar to his own generation there was something deliberately "ordinary" in his demeanour which was a concealment of extraordinary fires - a method of self-protection common enough in my grandfather's generation , though rare now.

There are many who might have thought him unimpressive because he was content to be serious and determined to be unspectacular. But his was the kind of character to which I lay open. He was an artist, proud of his art, who yet made no parade of it; he was a traditionalist and, therefore, suspicious of fashion; he had that sort of melancholy, the absence of which in any man has always seemed to me to be a proclamation of blindness.

There was in him something timid as well as something fierce, as if the world had hurt him and he expected it to hurt him again. But what fascinated me above all was the contrast between the plainness, the quiet rigidity of his behaviour, and the passionate boldness of his mind, for

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To Mr Joseph Mc Cabe, who wrote proposing to include Hardy in a Biographical Dictionary of Modern Rationalists.

ital heading to letter

February 18. 1920.

Dear Sir:

"As Mr Hardy has a cold which makes writing trying to his eyes, I answer your letter for him. He says he thinks he is rather an irrationalist than a rationalist, on account of his inconsistencies. He has, in fact, declared as much in prefaces to some of his poems where he explains his views as being mere impressions that frequently change. Moreover, he thinks he could show that no man is a rationalist, and that human actions are not ruled by reason at all in the last resort. But this, of course is outside the question. So that he cannot honestly claim to belong to the honourable body you are including in your dictionary, whom he admires for their straightforward sincerity and permanent convictions, though he does not quite think they can

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claim their title.

Yours very truly,

F.E.Hardy.

On March 7th 1920 Hardy writes to an old friend of nearly fifty years standing, Mr John Slater, F.R.I.B.A.

....."As to your question whether I should like to be nominated as an Hon. Fellow of the R.I.B.A. I really don't know what to say. Age has naturally made me, like Gallio, care for none of these things at any rate very much, especially as I am hardly ever in London. But at the same time I am very conscious of the honour of such a proposition, and like to be reminded in such a way that I once knew what a T square was. So, shall I leave the decision to your judgment? "

Hardy was duly nominated and elected, and it was a matter of regret with him that he could not attend the meetings of the Institute, held still in the same old room in Conduit Street in which he had received the prize medal for his essay in 1862 from the hands of Sir Gilbert Scott. Mr John Slater was almost the only surviving friend of Hardy's architectural years in London. since the death of Arthur Blomfield.

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"March 25. Joined National Committee for acquiring Wentworth Place - the house once occupied by John Keats."

"April 7. A would-be author, not without humour, writing from S. Africa for a "foreword" from me, adds: "Mr Balfour when writing asked me not to use his remarks, mentioning the number of books sent him from all parts of the world (for forewords). But mental dexterity greatly inferior to yours, Sir, could contrive to do somewhat, and yet avoid the consequences contemplated" - i.e., multitudes of other would-be novelists asking the same favour."

"April 21. Went with F. to St. Margaret's, Westminster to the wedding of Harold Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Cavendish. Sat with Lord Morley, and signed as one of the witnesses. Morley, seeing Bryce close by us, and the Duke of Devonshire near, whispered to F., "Which weigh most, three O.M's or one Duke?"

This was Hardy's last visit to London. He with his wife, stayed for two nights only at J.M.Barrie's flat, so near the house in Adelphi Terrace where he had worked as an architect's assistant nearly sixty years before.

"May 14. Motored with F. and K. to Exeter. Called on the Granville-Barkers at Sidmouth. Cathedral service: the beautiful anthem, "God is gone up." (Croft) Well sung. Psalms to Walker in E flat. Felt I should prefer to be a cathedral organist to anything in the world. "Bidding my organ obey, calling

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its keys to their work, claiming each slave of the sound." A fine May day."

At the end of May a letter came from C.W.Moule in reply to Hardy's note of sympathy on his loss of his only remaining brother Handley the Bishop of Durham, with whom Hardy had had occasion to correspond the year before. As it was the last letter Hardy received from his correspondent, who himself passed away within the next year, the following passages are quoted:

"In condolence "the half is more than the whole", as the wise Greek paradox saith (πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.)..... Your friendly acceptance of those stanzas was answered by me, but that in which you told me that dear Horace was one of "The Five Students" in Moments of Vision I fear was never answered.... I did not know of Handley's nearness in age to your sister Mary (they were only two days apart) nor did I know that your mother and mine knew each other well enough to compare notes on the point..... I am glad you saw him at Max Gate. We wish that we could see you here. I may try to send you some book in memoriam H.C.G.M..."Not one is there among us that understandeth any more", as a snapshot of the current generation, is worthy of you." (Hardy had quoted the words from the 74th Psalm in the letter to which this was an answer, alluding probably to the memories familiar to all three).

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On June 2nd. of this year came Hardy's eightieth birthday, and he received a deputation from the Society of Authors, consisting of Mr Augustine Birrell, Mr Anthony Hawkins, and Mr John Galsworthy. The occasion was a pleasant one, and the lunch lively. Many messages were received during the day, including one from the King, the Lord Mayor of London, the Cambridge Vice-Chancellor, and the Prime Minister.

Hardy pencilled down the following as "Birthday notes":

"When, like the Psalmist, "I call mine own ways to remembrance", I find nothing in them that quite justifies this celebration."

"The value of old age depends upon the person who reaches it. To some men of early performance it is useless. To others, who are late to develop, it just enables them to complete their job."

"We have visited two cathedrals during the last month, and I could not help feeling that if men could get a little more of the reposefulness and peace of those buildings into their lives how much better it would be for them."

"Nature's indifference to the advance of her species along what we are accustomed to call civilized lines makes the late war of no importance to her, except as a sort of geological fault in her continuity."

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not find that real civilization has advanced equally. People are not more humane, so far as I can see, than they were in the year of my birth. Disinterested kindness is less. The spontaneous goodwill that used to characterize manual workers seems to have departed. One day of late a railway-porter said to a feeble old lady, a friend of ours, "See to your luggage yourself." Human nature had not sunk so low as that in 1840."

"If, as has been lately asserted, only the young and feeble League of Nations stands between us and the utter destruction of Civilization, it makes one feel he would rather be old than young. For a person whose chief interest in life has been the literary art - poetry in particular - the thought is depressing that, should such an overturn arrive, poetry will be the first thing to go, probably not to revive again for many centuries. Anyhow, it behoves young poets and other writers to endeavour to stave off such a catastrophe."

Among others who remembered his birthday Mr John Lane sent a glass goblet which had come into his possession many years before, remarking,....."no doubt it was intended as a gift for you from some fair but probably shy admirer;" to which Hardy replied:

"Alas, for the mysterious goblet inscribed to the mysterious namesake of mine. He must, or may, have been a jockey from the diagrams..... Anyhow, no woman ever took the trouble to inscribe her love for me on a cup of crystal - of that you

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The next week J.M.Barrie came to Max Gate on a visit, and in July Hardy and his wife were motoring about Dorset, showing some features of the county to their friend Mrs Arhthur Henniker, who was staying at Weymouth, and at that time had ideas of buying a house in the neighbourhood. He was also engaged in further correspondence on the scheme of establishing a South-western University at Exeter.

To Mr.G. Herbert Thring.

August 23. 1920.

"The address from the Members of the Council, representing the Society of Authors all, has reached me safely, and though I knew its contents - its spiritual part - on my actual birthday when the deputation came here, I did not realize its bodily beauty till now -

As to the address itself I can only confirm by this letter what I told the deputation by word of mouth - how much I have been moved by such a mark of good-feeling - affection as I may truly call it - in the body of writers whose President I have had the distinction of being for many years - a do-nothing President, a roi-fainéant, I very greatly fear, in spite of their assurances! However, the Society has been good enough to take me as worth this tribute, and I thank them heartily for it and what it expresses. It will be a cheering reminder of bright

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things whenever I see it or think of it, which will be often and often."

Like many other literary men Hardy constantly received letters from unknown correspondents, and as years advanced he was quite unable to reply to these. The following letter from an irate stranger caused him genuine amusement:

From Mr A... M.... of Letchworth.
August 1920.

Dear Sir:

I am driven to wonder why the devil you don't answer letters that are written to you!

Very truly,

A....M...."

"September 6. Death of Evelyn Gifford, at Arlington House, Oxford. Dear Evelyn! whom I last parted from in apparently perfect health." She was the daughter of Dr Gifford who married Margaret Jeune, and the poem "Evelyn G. of Christminster" was written on this occasion.

"Nov. 11. Hardy's poem "And there was a great calm", appeared in The Times Armistice Supplement, and on the 13th, the Dorchester Amateurs performed "The Return of the Native" in Dorchester, as dramatized by Mr Tilley.

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In declining to become a Vice-President of a well-known Society Hardy writes:

"I may be allowed to congratulate its members upon their wise insistence on the word "English" as the name of this country's people, and in not giving way to a few short-sighted clamourers for the vague, unhistoric and pinch-beck title of "British" by which they would fain see it supplanted."

Towards the end of the year Hardy was occupied with the following interesting correspondence.

To Mr Alfred Noyes.

"Dorchester.

"13th December.
1920.

"Dear Mr Noyes:

"Somebody has sent me an article from The Morning Post of Dec.9. entitled "Poetry and Religion" which reports you as saying, in a lecture, that mine is "a philosophy which told them (readers) that the Power behind the Universe was an imbecile jester."

"As I hold no such "philosophy", and, to the best of my recollection, never could have done so, I should be glad if you would inform me whereabouts I have seriously asserted such to be my opinion.

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It should be stated that Mr Noyes had always been a friendly critic of Hardy's writings, and one with whom he was on good terms, which was probably Hardy's reason for writing to him, who would be aware there was no personal antagonism in his letter.

Mr Noyes replied that he was sorry the abbreviated report of his address did not contain the tribute he had paid Hardy as a writer with artistic mastery and at the head of living authors, although he did disagree with his pessimistic philosophy; a philosophy which, in his opinion, led logically to the conclusion that the Power behind the Universe was malign; and he referred to various passages in Hardy's poems that seemed to bear out his belief that their writer held the views attributed to him in the lecture; offering however to revise it when reprinted if he had misinterpreted the aforesaid passages.

To Mr Alfred Noyes.

"December 19th. 1920.

"I am much obliged for your reply, which I really ought not to have troubled you to write. I may say for myself that I very seldom do give critics such trouble, usually letting things drift, though there have been many occasions when a writer who has been so much abused for his opinions as I have been would perhaps have done well not to hold his peace.

"I do not know that there can be much use in my saying more than I did say. It seems strange that

Mrs. Hardy
(Personal Copy.)

T. H.

Vol. II.

1892 to [end].

Middle-age to------

[2nd. Copy]

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THOMAS HARDY.

VOL II.

Mem.

Vol. II. might begin here, if 2 Vols.

[Number of typescript pages in the whole, probably about 650 or under, which at 230 words each page makes 150,000. (a fair length for a biography)]

PART V.

Tess, Jude, and the end of Prose.

Chapter XX.

The Reception of the Book.

1892. Aet. 51 - 52.

As ~~the novel~~ Tess of the d'Urbervilles got into general circulation it attracted an attention that Hardy had ~~apparently not foreseen~~, for at the time of its publication he was planning something of quite a different kind, according to an entry he made:

"Title:- 'Songs of Five-and-Twenty years'. Arrangement of the songs: Lyric Ecstacy inspired by music to have precedence."

However, reviews, letters, and other intelligence speedily called him from these casual thoughts back to the novel, which the tediousness of the alterations and restorations had made him weary of. From the prefaces to later editions can be gathered more or less clearly what happened to the book as, passing into great popularity, an endeavour was made by some critics to change it to scandalous notoriety - the latter kind of clamour, raised by a certain small section of the public and the press, being quite inexplicable to the writer himself. ~~It would have been amusing if it had not revealed such antagonism at the back of~~

~~The subtitle of the book, added as a casual afterthought, seemed to be especially exasperating. All this~~

it, ~~such distortions of the truth~~ bearing evidence, as Hardy used to say, "Of that absolute want of principle in the reviewer which gives one a start of fear as to a possible crime he may commit against one's person, such as a stab or a shot in a dark lane for righteousness' sake." Such critics, however, "who, differing from an author of a work purely artistic, in sociological views, politics, or theology, cunningly disguise that illegitimate reason for antagonism by attacking his work on a point of art itself", were not numerous or effectual in this case. And, as has been implied, they were overpowered by the dumb current of opinion.

Among other curious results from the publication of the book was that it started a rumour of Hardy's theological beliefs which lived, and spread, and grew, so that it was never completely extinguished. Near the end of the story he had used the sentence "The President of the Immortals had finished his sport with Tess". ~~And~~ The classical sense in which he had used ~~it~~ them is best shown by quoting a ~~letter~~ reply he wrote thirty years later to some unknown critic who ~~had~~ said in ~~his~~ an article:

"Hardy postulates an all powerful being endowed with the baser human passions, who turns everything to evil and rejoices in the mischief he has wrought," ~~Another~~ a critic ~~took~~ taking up the tale by adding:

"To him evil is not so much a mystery, a problem, as the wilful malice of his god."

Hardy's reply was written down but (it is believed), as in so many cases with him, never posted; though I am able to give it ~~here~~ from ~~a~~ the rough draft:

"As I nedd hardly inform any thinking reader, I do not hold, and

and the words were, as Hardy often explained to his reviewers, but a literal translation of Aesch: Prom: 169: Μακάρων πρύτανις.

~~Hardy~~

~~Given distortions of the truth~~ bearing evidence, as Hardy used to say, "for that absolute want of principle in the reviewer which gives a start of fear as to a possible crime he may commit against one's person, such as a stab or a shot in a dark lane for righteousness' sake." Such critics, however, "who, differing from an author of a purely artistic, in sociological views, politics, or theology, mundanely disguise that illegitimate reason for antagonism by attacking his work on a point of art itself", were not numerous or effectual in this case. And, as has been implied, they were overpowered by the much current of opinion.

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"As I need Darwin Introry any thinking reader, I do not hold, and

never have held, the ludicrous opinions here assumed to be mine - which are really, or approximately, those of the primitive believer in his man-shaped tribal god. And in seeking to ascertain how any exponent of English literature could have supposed that I held them, I find that the writer of the estimate has harked back to a passage in a novel of mine [Tess] printed many years ago, in which the forces opposed to the heroine were allegorized as a personality, (a method not unusual in imaginative prose or poetry) by the use of a well-known trope, explained in that venerable work Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric as 'one in which life, perception, activity, design, passion, or any property of sentient beings, is attributed to things inanimate."

"Under this species of criticism if an author were to say 'Aeolus maliciously tugged at her garments, and tore her hair in his wrath,' the sapient critic would no doubt announce that author's evil creed to be that the wind is a 'powerful being endowed with the baser human passions', etc. etc."

"However, I must put up with it, and say as Parrhasius of Ephesus said about his pictures: There is nothing that men will not find fault with."

White line

The deep impression produced on the general and uncritical public by the story was the occasion of Hardy's receiving strange letters - some from husbands whose experiences had borne a resemblance to that of Angel Clare, though more, from wives with a past like that of Tess; but who had not told their husbands, and asking for his counsel under the burden of their concealment. Some of these were educated women of good position, and Hardy used to say the singular thing was that they should have

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put themselves in the power of a stranger by these revelations (their names having often been given, though sometimes initials at a post-office only) when they would not trust persons nearest to them with their secret. However, they did themselves no harm, he would add, for though he was unable to advise them, he carefully destroyed their letters, and never mentioned their names, or suspected names, to a living soul. He owed them that much, he said, for their trust in his good faith.

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A few, too, begged that he would meet them privately, or call on them, and hear their story instead of their writing it. He talked the matter over with his friend Sir Francis Jeune, who had had abundant experience of the like things in the Divorce Court where he presided, and who recommended him not to meet the writers alone, in case they should not be genuine. He himself, he said, also got such letters, but made it a rule never to notice them. Nor did Hardy, though he cometimes sadly thought that they came from sincere women in trouble.

"Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was also the cause of Hardy's meeting a good many people of every rank during that spring, summer, and onwards, and of opportunity for meeting a good many more if he had chosen to avail himself of it. Many of the details that follow concerning his adventures in the world of fashion at dinner-parties, ~~amusem~~ and other social functions, which Hardy himself did not think worth recording, have been obtained from diaries kept by the late Mrs Hardy.

It must be repeated that ~~the~~ his own notes on these meetings were set down by him as private memoranda only; and that they, or some of them, are reproduced here to illustrate what contrasting planes of existence he moved in - vibrating at a swing between the ~~social functions~~ artificial gaieties of a London season and the quaintnesses of a primitive rustic life.

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Society remarks on "Tess" were curious and humorous. Strangely enough Lord Salisbury, with whom Hardy had a slight

acquaintance, was a supporter of the story. - Also: "The Duchess of Abercorn tells me that the novel has saved her all future trouble in the assortment of her friends. They have been almost fighting across her dinner table over Tess's character. What she now says to them is 'Do you support her or not?' If they say 'No indeed. She deserved hanging: a little harlot!' she puts them in one group. If they say 'Poor wronged innocent!' and pity her, she puts them in the other group where she is herself." Discussing the question thus with another noble dame who sat next him at a large dinner-party, they waxed so contentious that they were startled to find the whole table of two-and-twenty silent, listening to their theories on this vexed question. And a well-known beauty and statesman's wife also present snapped out at him: "Hanged? They ought all to have been hanged!"

"Called on 'Lucas Malet'. A striking woman: full, slightly voluptuous, mouth, red lips, black hair and eyes: and most likeable. Met her sister Miss Rose Kingsley there.

"At Lady Dorothy Nevill's. She told me about her recent visit to Dorsetshire, and that the only family relic she could find in her girlhood's house at "Weatherbury" was an old door-trig with her father's coronet upon it. Also an extraordinarily tangled scandal about a Princess - now long deceased.

"Took Arthur Balfour's sister in to dinner at the Jeunes'. Liked her frank sensible womanly way of talking. The reviews have made me shy of presenting copies of "Tess", and I told her

plainly that if I gave her one it might be the means of getting me into hot water with her. She said: "Now don't I really look old enough to read any novel with safety by this time!" Some of the best women don't marry - perhaps wisely.

"Mrs Joseph Chamberlain seems quite a girl in talking to her. Did not care so much for the appearance and manner of her husband at first, but that may have been superficial only. Lady Hilda Brodrick is also charming in her girlish naivete. Also talked to Arthur Balfour and Sir Charles Russell.

"April 10. Leslie Ward, in illustration of the calamities of artists, tells me of a lady's portrait life-size he has on his hands: that he was requested by her husband to paint. When he had just completed the picture she eloped with a noble earl, whereupon ~~the~~ her husband wrote to say he did not want the painting, and Ward's labour was wasted, there being no contract. The end of the

story was that the husband divorced her, and, like Edith in Browning's 'Too Late', she 'married the other', and brought him a son and heir. At a dinner the very same evening the lady who was my neighbour at the table told me that her husband was counsel in the case, which was hurried through, that the decree might be made absolute and the remarriage take place before the baby was born.

"11. In the afternoon called on Lady Hilda Brodrick and had a long and pleasant tête-à-tête with her. She had wept bitterly over "Tess", and made me feel a criminal. she told me, In the evening with Sir F. and Lady J. to the gaiety theatre to hear Lottie Collins in her song "Ta-ra-ra". A rather striking tune and performance, to foolish words.

"15. Good Friday. Read review of 'Tess' in The Quarterly. A smart and amusing article; but it is easy to be smart and amusing if a man will forgo veracity and sincerity. You can see in every line that the reviewer has his tongue in his cheek. The article is, in fact, full of unblushing misstatements: 'e.g., 'This clumsy sordid tale of boorish brutality and lust.'

"In one place Bludyer says the story is told in a coarse manner; in another that it is not. So you may go on. How strange that one may write a book without knowing what one puts into it — or rather, the reader reads into it! Well, if this sort of thing continues no more novel-writing for me. A man must be a fool to deliberately stand up to be shot at."

[No white line]

"Such reviews as The Quarterly are a dilemma for the literary worker. There is the self-reproach on the one hand of being

conventional enough to be praised by them, and the possible pecuniary loss of being abused by them on the other". ¶ But this ~~he~~ weighed little ~~beside~~ with Hardy beside ~~comforted himself with~~ the thought that not to be attacked by papers like The Quarterly was not to show any literary esprit whatever.

More ~~However~~, the repute ~~fame~~ of the book spread not only through England, and America, and the Colonies, but through the European Continent and Asia; and during this year translations appeared in various languages, its publication in Russia exciting great interest. On the other hand some local libraries in English-speaking countries "suppressed" the novel - with what effect was not ascertained. Hardy's ~~dear~~ good-natured friends Henry James and R.L.Stevenson, (whom he called afterwards the Polonius and the Osric of novelists) ~~and Henry James~~ corresponded about it in this ~~style~~ vein: "Oh, yes, dear Louis: 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles' is vile. The pretence of sexuality is only equalled by the absence of it, [?] and the abomination of the language by the author's reputation for style." (Letters of Henry James.) When Hardy read this after James's death he said, "How ~~innocent~~ indecent ~~[illegible]~~ of those two virtuous females to expose their mental nakedness in such a manner."

"16. Dr Walter Lock, Warden of Keble, Oxford, called. 'Tess' he said, 'is the Agamemnon without the remainder of the Orestean trilogy.' This is inexact, but suggestive as to how people think.

" Am glad I have got back from London and all those dinners: - London, that hot-plate of humanity, on which we first sing, then simmer, then boil, then dry away to dust and ashes!

"Easter Sunday. Was told a story of a handsome country-girl. Her lover, though on the point of matrimony with her, would

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not perform it because of the temper shown by her when they went to buy the corner-cupboard and tea-things, her insistence on a different pattern, and so on. Their child was born illegitimate. Leaving the child at home she went to Jersey, for this reason, that a fellow village-girl had gone there, married, and died; and the other thought that by going and introducing herself to the widower as his late wife's playmate and friend

not perform it because of the temper shown by her when they went to buy the corner-cupboard and tea-things, her insistence on a different pattern, and so on. Their child was born illegitimate. Leaving the child at home she went to Jersey, for this reason, that a fellow village-girl had gone there, married and died; and the other thought that by going and introducing herself to the widower as his late wife's bosom friend

from childhood he would be interested in her and marry her too. She carried this out, and he did ~~not~~ marry her. But her temper was so bad that he would not live with her; and she went on the streets. (On her voyage home she died of disease she had contracted and was thrown into the sea - some say before she was quite dead.) Query: What became of the baby?

~~"April 1891. The tone of many critics of my book:~~

~~"First edition. Poor Hardy! it is a fine piece of work. We'll give him a little encouragement.~~

~~"Second edition. Mr. Hardy's making some mistake.~~

~~"Third edition. Why should he be thought more of than (?)~~

~~"Fourth edition. Miserable imitator. We must slaughter a rascal who is coming in our art or in life.~~

At the beginning of June in reply to an invitation from the South Dorset Liberal Association to nominate their candidate in the forthcoming election Hardy wrote:

"I am and always have been compelled to ~~g~~ forgo all participation in active politics, by reason of the neutrality of my own pursuits, which would be stultified to a great extent if I could not approach all classes of thinkers from an absolutely unpledged point - the point of 'men', not measures,' - exactly the converse of a true politician's".

"May 2. Wasted time in the B. Museum ~~looking~~ in hunting up a book that contains a tragedy, according to Lang in 'The New Review,' of which 'Tess' is a plagarism. Discovered there was no resemblance, it being about an idiot. Why should one's club-acquaintance bring such charges?"

During May they were again in London, going out a ~~great~~ good deal. "Took in to dinner my friend Lady N---, who does not know who her mother was." Among others Hardy met at dinners at this date were Lady Salisbury, who was "at first stiff, but grew very friendly", Lord and Lady Wimborne again, with whom he dined,

and the Prince and Princess Christian, "who were by this time most affable."

He notes that on the 27th. of the month, ~~when he was dining at Lady Metcalfe's,~~ his father, away in the country, "went upstairs for the last time." On the 31st. he received a letter from his sister Mary on their father's illness, saying that it being of a mild lingering kind there was no immediate hurry for his return; and hence he dined with Lady Malmesbury on his berthday June 2nd., in fulfilment of a three-weeks' engagement, before returning to Dorchester. This however he did the next day, arriving at his house just when his brother had come to fetch him.

He found his father much changed; and yet he rallied for some weeks onward.

In the town one day Hardy passed by chance the tent just erected for Sanger's Circus, when the procession was about to start. "Saw the Queen climb up on her lofty gilt-and-crimson throne by a step-ladder. Then the various nations personified climbed up on theirs. They, being men, mounted anyhow, 'no swearin'!' being said to them as a caution. The Queen, seated in her chair on the terrestrial globe, adjusts her crimson and white robes over her soiled satin shoes for the start, and looks around on Hayne's trees, the church-tower, and Egdon Heath in the distance. As she passes along the South-walk Road she is obliged to duck her head to avoid the chestnut boughs tearing off her crown."

"June 26. Considered methods for the Napoleon drama. Forces; emotions; tendencies. The characters do not act under the influence of reason.

~~"June 26. Considered methods for the Napoleon drama. Forces; emotions; tendencies. The characters do not act under the influence of reason.~~ [See over]

~~"June 28.~~ "The art of observation (during travel, etc.) consists in this: the seeing of great things in little things, the whole in the part - even the infinitesimal part. For instance, you are abroad: you see an English flag ~~in~~ on a ship-mast from the window of your hotel: you realize the English navy. Or, at home, in a soldier you see the British Army, in a bishop at your club, the Church of England; and in a steam hooter you hear Industry."

He was paying almost daily visits to his father at this time. On the 19th. his brother told him ~~he~~ the patient was no worse, so he did not go that day. But on the 20th. Crocker, one of his brother's men, came to say that their father had died quickly that afternoon - in the house in which he was born. Thus, in spite of ~~himself~~ his endeavours, Hardy had not been present.

Almost the last thing his father had asked for was water fresh drawn from the well - which was brought and given him; he tasted it and said, "Yes - that's our well-water. Now I know I am at home."

Hardy frequently stated in after years that the character of Horatio in "Hamlet" was his father's to a nicety, and in

We don't always remember as we should that
July 1. In getting at the truth, we get only at the true nature of the impression that an object, etc., produces on us, the true thing in itself, being still beyond our knowledge, as Kant shows.

Hardy's copy of that play his father's name and the date of his death are written opposite the following lines:

"Thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

He was buried close to his father and mother, and near the Wrights of various dates in the 17th and 18th centuries, with whom the Hardys had been connected.

"August 14. Mother described to-day the three Hardys as they used to appear passing over the brow of the hill to Stinsford Church on a Sunday morning, three or four years before my birth. They were always hurrying, being rather late, their fiddles and violoncello in green-baize bags under their left arms. They wore top hats, stick-up shirt-collars, dark blue coats with great collars and gilt buttons, deep cuffs and black silk 'stocks' or neckerchiefs. Had curly hair, and carried their heads to one side as they walked. My grandfather wore drab cloth breeches and buckled shoes, but his sons wore trousers, and Wellington boots."

In August they received at Max Gate a long promised visit from Sir Arthur Blomfield, who had taken a house a few miles off for a month or two. Contrary to Hardy's expectations Blomfield liked the design of the Max Gate house. The visit was a very pleasant one, abounding in reminiscences of 8 Adelphi Terrace, and included a drive to "Weatherbury" Church and an examination of its architecture.

August 31. My Mother says she looks at the furniture and feels she is nothing to it. All those belonging to it, and the place, are gone, and it is ~~in her hands~~ left in her hands, a

stranger. (She has, however, lived there these fifty-three years).

"August. I hear of a girl of Maiden Newton who was shod by contract like a horse, at so much a year.

~~"Sept. Mr Shorter, Editor of the "Illustrated News", asked for a story or article. Styled it Mirah.~~

"Sept. 4. There is a curious Dorset expression - 'tankard-legged'. This style of leg seems to have its biggest end downwards, and I have certainly seen legs of that sort. My mother says that my Irish ancestress had them, the accomplished lady who is reputed to have read the Bible through seven times; though how my mother should know what the legs of her husband's great-great-grandmother were like I cannot tell."

※ [see on back]

This month they attended a Field-Club meeting at Swanage, and were introduced to "old Mr B---, 'the King of Swanage'. He had a good profile, but was rougher in speech then I should have expected after his years of London, - being the ordinary type of Dorset man self-made by trade, whenever one of the county does self-make himself, which is not often....Met Dr Yeatman the Bishop of Southwark [after of Worcester]. He says the Endicotts [Mrs J. Chamberlain's ancestors] are a Dorset family."

~~"Sept. 11. Article on "An Ancient Earthwork", originally printed in an American paper, revised and sent to Mr Shorter, for him to consider if he will reprint it in the I.L.N., as I have nothing else.~~

"Sept. 17. Stinsford House burnt. Discovered it to be on fire when driving home from Dorchester with E. I left the carriage and ran across the meads. She drove on, having promised to dine out at Canon R. Smith's. I could ~~see~~ soon see that the old ~~house~~ mansion was

※ Among the many stories of spell-working that I have been told the following is one of how it was done by two girls about 1830. They killed a pigeon, stuck its heart full of pins, made a tripod of three knitting-needles, and suspended the heart on them over a lamp, murmuring an incantation while it roasted, and using the name of the young man in whom one or both were interested. The said young man felt racking pains about the region of the heart, and suspecting something went to the constables. The girls were sent to prison.

doomed, though there was not abreath of wind. Coppery flames were visible in the sun through the trees of the park, and a few figures in shirt-sleeves on the roof. Furniture on the lawn: several servants perspiring and crying. Men battering out windows to get out the things - a bruising of tender memories for me. I worked in carrying books and other articles to the vicarage. When it grew dark the flames entered the drawing-room and dining rooms, lighting up the chambers of so much romance. [~~on which anon~~] the delicate tones of the wall-painting seemed pleased at the illumination at first, till the inside of the rooms became one roaring oven; and then the ceiling fell, and then the roof, sending a fountain of a sparks from the old oak into the sky.

"Met Mary in the churchyard, who had been laying flowers on Father's grave, on which the firelight now flickered.

"Walked to Canon Smith's dinner-party just as I was, it being too late to change. E. had preceded me there, since I did not arrive until nine. Dinner disorganized and pushed back between one and two hours, they having been to the fire. Met Bosworth Smith [Harrow master] who had taken E. to the fire, though I saw neither of them. Late home.

"I am sorry for the house. It was where Lady Susan Strangways, afterwards Lady Susan O'Brien, lived so many years with her actor-husband, after the famous elopement in 1764, so excellently described in Walpole's Letters, Mary Frampton's Journal, &c. ~~Walpole's remark on the marriage: 'Even a footman were preferable! I could not have believed that Lady Susan would~~ [and already alluded to in the early pages of this book]

My grandfather, as stated, she knew ~~her~~ well, and he carefully heeded her tearful instructions to build the vault (for her husband and later herself) 'just large enough for us two'. ~~So that~~ Walpole's satire on her romantic choice that 'a footman were preferable', would have missed fire somewhat, if tested by time.

My father when a boy-chorister in the gallery of the church used to see her, an old ~~woman~~ and lonely widow, walking in the garden in a red cloak.

"End of September. In London. "This is the time to realize London as an old city, all the pulsing excitements of May being absent.

"Drove home from dining with ~~the~~ McIlvaine at the Café Royal, behind a horse who had no interest in me, was going a way he had no interest in going, and was whipped on by a man who had no interest in me, or the horse, or the way. Amid this string of compulsions reached home."

"October. At Great Fawley, Berks. Entered a ploughed

vale which might be called the Valley of Brown Melancholy. The silence is remarkable....Though I am alive with the living I can only see the dead here, and am scarcely conscious of the happy children at play."

"~~October 7. Tennyson died yesterday morning.~~ stet.

"October 13. At Tennyson's funeral in Westminster Abbey. The music was sweet and impressive, but as a funeral the scene was less penetrating than a plain country interment would have been. Lunched afterwards at the National Club with E.Gosse, Austin Dobson, Theodore Watts, and William Watson.

"The Daily News of yesterday coins the word 'Tessimism' in the following sentence:- 'At this hour the world is pessimistic, and pessimism (we had almost said Tessimism) is popular and fashionable.' I think I discern in this bit of smart journalism the fine Roman hand of A. Lang."

"18. Hurt my tooth at breakfast-time. I look in the glass. Am conscious of the humiliating sorriness of my earthly tabernacle, and of the sad fact that the best of parents could do no better for me....Why should a man's mind have been thrown into such close, sad, sensational, inexplicable relations with such a precarious object as his own body!"

"Oct. 24. The best tragedy - high tragedy in short - is that of the WORTHY encompassed by the INEVITABLE. The tragedies of immoral and worthless people are not of the best."

December. - "At the 'Empire' [Music-Hall.] The dancing-girls are nearly all skeletons. One can see drawn lines and puckers in their young flesh. They should be penned and fattened for a month to round out their beauty."

"December 17. At an interesting legal dinner at Sir Francis Jeune's. They were all men of law but myself - mostly judges. Their stories, so old and boring to one another, were all new to me, and I was delighted. Hawkins told me his experiences in the Tichborne case, and that it was by a mere chance that he was not on the other side. Afterwards, when Lady J. had a large reception, the Electric-lights all went out, just when the rooms were most crowded, but fortunately there being a shine from the fire we all stood still till candles were brought in in old rummaged-up candlesticks.

Lord Coleridge - (the cross-examiner in the same case, with his famous, 'would you be surprised to hear?') was also anecdotic.

"Dec. 18. Met at lunch ~~and~~ or dinner ~~Col. Mackenzie, Lady Shrewsbury, Hon. Mrs Barrington, Henry Irving, Arnold Morley, Mrs Adair, Hamilton Aide, Terris, or Grossmith. Talked a good deal to Lady S., Mrs A., and H. Aide.~~"

CHAPTER XXI.

Visits and intermittent writing.

1893. Aet. 52 - 53.

"Jan. 13. "The Fiddler of the Reels" (Short Story) posted to Messrs Scribner, New York.

"Feb. 16. Heard a curious account of a grave that was ordered (by telegraph?) at West Stafford, and dug. But no funeral ever came, (the person who had ordered it being unknown;) and the grave had to be filled up." This entry had probably arisen from Hardy's occupation during some days of this winter in designing his father's tombstone, of which he made many complete drawings for the stonemason, and It was possibly his contact with the stonemason ~~at this time~~ that made him think of that trade for his next hero, though in designing church stonework as an architect's pupil he had of course met with

[see on back]

"Feb. 23. A story must be exceptional enough to justify its telling. We tale-tellers are all Ancient Mariners, and none of us is warranted in stopping Wedding Guests (in other words, the hurrying public) unless he has something more unusual to relate then the ordinary experience of every average man and woman.

"The whole secret of fiction and the drama - in the constructional part - lies in the adjustment of things unusual to things eternal and universal. The writer who knows exactly how exceptional, and how non-exceptional, his events should be made, possesses the key to the art."

"April. I note that "A clever thrush, and a stupid nightingale, sing very much alike." [see on back]

In London this spring they again met many people, the popularity of Hardy as an author now making him welcome anywhere. For the first time they took a whole house, ~~one in~~ 70 Hamilton Terrace, and brought up their own servants, and found themselves much more comfortable under this arrangement than they had been before.

~~Before entering~~ While getting into the house, however, Hardy stayed with their friends the Jeunes, and met there among many others "the Bancrofts, Miss Mary Moore, Mr Goschen, Lord and Lady Wimborne, Miss Julia Peel, Lady Louisa Loder, Lady Hilda Brodrick and her husband, Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, Lord Sudeley, and Mr Reel. During a large party one evening, "M.J. remembered she had promised some friends to be at theirs early: but three of her men-about-town guests stayed and stayed as if they would never go. At length the last one did leave, and we rushed off to Lord Stanhope's in Grosvenor Place, arrived about half past twelve, had a charming hob-and-nob time, everybody but one or two being gone, and reached bed about two o'clock."

X "Feb. 22. There cannot be equity in one kind. Assuming, e.g., that the possession of £1,000,000 sterling or 10,000 acres of land be the coveted 'ideal', all cannot possess £1,000,000 or 10,000 acres. But there is a practicable equity possible: that the happiness which one man derives from one thing shall be equalled by what another man derives from another thing. Freedom from worry, for instance, is a counterpoise to the lack of great possessions, though he who enjoys that freedom may not think so.

⊕ "Am told that Nat C—'s good-for-nothing grandson has 'turned ranter'—i.e. street preacher—and, meeting a girl he used to carry on with, the following dialogue ensued:—

He: 'Do you read your Bible for your spiritual good?'

She: 'Ho-ho! Git along wi' thee!'

He: 'But do you, my dear young woman?'

She: 'Haw-haw! Not this morning!'

He: 'Do you read your Bible, I implore?'

She (tongue out): 'No, nor you neither. Come, you can't act in that show, Natty! You haven't the guts to carry it off.' The discussion was ended by their going off to Came Plantation.

At such crushes, luncheons, and dinners the Hardys made or renewed acquaintance also with Mrs R.Chamberlain, Mr Charles Wyndham, Mr Goschen, and the Duke, Duchess, and Princess May of Teck — afterwards Queen Mary. -"Lady Winifred Gardner whispered to me that meeting the Royal Family always reminded her of family prayers. The Duke confused the lady who introduced me to him by saying it was unnecessary, as he had known me for years, adding privately to me when she was gone, 'That's good enough for her: of course I meant I had known you spiritually." I sat opposite Princess May at table: ~~she is not a bad-looking girl, and a man might marry a worse.~~ She has nice eyes as have so many of the Royal family. ~~The Duke was vexed that he had been put next to the Countess of ---. Lady Dorothy Nevill, Sir H. James, and Mr Justice Hawkins also present.~~

"13. Whibley dined with me at the Savile, and I afterwards went with him to the Trocadero Music Hall. Saw the great men - the famous performers at the Halls - drinking at the bar in long coats before going on: on their faces an expression of not wishing in the least to emphasize their importance to the world.

~~"14. Dined with Charles Whibley at Millbank Street, a quaint place: I wonder how he found it out. Met there W.E. Henley, Bob Stevenson, and Pennell. An enjoyable evening.~~

~~"15. Dined with Ray Lankester at the Savile, and met James Knowles, Sir H. Thompson, Dr Lauder Brunton, and others."~~

"April 19. Thought while dressing, and seeing people go by to their offices, how strange it is that we should talk so glibly of 'this cold world which shows no sympathy', when this is

the feeling of so many components of the same world - probably a majority - and nearly every one's neighbour is waiting to give and receive sympathy."

[See on back]

"27. A great lack of tact in A.J.B., who was in the chair at the Royal Literary Fund dinner which I attended last night. The purpose of the dinner was of course to raise funds for poor authors, largely from the pockets of the more successful ones who were present with the other guests. Yet he dwelt with much emphasis on the decline of the literary art, and on his opinion that there were no writers of high rank living in these days. We hid our diminsihed heads, and buttoned our pockets. What he said may have been true enough, but alas for saying it then!"

"28. At Academy Private View. Find that there is a very good painting here of Woolbridge Manor-House under the (erroneous) title of 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles' ancestral home'. Also one entitled 'In Hardy's Country, Egdon Heath.'

"The worst of taking a furnished house is that the articles in the rooms are saturated with the thoughts and glances of others.

"May 10. Spent a scientific evening at the conversazione of the Royal Society, where I talked on the exhibits to Sir R. Quain, Dr Clifford Allbutt, Humphry Ward, Bosworth Smith, Sir J. Crichton Browne, F. and G. Macmillan, Ray Lankester, and others, without (I flatter myself) betraying excessive ignorance in respect of the points in the show."

"May 18. Left Euston by 9 o'clock morning train with E.

※ "25. Courage has been idealized; why not Fear? – which is a higher consciousness, and based on a deeper insight."

for Llandudno, en route for Dublin. After arrival at Llandudno drove round Great Orme's Head. Magnificent deep purple-grey mountains, the fine colour being on account of an approaching storm.

"19. Went on to Holyhead and Kingstown. Met onboard John Morley the Chief Secretary, and Sir John Pender. ~~on board. Met~~ Were awaited at Dublin by conveyance from Vice-Regal Lodge as promised, this invitation being one renewed from last year, when I was obliged to postpone my visit on account of my father's death. We were received by Mrs Arthur Henniker, the Lord-Lieutenant's sister. A charming, intuitive woman apparently. Lord Houghton came in shortly after.

"Our bedroom-windows face the Phoenix Park and the Wicklow Mountains. The Lodge appears to have been built some time in the last century. A roomy building with many corridors.

"20. To Dublin Castle, Christ Church, etc., conducted by Mr Trevelyan, Em having gone with Mrs Henniker, Mrs Greer, and Miss Beresford to a Bazaar. Next day (Sunday) she went to Christ Church with them, and Trevelyan and I, after depositing them at the church door, went on to Bray, where we found the Chief Secretary and the Lord Chancellor at the grey hotel by the shore, 'making magistrates by the dozen' as Morley said.

22. Whit Monday. Several went to the races. Mr Lucy (who is also here) and I, however, went into Dublin, and viewed the public buildings and some comical drunken women dancing, I suppose because it was Whitsuntide. Afterwards drove with Em to the Castle, which we had a good look over, returning afterwards

to Phoenix Park.

"A larger party at dinner, including General Milman and daughter. Mr Dundas, an A.D.C., played banjo and sang. Mrs Henniker the zithern.

"23. Em went to races with Mrs Greer, Miss Beresford and others. Morley came to lunch. In afternoon I went with H.Lucy to the scene of the Phoenix Park murders.

"24. Queen's birthday review. Troops and carriages at door at ½ past 11. The Aides - of whom there are about a dozen- are transformed by superb accoutrements into warriors - Mr St John Meyrick into a Gordon Highlander [he was killed in the South African war], Mr Dundas into a dashing hussar. Went in one of the carriages of the procession with E. and the rest. A romantic scene, pathetically gay, especially as to the horses in the gallop past. "Yes: very pretty!" Mr Dundas said, as one who knew the real thing.

"At lunch Lord Wolseley told me interesting things about ~~the~~ war. On the other side of me was a young lieutenant, grandson of Lady de Ros, who recalled the Napoleonic wars. By Wolseley's invitation I visited him at the Military Hospital. Thence drove to Mrs Lyttleton's to tea at the Chief Secretary's Lodge (which she rented). She showed me the rooms in which the bodies of Lord F.Cavendish and Mr Burke were placed, and told some gruesome details of the discovery of a roll of bloody clothes under the sofa after the entry of the succeeding Secretary. The room had not been cleaned out since the murders.

"We dined this evening at the Private Secretary's Lodge with Mrs Jekyll. Met Maharffy there, a rattling, amusing talker, and others. Went back to the Viceregal Lodge soon enough to join the state diners in the

On the
miniature
railwa

drawing room. Talked to several, and the Viceroy. Very funny altogether, this little Court. ~~Captain Cecil Talbot. Lady Cowper. Some people wanted to leave. Lord Charlemont hinted to the Viceroy to that effect, and The Queen was pleased. We joined him afterwards in the smoking room.~~

"25. Went over Guinness's Brewery, with Mrs Henniker and several of the Viceregal guests, in the morning. Mr Guinness conducted us. On the miniature railway We all got splashed with porter, or possibly dirty water, spoiling Em's & Mrs Henniker's clothes. E. and I left the Lodge after lunch and proceeded by 3 o'clock train to Killarney, Lord Houghton having given me a copy of his poems. Put up at the Great Southern Railway Hotel.

"26. Drove in car round Middle Lake, first driving to Ross Castle. Walked in afternoon about Killarney town, where the cows stand about the streets like people.

"27. Started in wagonette for the Gap of Dunloe. Just below Kate Kearney's house Em. mounted a pony and I proceeded more leisurely on foot by the path. The scenery of the Black Valley is deeply impressive. Here are beauties of Nature to delight man, and to degrade him by attracting all the vagabonds in the country. Boats met us at the head of the Upper Lake, and we were rowed through the three to Ross Castle, whence we drove back to Killarney Town."

On the following Sunday they left and passed through Dublin, sleeping at the Marine Hotel at Kingstown, and early the next morning took the boat to Holyhead, ~~"Found Sir Garnet Wolseley and Miss Kirkman, Sir Fitz Stan, Mrs Henniker, and others.~~

* The chief significance of Hardy's visit to Dublin was his meeting there with Mrs Arthur Henniker (Florence Henniker) who became afterwards one of his closest and most valued friends, remaining so until her death many years after. As befitted the daughter of Monkton Milnes (Lord Houghton) she had a love of the best in Literature, and was herself a writer of novels and short stories, none of which, unfortunately, ever received the recognition which, in Hardy's opinion, they undoubtedly deserved. Some of his best short poems were inspired by her, and the only time he ever wrote in collaboration was with her in a short story, 'The Spectre of the Real'.

Reaching London the same evening. [Insert note opposite]

Early in June ~~Next day~~ Hardy attended a rehearsal at Terry's Theatre of his one-act play called "The Three Wayfarers" - a dramatization made at the suggestion of Mr J.M. Barrie. of his story "The Three Strangers". On the 3rd. June the play was produced with one equally short by his friend, ~~Mr J.M. Barrie~~, and another or two. The Hardys went with ~~Dady, Lottie and some more~~ friends, and found that the little piece was well received.

During the week he saw Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" and "Rosmersholm", in which Miss Elizabeth Robins played. The former he had already seen, but was again impressed by it, as well as by the latter. Hardy could not at all understand the attitude of the English press towards these tragic productions - the culminating evidence of our blinkered insular taste being afforded by the nickname of "the Ibscene drama" which they received.

On the eighth he met for the first time (it is believed) that brilliant woman Mrs Craigie; and about this date various other people, including Mr Hamilton Aidé, an old friend of Sir Arthur Blomfield's. In the week he still followed up Ibsen, going to "The Master Builder" with Sir Gerald and Lady Fitzgerald and her sister Mrs Henniker, who said afterwards that she was so excited by the play as not to be able to sleep all night; and on Friday lunched with General Milman at the Tower, inspecting "Little-ease", and other rooms not generally shown at that time. In the evening he ~~took~~ went with Mrs Hardy and Miss Milman to Barrie's play "Walker, London", going behind the scenes with Barrie, and making the acquaintance of J. L. Toole, who said he could not go on even now on a first night without almost breaking down with nervousness. In a letter to Mrs Henniker Hardy describes this experience:

"The evening of yesterday I spent in what I fear you will call a frivolous manner – indeed, during the time, my mind reverted to an Ibsen experience; and I could not help being regretfully struck by the contrast – although I honestly was amused. Barrie had arranged to take us and Maarten Maartens to see B's play of "Walker London", and lunching yesterday with the Milmans at the Tower we asked Miss Milman to be of the party. Mr Toole heard we had come and invited us behind the scenes. We accordingly went and sat with him in his dressing-room, where he entertained us with hock and champagne, he meanwhile in his paint, wig and blazer as he had come off the stage, amusing us with the drollest of stories about a visit he and a friend paid to the Tower some years ago: how he amazed the custodian by entreating the loan of the crown jewels for an amateur dramatic performance for a charitable purpose, offering to deposit 30/- as a guarantee that he would return them etc etc etc. We were rather late home as you may suppose."

Some ten days later Hardy was at Oxford. It was during the Encaenia, with the Christ-Church and other college balls, garden parties, and suchlike bright functions, but Hardy did not make himself known, his object being to view the proceedings entirely as a stranger. It may be mentioned that the recipients of Honorary Degrees this year included Lord Rosebery, the Bishop of Oxford, Dr Liddell, and Sir Charles Euan Smith, a friend of his own. ~~He is believed that~~ He viewed the Commemoration proceedings from the undergraduates' gallery of the Sheldonian, his quarters while at Oxford being at the Wilberforce Temperance Hotel.

The remainder of their season in London this year was of the usual sort. ~~A dinner at the Mansion House,~~ (Lady Shrewsbury's a public one at) A memorial service to Admiral Tryon, a view of the marriage procession of the Duke of York and Princess May from the Club window, performances by Eleanora Duse and Ada Rehan in their respective theatres, with ~~other~~ various dinners and luncheons, brought on the end of their term in Hamilton Terrace, and they returned to Dorchester. A note he made this month runs as follows:

"I often think that women, even those who consider themselves experienced in sexual strategy, do not know how to manage an honest man."

In the latter part of July Hardy had to go up to Town again for a few days, when he took occasion to attend a lecture by Stepniak on Tolstoi, to visit city churches, and to go with Lady

Jeune and her daughters to a farewell performance by Irving. ~~At Mrs Arthur Stanhard Kennard's he met Lady Harcourt and the widowed Lady Mayo, and at Lady Shrewsbury's her bright brisk-thoughted daughter Lady Gwendolen Little - elsewhere becoming acquainted with Lady Powis, and renewing acquaintance with Mr J. Chamberlain.~~ His last call this summer was on Lady Londonderry, ~~he~~ who remained his friend through the ensuing years. "A beautiful woman still," he says of her; "and very glad to see me, which beautiful women are not always. The Duchess of Manchester [Consuelo] called while I was there, and Lady Jeune. All four of us talked of the marriage-laws, a conversation which they started, not I; also of the difficulties of separation, ~~and~~ of terminable marriages where there are children, and of the nervous strain of living with a man when you know he can throw you over at any moment."

It may be mentioned here that after the Duchess of ~~Manchester's~~ death a good many years later Hardy described her as having been when he first knew her "a warm-~~hearted~~ natured woman, laughing-eyed, and bubbling with impulses, in temperament ~~something~~ very much like "Julie-Jane" in one of ~~his~~ my poems."

At Dorchester. - "July 31st. "Mrs R.Eliot lunched. Her story of the twins, 'May' and 'June'. May was born between 11 and 12 on the 31st May, and June between 12 and 1 on June the 1st."

"August 4. I feel very guilty this morning. A lady I much respect writes that she wept so much over the last volume of "Tess" that her husband or brother said with vexation he would leave her to read it by herself. When finished she said to him

that a man (meaning me) ought not to give readers so much pain. I have apologized. Truly, whatever romance-writers feel about being greater, they may feel that they are cruellier than they know." ~~This~~ The following month, in reply to an enquiry by the editors of the Parisian paper L'Ermitage: he wrote:

"I consider a social system based on individual spontaneity to promise better for happiness than a curbed and uniform one under which all temperaments are bound to shape themselves to a single pattern of living. To this end I would have society divided into groups of temperaments, with a different code of observances, for each group."

It is doubtful if this Utopian scheme possessed Hardy's fancy for any long time.

In the middle of August Hardy and his wife accepted an invitation to visit the Milnes-Gaskells at Wenlock Abbey, on their way thither calling at Hereford to see the Cathedral, Hardy always making a point of not missing such achievements in architecture, even if familiar. Lady Catherine and her daughter met them at the station. "Lady C. is as sweet as ever, and occasionally shows a quizzical wit." The pet name 'Catty' which her dearest friends give her has, I fear, a suspicious tremor of malice in it. They were interested to find their bedroom in the Norman part of the building, Hardy saying he felt quite mouldy at sleeping within walls of such high antiquity.

Their time at the Abbey appears to have been very pleasant. They idled about in the shade of the ruins. Hardy discussed social problems with Lady C, and was her father-confessor on a

"wicked wanton flirtation she had once indulged in, which had pricked her conscience ever since." Milnes-Gaskell told an amusing story of a congratulatory dinner by fellow-townsmen to a burgher who had just obtained a divorce from his wife, where the mayor made a speech beginning, "On this auspicious occasion". During their stay they went with him to Stokesay Castle and Shrewsbury. Lady Wenlock came one day; and on Sunday Hardy and Lady C. walked till they were tired, when they "sat down on the edge of a lonely sand-pit and talked of suicide, pessimism, whether life was worth living, and kindred dismal subjects, (till we were quite miserable.) After dinner all sat round a lantern in the court under the stars - where Lady C. told stories in the Devonshire dialect, moths about the lantern, as in In Memoriam. defined the difference between coquetting and flirting, considering the latter a grosser form of the first, and alluded to Zola's phrase, 'a woman whose presence was like a caress,' saying that some women could not help it being so, even if they wished it otherwise. I doubted it, considering it but their excuse for carrying on."

On their way back the Hardys went to Ludlow Castle and deplored the wanton treatment which had led to the rooflessness of the historic pile where "Comus" was first performed and "Hudibras" partly written. Hardy thought that even now a millionaire might be able to reroof it and make it his residence.

On a flying visit to London at the end of this month, he dining at the Conservative Club with Sir George Douglas, had "an interesting scientific conversation" with Sir James Crichton

Browne. "A woman's brain, according to him, is as large in proportion to her body as a man's. The most passionate women are not those selected in a civilized society to breed from, as in a state of nature, but the colder; the former going on the streets (I am sceptical about this). The doctrines of Darwin require readjusting largely; for instance, the survival of the fittest in the struggle for life. There is an altruism and coalescence between cells as well as an antagonism. Certain cells destroy certain cells; but others assist and combine. — Well, I can't say."

"September 13. At Max Gate. A striated crimson sunset; opposite it I sit in the study writing by the light of a shaded lamp, which looks primrose against the red." This was Hardy's old study facing west (now altered) in which he wrote "Tess of the d'Urbervilles", before he removed into his subsequent one looking East, where he wrote "The Dynasts" and all his later poetry, and which is still unchanged.

"Sept. 14. Drove with Em to the Sheridans, Frampton. Tea on lawn. Mrs Mildmay, young Harcourt, Lord Dufferin, &c. On our return all walked with us as far as the first park-gate. May [afterwards Lady Stracey] looked remarkably well," ~~and Sophy [afterwards Lady Waverton] Hall Walker middling pretty.~~

"Sept. 17. At Bockhampton heard a story about eels that was almost gruesome - how they jumped out of a bucket at night, crawled all over the house and halfway up the stairs, their tails being heard swishing in the dark, and were ultimately

found in the garden; and when water was put to them to wash off the gravel and earth they became lively and leapt about."

At the end of the month Hardy and his wife went on a visit to Sir Francis and Lady Jeune at Arlington Manor, finding the house when they arrived as cheerful as the Jeunes' house always was in those days, Hardy saying that there ~~never~~ was never another house like it for cheerfulness. Among the other house-guests were Mrs Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") Lewis Morris, Mr Stephen (a director of the North-western railway) Hubert Howard son of Lord Carlisle, &c. - On Sunday morning Hardy took a two hours walk with Mrs Craigie on the moor, when she explained to him her reasons for joining the Roman Catholic Church, a step which had vexed him somewhat. Apparently he did not consider her reasons satisfactory, but their friendship remained unbroken. While staying there they went to Shaw House, an intact Elizabethan mansion, and to a picnic in Savernake Forest, "where Lady Jeune cooked luncheon in a great saucepan, with her sleeves rolled up and an apron on."

"Oct. 7 - 10. Wrote a song." (Which of his songs is not mentioned.)

"Nov. 11. Met Lady Cynthia Graham. In appearance she is something like my idea of 'Tess', though I did not know her when the novel was written.

"Nov. 23. Poem. 'The Glass-stainer' (published later on).

Nov. 28. Poem. 'He views himself as an automaton'(published).

"December. Found and touched up a short story called 'An

Imaginative Woman'."

"In London with a slight cold in the head. Dined at the Dss. of Manchester's. Most of the guests had bad colds, and our hostess herself a hacking cough. A lively dinner all the same. As some people had not been able to come I dined with her again a few days later, as did also George [afterwards Lord] Curzon. Lady Londonderry told me that her mother's grand-mother was Spanish, whence the name of Theresa. There were also present the Duke of Devonshire, Arthur Balfour, and Mr and Mrs Lyttleton. When I saw the Duchess again two or three days later she asked me how I liked her relation the Duke. I said not much; he was too heavy for one thing. 'That's because he's so shy!' she urged. 'I assure you he is quite different when it wears off'. I looked as if I did not believe much in the shyness. However ~~perhaps~~ I'll assume it was so".

After looking at a picture of Grindlewald and the Wetterhorn at somebody's house he writes: "I could argue thus: 'There is no real interest or beauty in this mountain, which appeals only to the childish taste for colour or size. The little houses at the foot are the real interest of the scene.'" Hardy never did argue so, nor intend to, nor quite believe the argument; but one understands what he means.

Finishing his London engagements, which included the final revision with the Hon. Florence Henniker of a weird story in which they had collaborated, entitled "The Spectre of the Real"— he spent Christmas at Max Gate as usual, receiving the carol-singers there on Christmas-eve, where "though quite modern, with a harmonium, they made a charming picture with their lanterns under the trees, the rays

diminishing away in the winter mist." On New Year's Eve it was calm, and they stood outside the door listening to the muffled peal from the tower of Fordington St George.

CHAPTER XXII.

Another novel finished, mutilated, and restored.

1894 - 1895. Aet 53 - 55.

"Feb. 4. 1894. - Curious scene encountered this (Sunday) evening as I was walking back to Dorchester from Bockhampton very late - nearly 12 o'clock. A girl almost in white on the top of Stinsford Hill, beating a tambourine and dancing. She looked like one of the 'angelic quire,' who had tumbled down out of the sky, and I could hardly believe my eyes. Not a soul there or near but her and myself. Was told she belonged to the ~~Salv~~ Salvation Army, who beat tambourines devotionally." The scene was afterwards put into verse.

One day this month he spent in Stinsford Churchyard with his brother, superintending the erection of their father's tombstone.

Hardy passed the first half of March in ~~Town~~ London, again seeing a good many people, some of whom were old and some new friends, among them being Lady Pembroke, Sir Edward Lawson, who told Hardy interesting points in his history, Princess Christian and

her daughter Victoria, ~~Princess Mary and~~ the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Mrs Lyttleton, Lord Rowton, and Lord Herschell the Lord Chancellor, who told Hardy some of his odd legal experiences. At Londonderry House the subject arose of social blunders. The hostess related some amusing ones of hers; but Sir ~~Redvers Beauc~~ Redvers Buller capped everybody by describing what he called a "double-barrelled" one of his own. He inquired of a lady next him at dinner who a certain ~~man~~ gentleman was, "like a hippopotamus," sitting opposite them. He was the lady's husband; and Sir R--- was so depressed by the disaster that had befallen him that he could not get it off his mind; hence at a dinner the next evening he sought the condolences of an elderly lady, to whom he related his misfortune; and remembered when he had told the story that his listener was the gentleman's mother.

At a very interesting luncheon at the Bachelor's Club given by ~~Mr~~ his friend George ~~[Earl]~~ Curzon he made the acquaintance of Mr F.C. Selous the mighty hunter, with the nature of whose fame he was not however quite in sympathy, wondering how such a seemingly humane man could live for killing; and also of Lord Roberts and Lord Lansdowne. ~~Elsewhere he met at this time Lord Randolph Churchill & the humorous Lord Morris.~~

After these cheerful doings he returned to ~~Mar~~ Gate for awhile, but when in London again, to look for a house for the spring and summer, he occasionally visited a friend he had earlier known ~~already knew~~ by correspondence, Lord Pembroke, author of "The Earl and the Doctor", a fellow ~~W~~ Wessex man as he called himself, for whom Hardy acquired a very warm feeling. He was now ill at a nursing home in London, and an amusing incident occurred while his visitor was sitting by his bedside one afternoon, thinking

On Hardy's next visit to his friend ~~at the last time he saw him~~ Pembroke said with the faintest reproach: "You go to the fashionable house in front, and you might come round to the back to see me." The nursing home was at the back of Lady Londonderry's. They never met again, and when he heard of Pembroke's unexpected death Hardy remembered the words and grieved.

what havoc of good material it was that such a fine and handsome man should be prostrated. He whispered to Hardy that there was a "Tess" in the establishment, who always came if he rang at that time of the day, and that he would do so then that Hardy might see her. He accordingly rang, whereupon Tess's chronicler was much disappointed at the result; but endeavoured to discern personal beauty in the very indifferent figure who responded, and at last persuaded himself that he could do so. When she had gone the patient apologized, saying that for the first time since he had lain there a stranger had attended to his summons.

[See on back]

This year they found a house at South Kensington, and moved into it with servants brought from the country, to be surprised a little later by the great attention their house received from butchers' and bakers' young men, postmen, and other passers-by; when they found their innocent country servants to have set up a flirtations with all these in a bold style which the London servant was far too cautious to adopt.

At the end of April he paid a visit to George Meredith at his house near Box Hill, and had an interesting and friendly evening there, his son and daughter-in-law being present. "Meredith" he said, "is a shade artificial in manner at first, but not unpleasantly so, and he soon forgets to maintain it, so that it goes off quite."

At a dinner at the Grand Hotel given by Mr Astor to his contributors in May, Hardy had a talk with Lord Roberts, who spoke most modestly of his achievements. It was "an artistic and luxuriant banquet, with beds of roses on the tables, electric lights

X "April 7. Wrote to Harper's, asking to be allowed to cancel the agreement to supply a serial story to Harpers' Magazine". This agreement was the cause of a good deal of difficulty afterwards (the story being Jude the Obscure), as will be seen.

~~nent~~ shining up like glow-worms through their leaves and ~~te~~ petals, [an arrangement somewhat of a novelty then] and a band playing behind the palms."

This month he spared two or three days from London to go to Aldeburgh in Sugfolk, where at the house of Mr Edward Clodd his host he met Grant Allen and Whymper the mountaineer, who told of the tragedy on the Matterhorn in 1865 in which he was the only survivor of the four Englishmen present - a reminiscence which impressed Hardy from the fact that he remembered the particular day, thirty years before, of the arrival of the news in this country. He had walked from his lodgings in Westbourne-Park Villas to Harrow that afternoon, and on entering the place was surprised to notice people standing at the doors discussing something with a serious ~~face~~ look. It turned out to be the catastrophe, two of the victims being residents of Harrow. The event lost nothing by Whymper's relation of it. He afterwards marked for ~~M~~ Hardy on a sketch of the Matterhorn a red line showing the track of the adventurers to the top, - and the spot of the accident - a sketch which is still at Max Gate with his signature.

On a day in the week following he was at the Women Writers' Club - probably its first anniversary meeting - and, knowing what women writers mostly had to put up with, was surprised to find himself in a group of fashionably dressed youngish ladies instead of struggling dowdy females, the Princess Christian being present with other women of rank. "Dear me - are women-writers like this!" he said with changed views.

"May 23. Dined at Mary Jeune's. Talked to people till my throat was tired [his throat was always weak] - namely Lady Brownlow, Mrs Adair, young Harcourt, Lady Charles Beresford, Lady Yarborough, Lady Wantage, Lord C. Beresford, Lord Wantage, Lord Wimborne. Took Lady Wimborne in to dinner.

"Afterwards went on to Lady Lewis's dinner to pick up Em. Met also a good many people there."

During the same week they fulfilled likewise day or night invitations to Lady Carnarvon's, Mrs Pitt-Rivers's, and other houses. At Lady Malmesbury's one of her green linnets escaped from its cage, and he caught it, - reluctantly, but feeling that a green linnet at large in London would be in a worse predicament than as a prisoner. At the Countess of Y----'s, a woman very rich and very pretty, [Marcia, Lady Yarborough] she informed him mournfully in tête-à-tête that people snubbed her, which so surprised him that he could hardly believe it, and frankly told her it was her own imagination. [* see on back] And at an evening-party at her house later he found her in a state of nerves, lest a sudden downpour of rain which had occurred should prevent people coming, and spoil her grand gathering. However, when the worst of the thunderstorm was over they duly streamed in, and she touched him joyfully on the shoulder and said "You've conjured them!" - "My entertainer's sister Lady P---- was the most ~~prettiest~~ beautiful woman there. On coming away there were no cabs to be got [on account of a strike, it seems] and I returned to S.K. on the top of a'bus. No sooner was I up there than the rain began again. A girl who had scrambled up after me asked for the shelter of my umbrella, and I gave it, - when she startled me by holding on tight to my arm and bestowing on me many kisses for

※ She was the lady of the "Pretty pink frock" poem, though it should be stated that the deceased was not her husband but an uncle.

the trivial kindness. She told me she had been to 'The Pav', and was tired, and was going home. She had not been drinking. I descended at the South Kensington Station and watched the 'bus bearing her away. An affectionate nature wasted on the streets! It was a strange contrast to the scene I had just left."

Early in June they were at the first performance of a play by Mrs Craigie at Daly's Theatre, and did some entertaining at their own house, after which Mrs Hardy was unwell, and went to Hastings for a change of air, Hardy going to Dorchester to look at some alterations he was making in his Max Gate house. At the end of a week he fetched his wife from Hastings, and after more dinners and luncheons he went to a melodrama at the Adelphi, which was said to be based without acknowledgement on "Tess of the d'Urbervilles". He had received many requests for a dramatic version of the novel, but he found that nothing could be done with it among London actor-managers, all of them in their notorious timidity being afraid of the censure from conventional critics ~~public~~ that had resisted Ibsen; and he abandoned all idea of producing it, one prominent actor telling him frankly that he could not play such a dubious character as Angel Clare (which would have suited him precisely) "because I have my name to make, and it would risk my reputation with the public if I played anything but a heroic character without spot." Hardy thought of the limited artistic sense of even a leading English actor. Yet before and after this time Hardy received letters or oral messages from almost every actress of note in Europe asking for an opportunity of appearing in the part of "Tess" - among them

being Mrs Patrick Campbell, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, and Eleanora Duse.

During July Hardy met Mrs Asquith for the first time; and at another house he had an interesting conversation with Dr W.H. Russell on the battles in the Franco-Prussian war, where Russell had been correspondent for The Times, and was blamed by some readers for putting too much realism into his accounts. Russell told Hardy a distressing story of a horse with no under jaw, laying its head upon his thigh in a dumb appeal for sympathy, two or three days after the battle of Gravelotte, when he was riding over the field; and other such sickening experiences.

Whether because he was assumed to have written a notorious novel or not Hardy could not say, but he found himself continually invited hither and thither to see famous beauties of the time - some of whom disappointed him; but some he owned to be very beautiful, such as Lady Powis, Lady Yarborough, Lady de Grey, - "handsome, tall, glance-giving, arch, friendly - ",the Duchess of Montrose, Mrs John Hanbury, Lady Cynthia Graham, Amélie Rives, and many others. A crush at Lady Spencer's at the Admiralty was one of the last of the parties they attended this season. But he mostly was compelled to slip away as soon as he could from these gatherings, finding that they exhausted him both of strength and ideas, few of the latter being given him in return for his own, either because the fashionable throng would not part from those it possessed, or did not possess any.

On the day of their giving up their house at South Kensington a curious mishap befell ~~Hardy~~ him. He had dispatched the servants and luggage in the morning; Mrs Hardy also had driven off to the station, leaving him, as they had arranged, to look over the house, see all was right, and await the caretaker, when he and his portmanteau would follow the rest to Dorchester. He was coming down the stairs of the silent house dragging the portmanteau behind him when his back gave way, and there he had to sit till the woman arrived to help him. In the course of the afternoon he was better and managed to get off, the acute pain turning out to be rheumatism aggravated by lifting the portmanteau.

"August 1 - 7. Dorchester: Seedy: back got better by degrees.

"October 16. To London to meet Henry Harper on business."

"October 20. Dined at the Guards' Mess, St James's, with Major Henniker. After dinner went round with him to the sentrys with a lantern."

"October 23. Dining at the Savile last Sunday with Ray Lankester we talked of hypnotism, will, etc. He did not believe in silent influence, such as making a person turn round by force of will without communication. But of willing, for example, certain types of women by speech to do as you desire - such as 'You shall, or you are to, marry me,' he seemed to have not much doubt. - If true it seems to open up unpleasant possibilities.

"November. Painful story. Old P---, who narrowly escaped

hanging for arson about 1830, returned after his imprisonment, died at West-Stafford his native village, and was buried there. His widow long after died in Fordington, having saved £5 to be buried with her husband. The rector of the village made no objection, and the grave was dug. Meanwhile the daughter had come home, and said the money was not enough to pay for carrying the body of her mother out there in the country; so the grave was filled in, and the woman buried where she died.

Nov. 11. Old song heard:-

'And then she arose,
And put on her best clothes,
And went off to the north with the Blues.'

"Another:

'Come ashore, Jolly Tar, with your trousers on.'

"Another, (sung at J.D.'s wedding):

----------'Somebody here has been....
Or else some charming shepherdess
That wears the gown of green.'

In December he ran up to London alone on publishing business, and stayed at a temporary room off Piccadilly, to be near his club; when there seems to have occurred, according to remarks of his later, some incident of the kind possibly adumbrated in the verses called "At Mayfair Lodgings", in "Moments of Vision."

In March of the next year(1895) Hardy was going about the neighbourhood of Dorchester and other places in Wessex with Mr Macbeth Raeburn the well-known etcher, who had been commissioned

by the publishers to make sketches on the spot for frontispieces to the Wessex novels. To those scenes which Hardy could not visit himself he sent the artist alone, one of which places, Charborough Park, the scene of "Two on a Tower", was extremely difficult of access, the owner jealously guarding ingress upon her estate, and particularly to her park and house. Raeburn came back in the evening full of his adventures. Reaching the outer park-gate he found it locked, but the lodge-keeper opened it on his saying he had important business at the house. He then reached the second park-gate, which was unfastened to him on the same representation of urgency, but more dubiously. He then got to the front door of the mansion, rang, and asked permission to sketch the house. "Good God!" said the butler, "you don't know what you are asking. You had better be off before the mis'ess sees you, or the bailiff comes across you!" He started away discomfited, but thought he would make an attempt at a sketch behind the shadow of a tree. Whilst doing this he heard a voice shouting, and beheld a man running up to him - the redoubtable bailiff - who promptly ordered him out of the park. Raeburn as he moved off thought he detected something familiar in the accent of the bailiff, and turning said, "Surely you come from my country?" - "An' faith man, it may be so!" the bailiff suddenly replied, whereon they compared notes, and found they had grown up in the same Scotch village. Then matters changed. "Draw where you like and what you like, on'y don't let her see you from the winders at a'. She's a queer auld body, not bad at bottom, though its rather far down. Draw as ye weel, an' if I see her coming I'll hauld up my hand." Mr Raeburn finished his

sketch in peace and comfort, and it stands to this day at the beginning of ~~one of the novels~~ "Two on a Tower" as evidence of the same.

During the spring they paid a visit of a few days to the Jeunes at Arlington Manor, ~~where they also found the Raymond Walls, the Frank Lees, Lady Rosalind Howard, Elizabeth Thomson and other friends~~ and in May entered a flat at Ashley Gardens, Westminster, for the season. While here a portrait of Hardy was painted by Miss Winifred Thomson. A somewhat new feature in their doings this summer was going to teas on the terrace of the House of Commons - in those days a newly fashionable form of entertainment. Hardy was not a bit of a politician, but he attended several of these, and of course met many members there.

In the same year at the flat the Hardys themselves entertained more than usual, one of which gatherings, noted in an old diary of Mrs Hardy's, is enough to mention:

"June 25. Had a large lunch-party, including Lord Houghton [Crewe], Lady Jeune and Madeleine [later Countess of Midleton], Lady Lewis, Mr and ~~Mrs~~ Lady Margaret Watney, the Hon. Mrs Henniker, General Milman and his daughter Lena, Mrs Craigie, and Mr Richards, Mr McIlvaine, Mr and Mrs Maurice Macmillan, Han. F. Wallop, Mr Forbes Robertson, Mr Julian Sturgis. Several stayed till five o'clock."

On June 29. Hardy attended the laying of the foundation-stone of the Westminster Cathedral, possibly because the site was close to the flat he occupied, for he had no leanings to Roman Catholicism, ~~while his wife was an old-fashioned Evangelical like her mother.~~ However there he was, and deeply impressed by the scene. In July he visited St Saviour's, Southwark, by

arrangement with Sir Arthur Blomfield, to see how he was getting on with the restoration. Dinners and theatres carried them through the month, in which he also paid a visit to Burford Bridge, to dine at the hotel with the Omar Khayyam Club and meet George Meredith, where the latter made a speech, and Hardy likewise, said to be the first and last ever made by either of them; at any rate it was the first, and last but one or two by Hardy.

Hardy's entries of his doings were always of a fitful and irregular kind, and now there occurs a hiatus which cannot be filled. But it is clear that at the end of the summer at Max Gate he was "restoring the MS. of 'Jude the Obscure' to its original state" - on which process he sets down an undated remark, probably about the end of August, when he sent off the restored copy to the publishers:-

"On account of the labour of altering 'Jude the Obscure' to suit the magazine, and then having to alter it back, I have lost energy for revising and improving the original as I meant to do".

In September they paid a week's visit to General and Mrs Pitt-Rivers at Rushmore, and much enjoyed the time. It was on the occasion of the annual sports at the Larmer Tree, and a full moon and clear sky favouring, the dancing on the green was a great success. The local paper gives more than a readable description of the festivity for this particular year:

"After nightfall the scene was one of extraordinary picturesqueness and poetry, its great features being the

illumination of the grounds by thousands of Vauxhall lamps, and the dancing of hundreds of couples under these lights and the mellow radiance of the full moon. For the dancing a space was especially enclosed, the figures chosen being mostly the polka-mazurka and schottische, though some country-dances were started by the house-party, and led off by the beautiful Mrs Grove, the daughter of General Pitt-Rivers, and her charming sister-in-law Mrs Pitt. Probably at no other spot in England could such a spectacle have been witnessed at any time. One could hardly believe that one was not in a suburb of Paris, instead of a corner in old-fashioned Wiltshire, nearly ten miles from a railway-station in any direction."

It may be worth mentioning that, passionately fond of dancing as Hardy had been from earliest childhood, this was the last occasion on which he ever trod a measure, according to his own recollection; at any rate on the greensward, which is by no means so springy to the foot as it looks, and left him stiff in the knees for some succeeding days. It was he who started the country dances, his partner being the above-mentioned Mrs (afterwards Lady) Grove.

A garden-party of their own at Max Gate finished the summer doings of the Hardys this year; and a very different atmosphere from that of dancing on the green soon succeeded for him, of the coming of which, by a strange divination, he must have had a suspicion, else why should he have made the following note beforehand? --

" 'Never retract. Never explain. Get it done and let them howl.' Words said to Jowett by a very practical friend."

On the 1st. November "Jude the Obscure" was published. ~~On the same day he sets down:~~

stet: A week after, on the 8th, he sets down: he enters a note: ~~"The Reviews begin to howl at Jude". But other subjects drew off his attention from the book, for on the same day he wrote down:~~

"England seventy years ago. - I have heard of a girl, now a very old woman, who in her youth was seen following a goose about the common all the afternoon to get a quill from the bird, with which the parish-clerk could write for her a letter to her lover. Such a first-hand method of getting a quill-pen for important letters was not infrequent at that date." It may be added that Hardy himself had written such love-letters, and read the answers to them: but this was after the use of the quill had been largely abandoned for that of the steel pen, though old people still stuck to quills, and Hardy himself had to practise his earliest lessons in writing with a quill.

Leave in outline - untrue

However, the boeings at "Jude the Obscure" drew him back again to the subject of that volume, and his notes during the two or three ensuing months have more or less bearing upon it, though in after years he destroyed the great bulk of them, which at first he had intended to embody in an article of reply to the strictures. The ~~discussion~~ clamour is not worth reviving in detail at this distance of time; nevertheless he was called by the most opprobious names, ~~and there were several points in~~ the criticisms being ~~that were~~ outrageously personal, unfair, and untrue; for

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Leave in until (untrue)

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instance, the charge in Blackwood brought by a fellow-novelist that Hardy had published the story in a magazine version and in a volume version to make a "shameless" double profit out of it; when the truth was that, having entered into an arrangement with the editor of the magazine before he had written the story, and having found on going thoroughly into the plot that it might not suit a family magazine, he had asked to be allowed to withdraw from the contract; as is proved by the following extract from his letter to the editor some months before the story began in Harper's Magazine:

"I have some misgivings as to whether my story will suit the magazine ..... Unfortunately novels will take shapes of their own as the work goes on, almost independently of the writer's wish."

And the following to the publishers:

"I am quite unable to assure myself that the novel will be suited to the pages of your magazine. I therefore, to avoid any awkward contingency in respect of the magazine, will ask you to release me from the agreement entered into concerning it."

To which they replied that such a step would seriously embarrass them because there was no time to get a substitute, the serial fiction in the magazine being arranged for long in advance. Hence he had decided to make laborious changes and fulfil his engagement.

The onslaught started by the vituperative section of the press (unequalled in violence since the publication of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" thirty years before) was taken up by the anonymous writers of libellous letters and post-cards, and other such gentry. It spread to America and Australia,

whence among other appreciations he received a letter containing a packet of ashes, which the virtuous writer stated to be those of his wicked novel.

leave in

Thus, though Hardy with his quick sense of humour could not help seeing a ludicrous side to it all, and was well enough aware that the evil complained of was what these "nice minds with nasty ideas" had read into his book, and not what he had put there, he underwent the strange experience of beholding a sinister lay figure of himself constructed by them, which had no sort of resemblance to him as he was, and which he and those who knew him well would not have recognized as being meant for himself if it had not been called by his name. Macaulay's remark in his essay on Byron was well illustrated by Thomas Hardy's experience at this time: "We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the ~~G~~ British public in one of its periodical fits of morality."

leave in

In contrast to ~~any this~~ much adverse criticism it is worth while to quote what Swinburne wrote to Hardy after reading "Jude the Obscure":-

"The tragedy - if I may venture an opinion - is equally beautiful and terrible in its pathos. The beauty, the terror, and the truth, are all yours and yours alone. But (if I may say so) how cruel you are! Only the great and awful father of 'Pierrette' and 'L'Enfant Maudit' was ever so merciless to his children. I think it would hardly be seemly to enlarge on all that I admire in your work - or on half of it - The man who can do such work can hardly care about criticism or praise, but I

will risk saying how thankful we should be (I know that I may speak for other admirers as cordial as myself) for another admission into an English paradise 'under the greenwood tree', But if you prefer to be - or to remain - ποιητῶν τραγικώτατος ※ no doubt you may; for Balzac is dead, and there has been no such tragedy in fiction - on anything like the same lines - since he died.

"Yours most sincerely

"A C. Swinburne."

[Foot note] ※(The most tragic of authors)

Insert 3 letters Defence of 'Jude the Obscure.'

When they got back to Dorchester during December Hardy had plenty of time to read the reviews of "Jude" that continued to pour out. Some assured the public that the book was an honest autobiography, and Hardy did not take the trouble to deny it till more than twenty years later, when he wrote to an inquirer with whom the superstition still lingered that no book he had ever written contained less of his own life - which of course had been known to his friends from the beginning. Some of the incidents were real in so far as that he had heard of them, or come in contact with them when they were occurring to people he knew; but no more. It is interesting to mention that on his way to school he did once meet with a youth like Jude, who drove the bread-cart of a widow, a baker like Mrs Fawley, Jude, and carried on his studies at the same time, to the serious risk of other drivers in the lanes; which youth asked him to lend him his Latin grammar. But Hardy lost sight of this featful student, and never knew if he profited by his plan.

Hardy makes a remark on one or two of the reviews:-

¶In London in December they ~~met some interesting people - Sir Donald M. Wallace, Lady Wynford, T.P. and Mrs O'Connor, Mrs Stratford Dugdale, and others,~~ and went to see Forbes Robertson and Mrs Patrick Campbell as Romeo and Juliet, supping with them afterwards at Willis's Rooms, a building Hardy had known many years earlier, when it was still a ball-room unaltered in appearance from that of its famous days as "Almack's" - indeed, he had himself danced on the old floors shortly after his first arrival in London in 1862, as has been mentioned.

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In London in December they met some interesting people - Sir Donald & Mallace, Lady Wyndred, F.T. and Mrs O'Connor, Mr Matthews Dugdale, and others, and went to see Prince Kropotkin and Mr Patrick Geddes and Jaurès, meeting with the afterwards at William's Rooms, a building Hardy had known many years earlier, when it was still a hall-room unaltered in appearance from that of its famous days as 'Almack's' - indeed, he had himself danced on the old floors shortly after his first arrival in London in 1888, as has been mentioned.

When they got back to Dorchester during December Hardy had plenty of time to read the reviews of 'Jude' that continued to pour out. Some [illegible] assured the public that the book was an honest autobiography, and Hardy did not take the trouble to deny it till more than twenty years later when he wrote to an inquirer with whom the superstition still lingered that no book he had ever written contained less of his own life - which for months had been known to his friends from the wedding-ring. Some of the incidents were real in a far as he had heard of them, or were in contact with them when they were occurring to people he knew; but no more. It is interesting to mention that he did once meet with a youth who drove a bread-cart, like Jude, and married on his studies at the same time, to the portrait-painting or other drivers in the lanes. But Hardy lost sight of this fanatical student, and never knew if he profited by his plan.

Hardy makes a remark on one or two of the reviews:-

"Tragedy may be created by an opposing environment either of things inherent in the universe, or of human institutions. If If the former be the means exhibited and deplored, the writer is regarded as impious; if the latter, as subversive and dangerous; when all the while he may never have questioned the necessity or urged the non-necessity of either.....

[Insert typed pages of letters 383a-e]

"The dear old marionettes that critics love, and the dear old waxen hero, and the heroine with the glued-on hair! This cowardly time can stand no other.".....

During this year 1895, and before and after, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" went through Europe in translations- German, French, Russian, Dutch, Italian, and other tongues, Hardy as a rule stipulating that the translation should be complete and unabridged, on a guarantee of which he would make no charge. Some of the renderings, however, were much hacked about in spite of him.

"It is curious to conjecture what must be the sensations of critics like the writers of these personalities, in their times of loneliness, sickness, affliction, and old age, when equally with the criticized they have to pause and ask themselves: 'what have I been trying to do for so many years?' Surely they must say: "I withered the buds before they were blown, & turned back the feet of the morning'... Pheu, pheu! So it is and will be."

T.O.

"Tragedy may be created by an opposing environment either of things inherent in the universe, or of human institutions. If it the former be the cause exploited and depicted, the writer is regarded as impious, if the latter, as subversive and dangerous; when all the while he may - never have questioned the necessity or urged the non-necessity of either.

"The dear old nationalities that nurtures love, and the dear old women here, and the heroine with the black-eyed baby. These generally time can stand no other."

During this year 1895, and before and after, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" went through Europe in - translations - German, French, Russian, Italian, and other tongues, Hardy as a rule stipulating that the translation should be complete and unabridged, or a guarantee of which he would take no chance. Some of

~~passages in "Resurrection"~~ the Russian translation appears to have been read and approved by Tolstoi during its twelvemonth's career in a Moscow monthly periodical.

In December he replied to Mr W.T.Stead, editor of The Review of Reviews :-

"I am unable to answer your inquiry as to 'Hymns that have helped me'.

"But the undermentioned have always been familiar and favourite hymns of mine as poetry:-

" 1. 'Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust'. Ps. XC. v. 3,4,5,6 (Tate and Brady.)

"2. 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun' (Morning Hymn, Ken.)

"3. 'Lead, kindly Light.' (Newman').

So ended the year 1895.

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CHAPTER ~~XIII.~~ IV

More on "Jude", and issue of "The Well Beloved."

1896 - 1897. Aet. 55 - 57.

Hardy found that the newspaper comments on "Jude the Obscure" were producing ~~xxxxxxx~~ phenomena among his country friends which were extensive and peculiar, they having a pathetic reverence for press opinions. However, on returning to London in the spring he discovered somewhat to his surprise that people there seemed not to be at all concerned at his having been excommunicated by the press, or by at least a noisy section of it, and received him just the same as ever; so that he and his wife passed this season much as usual, going to Lady Malmesbury's wedding and also a little later to the wedding of Sir George Lewis's son at the Jewish Synagogue; renewing acquaintance with the beautiful Duchess of Montrose and Lady Londonderry, also attending a most amusing masked ball at his friends Mr and Mrs Montagu Crackanthorpe's, where he and Henry James were the only two not in dominos, and were recklessly flirted with by the women in consequence; meeting at dinner here and there Mr and Mrs J. Chamberlain, Mr and Mrs Goschen, the Speaker and Mrs Gully, the Russian Ambassador and Mme de Stael, Mr and Mrs Barrie, Lady Henry Somerset, Mr Astor, the Poet-Laureate, and others; being guests, too, at a literary lunch at Mrs Arthur Henniker's, where there gathered William Watson, Mrs Cragie, "Lucas Malet", Rhoda Broughton, Anstey

CHAPTER XXIII. IV

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Guthrie, Mr and Mrs Labouchere, Lord Crewe, Sir Wemyss Reid, and possibly more.

But though the comments on "Jude" had not much effect on "Society", they had an unfortunate ~~effect~~ result of a practical nature on the dependents of Society - Theatre-managers. The popularity of "Tess" had led, as has been mentioned, to Hardy's receiving numerous requests from leading actresses to turn the novel into a play, as they saw great possibilities for themselves in the character. These included, in addition to English tragediennes, Bernhardt, and Duse, who had probably read the French and Italian translations of the story. There had also been surreptitious dramatizations; and at last Hardy was led to try his hand on a stage version. He had offered it to Mr Frederick Harrison & Mr Forbes Robertson for the Haymarket Theatre. They now finally refused it, the clamour against "Jude" possibly intimidating them. Hardy was not greatly concerned, and took the play no further, for though he sometimes considered the dramatization of novels to be not much more than "an exercise in ingenious carpentry", he would admit that once in a while a novel might make a good play, just as history might, even if it could not be enough to reckon ~~on~~ upon. So the play remained in a drawer till about thirty years later, when at the request of the Dorchester amateurs Hardy hunted it up for them, as will be seen.

This year they took again the house in South Kensington they had occupied two years earlier, and gave

Guinevere, Sir and Mrs Labouchere, Lord Crewe, Sir Squire Bell, and possibly more.

But though the comments on "Jude" had not much effect on "Society", they had an unfortunate ~~effect~~ result of a practical nature on the dependents of Society - Theatre-managers. The popularity of "Tess" had led as has been mentioned to Hardy receiving numerous requests from leading actresses to turn the novel into a play, as they saw great possibilities for the leading in the character. These included, in addition to English tragedienne, Bernhardt, and Duse, who had probably read the French and Italian translations of the story. There had also been solicitations dramatisations; and at last Hardy was led to try his hand on a stage version. He had offered it to Mr Frederick Harrison & Mr Forbes Robertson for the Haymarket Theatre. They now finally refused it. The clamour against "Jude" possibly intimidating them. Hardy was not greatly concerned, and took the play no further, for though he sometimes considered the dramatisation of novels to be not much more than "an exercise in ingenious carpentry", he would admit that once in a while a novel might make a good play, just as history might, even if it could not be enough to reckon as such. So the play remained in a drawer till about thirty years later, when at the request of the Dorchester amateurs Hardy hunted it up for them, as will be seen.

some little parties there. But it being a cold damp spring Hardy caught a chill by some means, and was laid up with a rheumatic attack for several days, in May suffering from a relapse. He was advised to go to the seaside for a change of air, and leaving the London house in the charge of the servants went with Mrs Hardy to lodgings at Brighton.

While there he received a request from the Members of the Glasgow University Liberal Club to stand as their candidate in the election of a Lord Rector for the University: the objection to Mr Joseph Chamberlain, who had been nominated, being that he was not a man of letters. Hardy's reply to the Honorary Secretary was written from

"Brighton, on May 16: 1896.

"Dear Sir:

"Your letter has just reached me here, where I am staying for a few days for change of air after an illness.

"In reply let me assure you that I am deeply sensible of the honour of having been asked by the members of the Glasgow University Liberal Club to stand as their candidate for the Lord Rectorship.

"In other circumstances I might have rejoiced at the opportunity. But personal reasons which it would be tedious to detail prevent my entertaining the idea of coming forward for the office, and I can only therefore request you to convey to the Club my regrets that such should be the case, and my sincere

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thanks for their generous opinion of my worthiness.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
Thomas Hardy.

There they stayed about a week and, finding little improvement effected, returned to South Kensington. By degrees he recovered, and they resumed going out as usual, and doing as much themselves to entertain people as they could accomplish in a house nottheir own, which mostly took a form then in vogue, one very convenient for literary persons, of having afternoon parties, to the invitations to which their friends of every rank as readily responded as they had done in former years, notwithstanding the fact that at the very height of the season the Bishop of Wakefield announced in a letter to the papers that he had thrown Hardy's novel into the fire. Knowing the difficulty of burning a thick book even in a good fire, and the infrequency of fires of any sort in summer, Hardy was mildly sceptical of the literal truth of the bishop's story; but remembering that Milton, Shelley, and many others of the illustrious reaching all the way back to the days of Protagoras, had undergone the same sort of indignity at the hands of bigotry and intolerance, he thought it a pity in the interests of his own reputation to disturb the episcopal narrative of adventures with "Jude". However, it appeared that, further, - to quote the testimony in the Bishop's Life - the scandalized prelate was not ashamed to deal a blow under the belt, but "took an envelope out of his paper-stand and addressed it to W.F.D.Smith, Esq. M.P. The result was the quiet withdrawal of the book from the library, and an assurance that any other

books by the same author would be carefully examined before they were allowed to be circulated." Of this precious conspiracy Hardy knew nothing, or it might have moved a mind which the burning could not stir to say a word on literary garrotting. In his ignorance of it he remained silent, being fully aware of one thing, that the ethical teaching of the novel, even if somewhat crudely put, was as high as that of any of the bishop's sermons - (indeed, Hardy was afterwards reproached for its being "too much of a sermon"). And thus feeling quite calm on the ultimate verdict of Time he merely reflected on the shallowness of the episcopal view of the case and of morals generally, which brought to his memory a witty remark he had once read in a Times leading article, to the effect that the qualities which enabled a man to become a bishop were often the very reverse of those which made a good bishop when he ~~became~~ one.

The only sad feature in the matter to Hardy was that if the bishop could have known him as he was, he would have found a man whose personal conduct, views of morality, and of the vital facts of religion, hardly differed from his own - that is, to be sure, if he were sincere, which was by no means proven.

The unkindest cut of all, however, seemed to him at the time to come from his acquaintance and fellow-novelist Mrs Oliphant, who after abusing him shamelessly in Blackwood as aforesaid, wrote to the bishop commending his action. And yet shortly before this, on hearing that she was ill, Hardy had wasted an afternoon at Windsor in finding her house and seeing

her. Now he, no doubt, thought how these novelists love one another!

Possibly soured by all this he wrote a little while after his birthday:-

"Every man's birthday is a first of April for him; and he who lives to be fifty and won't own it is a rogue or a fool, hypocrite or simpleton."

At a party at Sir Charles Tennant's to which Hardy and his wife were invited to meet the Eighty Club, Lord Rosebery took occasion in a conversation ~~on the~~ amusing subject ~~of the bishop's dalings~~, to inquire "why Hardy had called Oxford "Christminster". Hardy assured him that he had not done anything of the sort, "Christminster" being a city of ~~light and~~ learning that was certainly suggested ~~only~~ by Oxford, but in its entirety existed nowhere else in the world but between the covers of the novel under discussion. The answer was not so flippant as it seemed, for Hardy's idea had been, as he often explained, to use the difficulty of a poor man's acquiring learning at that date merely as the "tragic mischief" (among others) of a dramatic story, for which purpose an old fashioned University at the very door of the poor man was the most striking method; and though the architecture and scenery of Oxford were the best in England adapted for this, he did not slavishly copy them; indeed in some details he departed considerably from whatever of the city he took as a general model. It is hardly necessary to add that he had no feeling in the matter, and used Jude's difficulties of study as he would have used war, fire, or shipwreck for bringing about a catastrophe.

It has been remarked above that Hardy with his ~~keen~~ quick sense of humour could not help seeing a ludicrous side to his troubles over "Jude," and an instance to that effect now occurred. The New York World had been among those papers that fell foul of the book in the strongest terms, the critic being a maiden lady who expressed herself thus:

" What has happened to Thomas Hardy?.....I am shocked, appalled by this story..... It is almost the worst book I ever read.....I thought that "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was bad enough, but that is milk for babes compared to this....It is the handling of it that is the horror of it!.....I do not believe that there is a newspaper in England or America that would print this story of Thomas Hardy's as it stands in the book. Aside from its immorality there is coarseness which is beyond belief..... When I finished the ~~se~~ story I opened the windows and let in the fresh air, and I turned to my bookshelves and ~~said~~ I said: Thank God for Kipling and Stevenson, Barrie and Mrs Humphrey Ward. Here are four great writers who have never trailed their talents in the dirt."

It was therefore with some amazement that in the summer after reading the above and other exclamations grossly maligning the book and the character of its author, to show that she would not touch him with a pair of tongs, ~~the writer~~, he received a letter from the writer herself. She

It has been remarked above that Hardy with his keen sense of humour would not help seeing a ludicrous side to his troubles over *Jude*, and an instance to that effect now occurred. The New York World had been among those papers that told tout of the book in the strongest terms, the critic being a maiden lady who criticised moral tone:

" What has happened to Thomas Hardy?.....I am shocked, appalled by this story..... It is at out the worst book I ever read.. .I thought that "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was bad enough, but that is milk for babes compared to this....It is the handling of it that is the horror of it.....I do not believe that there is a newspaper in England or America that would print this story of Thomas Hardy's as it stands in the book. Aside from its immoral-ity there is nothing which is beyond belief..... When I finished the -- story I opened the windows and let in fresh air, and I turned to my bookshelves and -- I said: Thank God for Ruskin and Stevenson, Dickens and Sir Humphrey Ward. Here are four great writers who have never trafficked their talents in the dirt."

It was therefore with some amusement that in the course after reading the above and other exclamations loudly emitting from the book and the character of the writer, he received a letter -- from the writer himself. He

~~was much surprised to receive a letter from the reviewer of Jude the Obscure in the New York World, which review had grossly maligned the book and the character of the writer.~~ She was in London, and requested him to let her interview him "to get your side of the argument." He answered:-

"Savile Club.

"July 16. 1896.

"My dear Madam:

"I have to inform you in answer to your letter that ever since the publication of 'Jude the Obscure' I have declined to be interviewed on the subject of that book; and you must make allowance for human nature when I tell you that I do not feel disposed to depart from this rule in favour of the author of the review of the novel in the New York World.

"I am aware that the outcry against it in America was only an echo of its misrepresentation here by one or two scurrilous papers which got the start of the more sober press, and that dumb public opinion was never with these writers. But the fact remains that such a meeting would be painful to me and, I think, a disappointment to you.

"Moreover, my respect for my own writings ~~and~~ and reputation is so very slight that I care little about ~~it~~ what happens to either, so that the ~~justification~~ rec-tification of judgments, &c., and the way in which my books are interpreted, do not ~~make~~ much interest me. Those readers who, like yourself, could not see that 'Jude'

(though a book quite without a 'purpose' as it is called) makes for morality more than any other book I have written, are not likely to be made to do so by a newspaper article, even from your attractive pen.

"At the same time I cannot but be touched by your kindly wish to set right any misapprehension you may have caused about the story. Such a wish will always be cherished in my recollection, and it removes from my vision of you some obviously unjust characteristics I had given it in my mind. This is, at any rate on my part, a pleasant gain from your letter, whilst I am 'never the worse for a touch or two on my speckled hide' as the consequence of your review.

"Believe me, dear Madam,
"Yours sincerely,
"Thomas Hardy."

To Miss Jeannette Gilder.

It may be interesting to give Miss Gilder's reply to this:

Hotel Cecil.
July 17. 96.

"Dear Mr Hardy,

"I knew that you were a great man, but I did not appreciate your goodness until I received your letter this morning.

"Sincerely yours,

"Jeannette L.Gilder."

Hardy must indeed have shown some magnanimity in condescending to answer the writer of a review containing such contumelious misrepresentations as hers had contained. But, as he said, she

(—one of the sex that makes up for lack of justice by excess of generosity — and) was a woman, after all, ~~and the probability was that the lady~~ she had screamed so grotesquely loud in her article that Hardy's sense of the comicality of it had saved his feelings from being much hurt by the outrageous slurs. She evidently had not perceived the ~~slurs~~ sarcasm that lurked in his letter.

Here, he thought, the matter had ended. But make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the ~~e~~ casement. The amusing sequel to the episode was that the unsuspecting Hardy was invited to an evening party a few days later by an American lady resident in London, and though he knew her but slightly he went, having nothing better to do. While talking to his hostess on the sofa a strange lady drew up her chair rather near them, and listened to the conversation, but did not join in it. It was not till afterwards that he discovered that this silent person had been his reviewer, who was an acquaintance of his entertainer, and that the whole thing had been carefully schemed.

~~More teas on the lawns at Westminster, dinners, and numerous~~ Certain unimportant social events took them into and through July; Hardy's chief pleasure however being none of these, but a pretty regular attendance with his wife on this (as in other summers) at the Imperial Institute not far from their house, where they would sit and listen to the famous bands of Europe that were engaged year after year by the management, but were not, to Hardy's regret, sufficiently appreciated by the London public. Here one evening they met with other of their friends ~~Lady Greensberry and~~ the beautiful Mrs, afterwards Lady, Grove; and the "Blue Danube" Waltz being started, Hardy and the

latter lady danced two or three turns to it among the promenaders, who eyed them with a mild surprise. ~~as to whether they had been drinking or not.~~ In such wise the London season drew to a close and was wound up, as far as they were concerned, with the wedding of one of Lady Jeune's daughters, Miss Dorothy Stanley, at St. George's Hanover Square, to Mr Henry Allhusen.

When he reached Dorchester he paid a visit to his mother, on whom he remarks that she was well, but that "her face looked smaller".

On the 12th. August they left Dorchester for Malvern, where they put up at the Foley Arms, climbed the Beacon, Hardy on foot, Mrs Hardy on a mule; drove round the hills, visited the Priory Church, and thence went on to Worcester to see the Cathedral and Porcelain Works; after which they proceeded to Warwick and Kenilworth, stopping to correct proofs at the former place, and to go over the castle and church. A strange reminder of the transitoriness of life was given to Hardy in the church, where, looking through a slit by chance he saw the coffin of the then recent Lord Warwick, who, a most kindly man, a few years before, on meeting ~~Hardy~~ him in London, had invited him to Warwick Castle, an invitation which ~~Hardy~~ he had been unable to accept at the time, though he had promised to do so later. "Here I am at last," he ~~mentally~~ said to the coffin as he looked; "and here are you to receive me!" It made an impression on Hardy which he never forgot.

They took lodgings for a week at Stratford-on-Avon, and visited the usual spots associated with Shakespeare's name; going on to Coventry and to Reading, a town which had come into

the life of Hardy's paternal grandmother who had lived here awhile; after which they went to Dover; where ~~Mrs Hardy, having brought her bicycle with her, was knocked off it by a young man learning to ride, and was laid up for some days by the accident.~~ Hardy ~~the while~~ re-read "King Lear", which was begun at Stratford, ~~and~~ He makes the following observation on the play:

"Sept. 6. Finished reading 'King Lear'. The grand scale of the tragedy, scenically, strikes one, and also the large ~~success~~ scheme of the plot. The play rises from and after the beginning of the third act, and Lear's dignity with it. Shakespeare did not quite reach his intention in the King's character, and the splitting of the tragic interest between him and Gloucester does not, to my mind, enhance its intensity, although commentators assert that it does."

"September 8. Why true conclusions are not reached, notwithstanding everlasting palaver. Men endeavour to hold to a mathematical consistency in things, instead of recognizing that certain things may both be good and mutually antagonistic: e.g. patriotism and universal humanity; unbelief and happiness.

"There are certain questions which are made unimportant by their very magnitude. For example the question whether we are moving in Space this way or that; the existence of a God, etc."

~~[The meaning of this does not seem quite clear.]~~

~~"Sept. 16.~~ Having remained at Dover about a fortnight ~~and recovered, Mrs Hardy from her accident, and Hardy from a bad cold,~~ they crossed to Ostend in the middle of September and went on to Bruges. ~~Hardy at~~ He

always thought the railway station of this town the only satisfactory one in architectural design that he knew. It was the custom at this date to admire the brick buildings of Flanders, and Hardy himself had written a prize essay as a young man on Brick and Terra-Cotta architecture; but he held them, as always, that nothing can really compensate in architecture for the lack of stone, and would say on this point - with perhaps some intentional exaggeration - that the ashlar back-yards of Bath had more dignity than any brick-front in Europe. From Bruges they went on to Brussels, Namur, and Dinant, through scenes to become synonymous with desolation in the war of after years.

"Sept. 23. At dinner at the public table [of the hotel] met a man possessed of the veritable gambling fever. He has been playing many days at the Casino (Roulette and Trente-et-quarante). He believes thoroughly in his 'system', and yet, inconsistently, believes in luck: e.g., 36 came into his head as he was walking down the street towards the Casino today; and it made him back it, and he won. He plays all the afternoon and all the evening.

"His system appears to be that of watching for numbers which have not turned up for a long time; but I am not sure.

"He is a little man; military looking; large iron-grey moustache standing out detached; iron-grey hair; fresh crimson skin. Produces the book, ruled in vertical columns, in which he records results. Discusses his system incessantly with the big grey-bearded man near. Can talk of nothing else...Has lost today 4,500 francs. Has won back some - is going to play to-night

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till he has won it all back, and if he can profit a enough to pay the expenses of his trip on the Continent he will be satisfied. His friend with the beard, who seems to live in the hotel permanently, commends him by a nod and a word now and then, but not emphatically."

"Sept. 24. After breakfast unexpectedly saw the gambler standing outside the hotel-entrance without a hat, looking wild, and by comparison with the previous night like a tree that has suddenly lost its leaves. He came up to me; said he had had no luck on the previous night; had plunged, and lost heavily. He had not enough money left to take him home third class. Is going to Monte Carlo in November with £2000 to retrieve his losses.....

"We left between 12 and 1. The gambler left at the same time by a train going in the opposite direction, and was carefully put into a third-class carriage by his friend of the hotel, who bought his ticket. He wore a green-grey suit and felt hat, looking bleak-faced and absent, and seemed passive in the other's hands. His friend is apparently a decoy from the Casino"

Mrs Hardy, not being a good walker, had brought her bicycle, as many people did just now, bicycling being wildly popular at the time, and Flanders being level. After they had paid 34 francs duty at Ostend for importing it, it had several adventures in its transit from place to place, was always getting lost, and miraculously turned up again when they were just enjoying the relief of finding themselves free of it. At Liège it really did seem gone, Hardy having watched the transfer of all the luggage

at a previous junction, and the bicycle not being among it. Having given up thinking of it they were hailed by an official, who took them with a mysterious manner to a store room some way off, unlocked it and with a leer said, to Hardy's dismay: "Le velozo!" How it had got there they did not know.

At Spa they drove to the various fountains, examined the old gaming-house in the Rue Vauxhall where those ~~wer~~ that were now cold skeletons had burnt hot with the excitement of play, thought of the town's associations in fact and fiction, of the crowned heads of all the countries of Europe who had found their pleasure and cure at this Mother of Watering-places - now shrunk small like any other ancient matron.

Getting back to Brussels they put up for association's sake at the same hotel they had patronized 20 years before, but found it had altered for the worse since those bright days. Hardy again went out to Waterloo, which had been his chief reason for stopping at the Belgian capital, and no doubt made some more observations with a view to "The Dynasts", to which he at this time had given the provisional name of "Europe in Throes". All he writes thereon in his pocket-book while in Brussels is:-

"Europe in Throes."

"Three Parts. Five Acts each."

"Characters: Burke, Pitt, Napoleon, George III, Wellington, ...and many others.

But he set down more copious notes for the drama elsewhere. It

is believed he gave time to further conjectures as to the scene of the Duchess's Ball, which he had considered when here before, and on which it may be remembered there is a note in "The Dynasts", ending, "The event happened less than a century ago, but the spot is almost as phantasmal in its elusive mystery as towered Camelot, the Palace of Priam, or the Hill of Calvary."

Concerning the scene of the battle itself he writes:

"October 2. To Field of Waterloo. Walked alone from the English line along the Charleroi Road to 'La Belle Alliance'. Struck with the nearness of the French and English lines to each other. Shepherds with their flocks and dogs, men ploughing, two cats, and myself, the only living creatures on the field."

Returning homeward through Ostend a little later they found the hotels and shops closed and boarded up, and the Digue empty, Mrs Hardy being the single woman bicyclist where there had been so many.

"Max Gate. October 17. A novel, good, microscopic touch in Crabbe [which would strike one trained in architecture]. He gives surface without outline, describing his church by telling the colour of the lichens."

"Poetry. Perhaps I can express more fully in verse ideas and emotions which run counter to the inert crystallized opinion - hard as a rock - which the vast body of men have vested interests in supporting. To cry out in a passionate poem that (for instance) the Supreme Mover, or Movers, the ~~or~~ Prime Force, or Forces, must be either

limited in power, unknowing, or cruel - which is obvious enough, and has been for centuries, will cause them merely a shake of the head; but to put it in argumentative prose will make them sneer, or foam, and set all the literary contortionists jumping upon me, a harmless agnostic, as if I were a clamorous atheist, which in their crass illiteracy they seem to think is the same thing. .....If Galileo had said in verse that the world moved, the Inquisition might have let him alone."

" 1897. January 27. To-day has length, breadth, thickness, colour, smell, voice. As soon as it becomes yesterday it is a thin layer among many layers, without substance, colour, or articulate sound.

"Jan. 30. Somebody says that the final dictum of the 'Ion' of Plato is 'inspiration, not art' (The passage is) -θεῖον καὶ μὴ τεχνικόν. And what is really meant by it is, I think, more nearly expressed by the words 'inspiration, not technicality' - 'art' being too comprehensive in English to use here.

"Feb. 4. Title: 'Wessex Poems: With Sketches of their Scenes by the Author.' (In spite of myself)

"Feb. 10 (I cannot help noticing countenances & tempers in objects of scenery, e.g. trees, hills, houses.)

"Feb 21. My mother's grandfather Swetman - a descendant of the Christopher Swetman of 1631 mentioned in the History of the County as a small landed proprietor e in the parish - used to have an old black oak bedstead, with the twelve apostles on it in carved figures - each about one foot six inches high. Some of them got loose, and the children played with them as dolls. What became of that bedstead?"

"March 1. Make a lyric of the speech of Hyllus at the close of the Trachiniae. (It does not appear that this was ever carried out.)

[Interlude]

It may be mentioned here that at some date in the two or three past years Hardy found time & inclination to turn Tess of the d'Urbervilles into a play for the stage, in answer to numerous requests from many leading actresses, including, in addition to English ones, Bernhardt & Duse, ~~later~~ who had probably read the French & Italian translations of the book. He considered the dramatization of novels to be not much more than an exercise in ingenious carpentry; and though it may happen, he would say, that once in a while a novel may make a good play, it can not be often enough to reckon upon. However, he did it, though for some reason (apparently the timidity of managers) his dramatization did not appear till thirty years after, when at the earnest request of the Dorchester amateurs he hunted it up for them. Another dramatization had been produced in America several years earlier, and one or two unauthorized versions in London.

[Return to previous page]

1899. January 1st

a dramatization of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was produced in America with much success by Mr Fiske. About the same date Hardy went with Sir Francis Jeune to a banquet

At the beginning of March ~~he was~~ at the Mansion House in honour of ~~banquet to~~ Mr Bayard the American Ambassador on his leaving England, which Hardy described as a "brilliant gathering", though the night was so drenching and tempestuous as to blow off house-roofs and flood cellars. In the middle of the month a revised form of a novel of his which had been published serially in 1892 as "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved: A Sketch of a Temperament", was issued in volume form as "The Well-Beloved". The theory on which this fantastic tale of a ~~Platonic~~ Subjective idea was constructed is explained in the Preface to the novel, and again exemplified in a poem bearing the same name, written about this time and published with "Poems of the Past and the Present," in 1901 - the theory of the transmigration of the ideal beloved one, who ~~never~~ only exists in the lover, from material woman to (material) woman, — as exemplified also by Proust many years later. The amazing consequence of the publication of the book was that certain papers affected to find unmentionable moral atrocities in its pages - quite bewildering to the author as to what could be meant by such statements about so fanciful a story, till it was explained to him that some oblique meaning had been ingeniously foisted into the novel as a peg whereon to hang a predetermined attack, which was a purely personal ~~one,~~ one. ~~and~~ It made him say, naturally enough, "What foul cess-pits some men's minds must be, and what a Night-cart would be required to empty them!"

Altogether it was a remarkable instance of what intolerance can do when it loses all sense of truth and honour. But being review-proof ~~commendeed~~ by this time, and feeling the person deserving "two years hard" (as some print put it) ~~attached~~ to be a lay figure not himself, also remembering the epithet "swine-born" which Swinburne endured from the press, he was ~~quite~~ almost if not quite

Certain papers affected to find unmentionable moral atrocities in its pages but Hardy ~~indifferent to these things, and~~ did not answer any of the charges further than by defining in a letter to a literary periodical the scheme of the story somewhat more fully than he had done in the preface:

"Not only was it published serially five years ago but it was sketched many years before that date, when I was comparatively a young man, and interested in the Platonic Idea, which, considering its charm and its poetry one could well wish to be interested in always .... There is, of course, underlying the fantasy followed by the visionary artist the truth that all men are pursuing a shadow, the Unattainable, and I venture to hope that this may redeem the tragi-comedy from the charge of frivolity..... 'Avice' is an old name common in the county, and 'Caro' (like all the other surnames) is an imitation of a local name.....this particular modification having been adopted because of its resemblance to the Italian for 'dear'."

Such were the odd effects of Hardy's introduction of "the subjective theory of love ~~Platonic Idea~~" into modern fiction, and so ended his prose contributions to literature (beyond two or three short ~~stories~~ sketches to fulfil engagements) his experiences of the few preceding years having killed all his interest in this form of imaginative work, which had ever been secondary to his interest in verse.

In reply to an inquiry from an editor he wrote:- "No: I do not intend to answer the article on 'The Well-Beloved'. Personal abuse best answers itself. What struck me, next to its mendacious malice, was its maladroitness, as if the writer were blinded by malignity. Upon those who have read the book the review must have produced the amazed risibility I remember feeling at Wilding's assertions when, as a youth I saw Foote's comedy of 'The Liar'.... There is more fleshliness in 'The Loves of the Triangles' than in this story, at least to me. To be sure there is one explanation which should not be overlooked: a reviewer himself afflicted with 'sex-mania' might review so — ~~a thing terrible to think of.~~"

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~~Max Gate,~~

~~Dorchester.~~

A letter from him to Swinburne was written about this time, in which he says:—

"I must thank you for your kind note about my fantastic little tale [The Well Beloved] which, if it can make, in its better parts, any faint claim to imaginative feeling, will owe something of such feeling to you, for I often thought of lines of yours during the writing; and indeed, was not able to resist the quotation of your words now and then.

"And this reminds me that one day, when examining several English imitations of a well-known fragment of Sappho, I interested myself in trying to strike out a better equivalent for it than the commonplace "Thou, too, shalt die" &c. which all the translators had used during the last hundred years. I then stumbled upon your "Thee, too, the years shall cover", and all my spirit for poetic pains died out of me. Those few words present, I think, the finest drama of Death and oblivion, so to speak, in our tongue.

. . . . . .

"Believe me to be

Yours very sincerely,

Thomas Hardy."

"P.S.

I should have added that "The Well Beloved is a fanciful exhibition of the artistic nature, and has, I think, some little foundation in fact. I have been much surprised, and even grieved, by a ferocious review attributing an immoral quality to the tale. The writer's meaning is beyond me. T.H."

Part ~~VI.~~ II.

Verse, to the end of The Dynasts.

Chapter ~~XXIV.~~ V ~~IV~~

Collecting old poems and making new.

1897 - 1898. Aet. 57 - 58.

The misrepresentations of the last two or three years affected but little, if at all, the informed appreciation of Hardy's writings, being heeded almost entirely by those who had not read him; and turned out ultimately to be the best thing that could have happened; for they well-nigh compelled him, in his own judgment at any rate, if he wished to retain any shadow of self-respect, to abandon at once a form of literary art he had long intended to abandon at some indefinite time, and resume openly that form of it which had always been more instinctive

Part VI.

Verse, to the end of The Dynasts.

Chapter XXIV.

Collecting old poems and making new.

1887 - 1888. Aet. 67 - 68.

The misrepresentations of the last two or three years affected but little, if at all, the increasing appreciation of Hardy's writings, being heeded almost entirely by those who had not read him; and turned out ultimately to be the best thing that could have happened; for they well-nigh compelled him, in his own judgment at any rate, if he wished to retain any shadow of self-respect, to abandon at once a form of literary art he had long intended to abandon at some indefinite time, and resume wholly that form of it which had always been more instinctive

with him, and which he had just been able to keep alive from his early years, half in secrecy, under the pressure of magazine-writing. He abandoned it with all the less reluctance, in that the novel was, in his own words, "gradually losing artistic form, with a beginning, middle, and end, and becoming a spasmodic inventory of items, which has nothing to do with art."

The change, after all, was not so great as it seemed. It was not as if he had been a writer of novels proper, and as more specifically understood, that is, stories of modern ~~life society~~ artificial life and manners showing a certain ~~levity~~ smartness of treatment. He had mostly aimed, and mostly succeeded, to keep his narratives close to natural life, and as near to poetry in their subject as the conditions would allow, and had often regretted that those conditions would not let him keep them nearer still.

Nevertheless he had not known, whilst a writer of prose, whether he might not be driven to society novels, and hence, as has been seen, he had kept, at casual times, a record of his experiences in upper social life, though doing it had always been a drudgery to him. It was now with a sense of great comfort that he felt he might leave off further chronicles of that sort; ~~and it will be found that from this point the writer of these pages has very little material of the kind available.~~ but his thoughts on literature and life were often written down still, from which much of which follows has been abridged.

He had already for some time been getting together the poems which made up the first volume of verse that he was about to publish. In date they ranged from 1865 intermittently onwards, the middle period of his novelwriting producing very few or none, but of late years they had been added to with great rapidity, though at first with some consternation he had found ~~some~~ an awkardness in getting back to an easy expression in numbers after abandoning it for so

many years; but that soon wore off.

He and his wife went to London as usual this year (1897) but did not take a house there. After two or three weeks stay— ~~given for Lady Helen Stewart~~ ~~during which, according to Mrs Hardy's diary, they went to a large party at Londonderry House,~~ they adopted the plan of living some way out, and going up and down ~~ev~~ every few days, the place they made their temporary ~~chess~~ centre being Basingstoke. In this way they saw London friends, went to concerts at the Imperial Institute (the orchestra this season being the famous Vienna band under Edouard Strauss), saw one or two Ibsen plays, and the year's pictures. Being near they also went over the mournful relics of that city of the past, Silchester; till in the middle of June they started for Switzerland, thus entirely escaping the racket of the coming Diamond Jubilee, and the discomfort ~~of~~ it would bring upon people like them who had no residence of their own in London, and no invitation to any Jubilee function.

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He and his wife went to London as usual this year (1897) but did not take a house there. After two or three weeks stay abroad the plan of living some way out, and going up and down ~~at~~ every few days, the place they made their temporary ~~home~~ centre being Ealing Broadway. In this way they saw London friends, went to concerts at the Imperial Institute (the orchestra this season being the famous Vienna band under Edward Strauss), saw one or two Irsen plays, and the year's pictures. Being near they also went over the Courtauld Mills of that city of the past. Still-chester; till in the middle of June they started for Switzer-land, thus entirely escaping the Jubilee of the coming Diamond Jubilee, and the discomfort ~~of~~ it would bring upon people like them who had no residence of their own in London, and no invita-tion to any Jubilee function.

¶ All the world, including the people of fashion habitually abroad, was in London or arriving there, and the charm of a lonely Continent impressed the twain much. The almost empty Channel steamer, the ease with which they crossed France from Havre by Paris, Dijon and Pontarlier to Neuchatel, the excellent rooms accorded them by obsequious hosts at the hotels in Switzerland usually frequented by English and American tourists, made them glad they had come. On the actual day, the 20th, they were at Berne, where they celebrated it by attending a Jubilee Concert in the Cathedral, with the few other of their fellow-countryfolk who remained in the town. At Interlaken the comparative solitude was just as refreshing, the rosy glow from the Jungfrau visible at three in the morning from Hardy's bedroom seeming an exhibition got up for themselves alone; and a pathetic procession of empty omnibuses went daily to and from each railway train between shops that looked like a banquet spread for people who delayed to come. They drove up the valley to Grindelwald, and having been conveyed to Scheidegg, walked thence to the Wengern Alp — overlooking the scene of "Manfred" — where a baby had just been born, & where Hardy was more impressed by the thundering rumble of unseen avalanches on the immense Jungfrau immediately facing than by the sight of the visible ones.

The next day, or the next following, <u>The Times</u>' account of the celebration in London of ~~the~~ Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubillee reached Hardy's hands, and he took it out and read it in the snowy presence of a greater Queen, the maiden-monarch that dominated the whole place.

It was either in the train as it approached Interlaken, or while there looking at the peak, that there passed through his mind the sentiments afterwards expressed in the lines called "The Schreckhorn: with thoughts of Leslie Stephen."

After a look at Lauterbrunnen, the Staubbach, the Lake and Castle of Thun, they stopped at the Hôtel Gibbon, Lausanne, Hardy not having that aversion from the historian of the "Decline and Fall" which Ruskin recommended. He found that, though not much might remain of the original condition of the building or the site, the remoter and sloping part of the garden, with its acacias, and irregular contours, could not have been much changed from what it was when Gibbon haunted it, and finished his history. Accordingly his recaller sat out there till midnight on June 27., and imagined the historian closing his last page on the spot, as described in his ~~Memoirs:~~ Autobiography:-

"It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th. of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains."

It is uncertain whether Hardy chose that particular evening for sitting out in the Garden because he knew that June 27th. was Gibbon's date of conclusion, or whether the coincidence of dates was accidental. The later author's imaginings took the form of the lines subjoined, which were printed in "Poems of the Past and the Present." -

"Lausanne

In Gibbon's old garden: 11-12 p.m.

June 27: 1897.

"A spirit seems to pass,
Formal in pose, but grave and grand withal:
He contemplates a volume in his hand,
And far lamps fleck him through the thin acacias.

" Anon the ~~book is~~ closed,
With "It is finished!" And at the alley's end
He turns, and when on me his glances bend
[as from the Past comes speech - small, muted, yet composed.

" 'How ~~ar~~ fares the Truth now? - Ill?
- Do pens but slily further her advance?
May one not speed her but in phrase askance?
Do scribes aver the Comic to be Reverend still?

" 'Still rule those minds on earth
At whom sage Milton's wormwood words were hurled:
Truth like a bastard comes into the world
Never without ill-fame to him who gives her birth.' ? " ※ [See on back]

[white line]

From Lausanne making excursions to Ouchy, and by steamer to Territet, Chillon, Vevey and other places on the lake, they afterwards left for Zermatt, going along the valley of the Rhone amid intense heat till they gradually rose out of it beside the roaring torrent of the Visp. That night Hardy looked out of their bedroom window in the Hôtel ~~Mt. Cervin~~ Mt. Cervin and, "Could see where the Matterhorn was by the absence of stars within its outline", it being too dark to see the

[footnote]

The quotation is from "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce", the passage running as follows: "Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam; though this ill hap wait on her nativity, that she never comes into the world, but like a bastard, to the ignominy of him that brought her forth; till Time, the mid-wife rather than the mother of truth, have washed and salted the infant and declared her legitimate."

surface of the mountain itself although it stood facing him. He meant to make a poem of the strange feeling implanted by this black silhouette of the mountain on the pattern of the constellations; but never did so far as is known. However the mountain inspired him to begin one sonnet, finished some time after - that entitled "To the Matterhorn" - the terrible accident on whose summit thirty-two years before this date had so impressed him at the time of its occurrence.

While walking from Zermatt with a Russian gentleman to the Riffel-Alp Hotel, whither Mrs Hardy had preceded him on a pony, he met some English ladies, who informed him of the mysterious disappearance of an Englishman somewhere along the very path he had been following. Having lunched at the hotel and set his wife upon the pony again he sent her on with the guide, and slowly searched all the way down the track for some clue to the missing man, afterwards writing a brief letter to the Times to say there was no sign visible of foul play anywhere on the road. The exertion of the search, after walking up the mountain-path in the hot morning sun, so exhausted his strength that on arriving at Geneva, whither they went after leaving Zermatt, he was taken so ill at the Hôtel de la Paix that he had to stay in bed. Here as he lay he listened to the plashing of a fountain night and day just outside his bedroom window, the casements of which were kept widely open on account of the heat. It was the fountain beside which the Austrian Empress was murdered shortly after by an Italian anarchist. His accidental nearness in time and place to the spot of her doom moved him much when he heard of it, since thereby hung a tale. she was a woman whose beauty, as shown in

her portraits, had attracted him greatly in his youthful years, and the same romantic passion having also produced the outline of a novel upon her, which never developed, had inspired some of his early verses. ¶While he was recovering at Geneva, Mrs Hardy found by chance the tomb of an ancestor who had died there. But of Geneva, its lake, Diodati, Montalègre, Ferney, and the neighbourhood he merely remarks:

"These haunts of the illustrious! Ah, but they are gone now, and care for their chosen nooks no more!"

Again in London he went with Lady Jeune to the Jubilee dinner of women, and "talked to Mrs Flora Steel, Elizabeth Robins, Lady Battersea, and numerous others." After his stay in London in July he expressed views on scenery in the following letter:-

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

"Sir: I am unable to reply to your inquiry on 'The Best Scenery I know'. A week or two ago I was looking at the inexorable faces of the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn: a few days later at the Lake of Geneva with all its soft associations. But, which is 'best' of things that do not compare at all, and hence cannot be reduced to a common denominator? At any given moment we like best what meets the mood of that moment.

"Not to be entirely negative, however, I may say that, in my own neighbourhood, the following scenes rarely or never fail to delight beholders:

"1. View from Castle Hill, Shaftesbury.

"2. View from Pilsdon Pen.

"3. New Forest vistas near Brockenhurst.

"4 The River Dart.

"5 The coast from Trebarwith Strand to Beeny Cliff, Cornwall."

From London he returned to Max Gate, and then wandered off to Wells Cathedral, and onwards to Frome and Longleat, whence after examining the library and the architecture he proceeded to Salisbury, a place in which he was never tired of sojourning, partly from personal associations and partly because its graceful cathedral pile was the most marked instance in England of an architectural intention carried out to the full.

"August 10. Salisbury: Went into the Close late at night. The moon was visible through both the north and south clerestory windows to me standing on the turf on the north side.....Walked to the west front, and watched the moonlight creep round upon the statuary of the facade - stroking tentatively and then more and more firmly the prophets, the martyrs, the bishops, the kings, and the queens....Upon the whole the Close of Salisbury, under the full summer moon on a windless midnight, is as beautiful a scene as any I know in England - or for the matter of that elsewhere.

"Colonel T.W.Higginson of the United States, who is staying at the same hotel as ourselves, introduced himself to us. An amiable well-read man whom I was glad to meet. He fought in the Civil War. Went with him to hunt up the spot of the execution of the Duke of Buckingham, whose spirit is said to haunt the King's House still."

~~After taking Mrs Hardy to Stonehenge, which she had never seen.~~

After re-visiting Stonehenge he remarks :-

"The misfortune of ruins - to be beheld nearly always at noonday by visitors, and not at twilight.

"I see in the papers that Bishop How of Wakefield died yesterday. It is painful to think that people should so recklessly and bittorly attack others who have the same objects in life as themselves, merely because of a difference of method. Apart from theological points I don't know that my ultimate object is far removed from that of the late bishop."

"August 10 continued --- 'The day goeth away....the shadows of the evening are stretched out.....I set watchmen over you, saying, Hearken to the sound of the trumpet. But they said, We will not hearken. Therefore hear, ye nations.....To what purpose cometh there to me incense from Sheba, and the sweet cane from a far country? Your burnt offerings are not acceptable, nor your sacrifices sweet unto me.' Passages from the first lesson (Jer. VI.) at the Cathedral this afternoon. E. and I present. A beautiful chapter, beautifully read by the old Canon."

August 13.

"All tragedy is grotesque - if you allow yourself to see it as such. A risky indulgence for any who have an aspiration towards a little goodness or greatness of heart! Yet there are those who do."

"August 15. - It is so easy nowadays to call any force above or under the sky by the name of 'God' - and so pass as

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orthodox cheaply, and fill the pocket!"

On August 21 they went to Arlington Manor, Berks, where a lively house-party gathered, including Lord Beauchamp (who walked about hatless) Lady Arthur Butler, Lady Henry Somerset's son and his wife Lady Catherine, Mr and Mrs Henry Allhusen and their baby, Sir Evelyn Wood, and the genial Colonel John Hay the American Ambassador, who appeared in the lightest of summer suits at dinner, his luggage having gone astray, and who reminded Hardy that they were not strangers as he seemed to suppose, but had met at the Rabelais Club years ago.

On August 26. Hardy went to Salisbury again, to meet Mlle. Madeleine Rolland of Paris, the charming and accomplished translator of some of his novels, and sister of M. Romain Rolland; ~~sh~~ she wished to consult him, and with her mother was passing ~~th~~ through the city to Oxford. Hardy used to say ~~drily~~ that Mdlle Rolland was the only lady, foreign or British, he ever remembered corresponding with whose letters were written in perfectly correct and graceful English. She afterwards visited at Max Gate.

In September he passed a few pleasant days in bicycling about the neighbourhood with Mr Rudyard Kipling, who had an idea just at that time that he would like to buy a house near Weymouth. They found a suitable house for sale at Rodwell, commanding a full view of Portland Roads; but difficulties arose when inquiries were made, and Mr Kipling abandoned the idea, ~~though Hardy heard afterwards that the house was ultimately sold for the price Mr Kipling had offered.~~

Bicycling was now in full spirit with the Hardys - and indeed with everybody - and many were the places they visited by that means.

"Oct. 10th. Am told a singularly creepy story - absolutely true, I am assured - of a village girl near here who was ~~going~~ about to be married. A watch had been given her by a former lover, his own watch, just before their marriage was prevented by his unexpected death of consumption. ~~It~~ She ~~was~~ heard it going in her box at waking on the morning of the wedding with the second lover, though it had not been touched for years."

"Lizzy D --- [the monthly nurse who had attended at Hardy's birth] told my mother that she walked eighteen (?) miles the day after her own baby was born.....She was an excellent nurse, much in demand; of infinite kind-heartedness, humour, and quaintness, and as she lived in a cottage quite near our house at Bockhampton, she as it were kept an eye upon the Hardy family always, and being her neighbour gave my mother the preference in clashing cases. She used to tell a story of a woman who came to her to consult her about the ghost of another woman she declared she had seen & who "troubled her" - the deceased wife of the man who was courting her.

" 'How long hev' the woman been dead?' I said.

"'Many years!'

" 'Oh, that were no ghost. Now if she'd only been dead a month or two, and you were making her husband your fancy-man, there might have been something in your story. But Lord, much can she care about him after years and years in better company!' "

~~It may not be inappropriate to mention here that but for~~

~~this estimable woman's commonsense T.H. might never have walked the earth. At his birth he was thrown aside as dead till rescued by her as she exclaimed to the surgeon, "Dead! Stop a minute: he's alive enough, sure!"~~

X [see on back]

Feb. 5. 1898. - Write a prayer, or hymn, to One not Omnipotent, but hampered; striving for our good, but unable to achieve it except ably and occasionally." [This idea of a limited God of goodness, often dwelt on by Hardy, was expounded at length in MacTaggart's "Some Dogmas of Religion" several years later, and led to a friendship which ended only with the latter's death.]

[Whole line]

As the spring drew on they entered upon their yearly residence of a ~~flat~~ few months in London - this time taking a flat in Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington. Hardy did ~~not seem~~ some reading at the British Museum with a view to "The Dynasts", and incidentally stumbled upon some details that suggested to him the Waterloo episode embodied in a piece called "The Peasant's Confession". ~~Hardy went into the Conversazione of the Royal Society as in other years, and~~ He also followed up the concerts at the Imperial Institute mostly neglected by Londoners. One visit gave him occasion for the following note, the orchestra this year being from the Scala, Milan:-

"Scene at the Imperial Institute this afternoon. Rain floating down in wayward drops. Not a soul except myself having tea in the gardens. The west sky begins to brighten. The red, blue, and white fairy lamps are like rubies, sapphires, turquoises, and pearls in the wet. The leaves of the trees, not yet of full size, are dripping, and the waiting-maids stand in a group with

⁂ To return to 1897. Nothing more of much account occurred to Hardy during its lapse, though it may be mentioned that "Jude", of which only a mutilated version could be printed as a serial in England and America, appeared as a literal translation in Germany, running through several months of a well-known periodical in Berlin and Stuttgart without a word of abridgement.

nothing to do. Band playing a 'Contemplazione' by Luzzi."

~~At a dinner with at Sir Henry Thompson's he continued his past conversation with Sir W. Russell on his war experiences, and next morning learnt that Mr Gladstone had just died.~~ [Insert note below]

* Back in Dorset in July he resumed cycling more vigorously than ever, and during the summer went upon that useful wheel to Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Sherborne, Poole, Weymouth, and many other places - sometimes with Mrs Hardy, sometimes with his brother.

In the middle of December "Wessex Poems" was published; and verse being a new mode of expression with him in print he sent copies to friends, among them one to Leslie Stephen, who said:

"It gave me a real pleasure. I am glad to think that you remember me as a friend....I am always pleased to remember that 'Far from the Madding Crowd' came out under my command. I then admired the poetry which was diffused through the prose; and can recognize the same note in the versified form....I will not try to criticise or distinguish, but will simply say that they have pleased me and reminded me vividly of the old time. I have, as you probably know, gone through much since then....."

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* On June 24th, declining to write an introduction to a proposed Library Edition of Fielding's novels, he remarks:
"Feilding as a local novelist has never been clearly regarded to my mind: and his aristocratic, even feudal, attitude towards the peasantry (e.g. his view of Molly as a "slut" to be ridiculed, not as a simple girl, as worthy a creation of Nature as the lovely Sophia) should be exhibited strongly. But the writer could not well be a working novelist without his bringing upon himself a charge of invidiousness."

CHAPTER ~~XXV.~~ VI

"Wessex Poems" and others.

1899 - 1900. Aet. 58 - 60.

In the early weeks of this year the poems were reviewed in the customary periodicals - mostly in a friendly tone, even in a tone of respect, and with praise for many pieces in the volume; though by some critics not without umbrage at Hardy's having taken the liberty to adopt another vehicle of expression than prose-fiction without consulting them. It was probably these reviews that suggested to Hardy several reflections on poetry and criticism about this time, and the following gleanings of his opinions are from the rough entries he made thereon. Some no doubt were jotted down hastily, ~~as~~ and might have been afterwards revised.

He observes that he had been under no delusion about the coldness and even opposition he would have to encounter - at any rate from some voices - in openly issuing verse after printing nothing (with trifling exceptions) but prose for so many years.

style p. 423 Dy? carry on at p. 430. leave in.

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That his reviewers should choose not only the subjects but also the methods in which he should exercise his pen; not that he should choose them, their own business being limited to pronouncing if or not he had achieved what he aimed at; was to these, as it still is to such, a canon of criticism. There were, however, many worthy exceptions.

Almost all the fault-finding was, in fact, based on the one great antecedent conclusion that an author who has published prose first and that largely, must necessarily express himself badly in verse, no reservation being added to except cases in which he may have published prose for temporary or compulsory reasons, or prose of a poetical kind, or have written verse first of all, or for a long time intermediately.

But there was really a valid excuse for the short-sighted belittlement of Hardy's art by these minor men wherever it occurred, even had his art been of the best, which perhaps he did not perceive so quickly as he might have perceived. By no fault of their own the power of looking clearly and responsively into his poetry as form and as content, - meeting the mood of the poet half-way, as it were, - was denied to critics in Hardy's case (except those of distinctly acute vision, few of whom would have been set by editors to waste their powers on a poet's first volume.) They could not look clearly into it, by reason of the aforesaid obsession of the idea that novel-writing was Hardy's trade, and no other. There were those prose works standing in a row in front, catching the eye at every attempt to see the poetry, and forming an almost

impenetrable screen.

Perhaps, had those ~~Had the critics~~ who were baffled into an antecedent conclusion by this screen been minds of any great power in judgment, they would have perceived that there might be an obvious trap for their intelligence in his order of publication. Theirs was so cheap a criticism that they ~~would~~ might have guarded against it, and have been more inclined to exaggerate the other way, to show their insight.

In criticism generally, the fact that the date of publication is but an accident in the life of a ~~mental~~ literary creation, that the printing of a book is the least individual occurrence in the history of its contents, is often overlooked. In its visible history the publication is what counts, and that alone. It is then that the contents start into being for the outside public. In the present case, although it was shown that many of the verses had been written before their author ~~turned to~~ dreamt of novels, ~~and~~ ~~many verses thought of, at all~~ the critics' view was little affected that he had "at the ~~1~~ eleventh hour", as they untruly put it, taken up a hitherto uncared for art.

It may be observed that in the ~~Had they been acquainted with~~ art-history of the century ~~seven or any~~ ~~that enthusiasm~~ there was an example staring them in the face of a similar modulation from one style into another by a great artist. Verdi was the instance, "That amazing old man" as he was called. Some one of insight wrote concerning him: "From the ashes of his early popularity, from 'Il Trovatore' and its

kind, there arose on a sudden a sort of phoenix Verdi. Had he died at Mozart's death-age he would now be practically unknown". And another: "With long life enough Verdi might have done almost anything; but the trouble with him was that he had only just arrived at maturity at the age of threescore and ten or thereabouts, so that to complete his life he ought to have lived a hundred and fifty years."

But probably few literary critics discern the solidarity of all the arts. Curiously enough Hardy himself dwelt upon it in a poem that seems to have been little understood, though the subject is of such interest. It is called "Rome: The Vatican: Sala delle Muse"; in which a sort of composite Muse addresses him:

"Be not perturbed," said she. "Though apart in fame,
I and my sisters are one."

He amused himself by conjecturing that what had probably passed through the adverse section of the Fleet-Street mind - and perhaps did in many cases, not inexcusably, owing to the baffling obstacle mentioned - was reasoning of this sort, which he more than once expressed:-

"It must perforce be prosy, for has he not been long a writer of prose?

"It must perforce be harsh and clumsy in form, for how can a writer of prose have any inner acquaintance with the music of verse?"

He would drily go on to trace the logic of those who reasoned thus:

"To prove the truth of my conclusion above stated - that a writer who publishes prose a long while before he publishes verse cannot be a true poet - I will pick out the prosy lines that can be found in his volume, and pillory them in my review, and convince readers by the following syllogism:

"This book of verse contains the above expressions.

"These expressions are not poetry.

"Therefore this book is not poetry."

That this syllogism, ~~he~~ Hardy would add, exhibited - designedly or not - the familiar fallacy known as the Undistributed Middle, did not prevent it being employed - usually merrily employed - in dozens of reviews of his poems at this time and for many years later, almost indeed down to the end of his writing. The fact that all the poets of all the ages could be rejected by the same argument did not apparently strike its advancers at all.

Some famous bygone exemplars of this notorious fallacy were of course Gifford, Lockhart, and Macaulay. Looked at dispassionately it seems strange that it still lives on in reviewing practice. "If a valuer should pick out all the blasted and mildewed grains from a sack of a farmer's corn, put them together, and exhibit them as a sample of such corn, we should call him a rascal; but when a reviewer picks out the bad lines from a whole volume and quotes them alone as samples of the poet's work, he is

considered a critic of honest insight." Such treatment was dealt out to Hardy by some smart hands - happily not nearly by all.

In short this was a particular instance of the general and rather appalling conclusion to which he came - had indeed known before - that a volume of poetry, by clever manipulation, can be made to support any a priori theory about its quality. Presuppose its outstanding feature to be the defects aforesaid; instances can be found. Presuppose, as here was done, that it is overloaded with derivations from the Latin or Greek when really below the average in such words; they can be found. Presuppose that Wordsworth is unorthodox: instances can be found; that Byron is devout; instances can also be found. [The foregoing paragraphs are abridged from memoranda which Hardy set down apparently for publication; though he never published them.]

Leave in

A point he realized more fully somewhat later was that he had flown in the face of his chances of a welcome by not being imitative. The only absolutely safe method of winning a hearty reception is that of shadowing and developing the philosophy, manner, and theology of some eminent poet who has lived shortly before the writer's date. There were Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning: he had only to copy one of them to win commendation - or at any rate toleration, since the fact of having once written prose might prevent more. But no, he did not adopt that royal road.

He wrote somewhere: "There is no new poetry; but the new poet - if he carry the flame on further (and if not he is no new poet) - comes with a new note. And that new note it is that troubles the critical waters."

"Poetry is emotion put into measure. The emotion must come by nature, but the measure can be acquired by art."

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One smart paragraphist said that he was nearly deluded into a belief in Hardy's verses after reading them one night; but he saved his critical credit by getting up on a cold wet morning and reading them again on an empty stomach. It happily cured his weakness. It was an apt illustration of the vicious practice of those who, in Henry James's words, prepare beforehand to limit their surrender to the book under review.

In the reception of this and later volumes of Hardy's poems there was, he said, as regards form, the inevitable ascription to ignorance of what was really choice after full knowledge. That the author loved the art of concealing art was undiscerned. For instance, as to rhythm. Years earlier he had decided that too regular a beat was bad art. He had fortified himself in his opinion by thinking of the analogy of architecture, between which art and that of poetry he had discovered, to use his own words, that there existed a close and curious parallel, ~~both~~ each arts, unlike some others, having to carry a rational content inside its artistic form. He knew that in architecture cunning irregularity is of enormous worth, * [see on back] He shaped his poetry accordingly, introducing metrical pauses, and reversed beats; and found for his trouble that some particular line of a poem exemplifying this principle was greeted by one of those terrible persons, the funny man of the critical press, with a jocular remark that such a line "did not make for immortality," the writer being probably a journalist who had never heard of pauses or beats of any kind. The same critic might have gone to one of

※ and it is obvious that he carried on into his verse, perhaps unconsciously, the Gothic art-principle in which he had been trained — the principle of spontaneity, found in mouldings ~~and~~ tracery and suchlike — resulting in the "unforeseen" (as it has been called) character of his metres and stanzas — that of stress rather than of syllable, poetic texture rather than poetic veneer; ~~[illegible]~~, the latter kind of thing, under the name of "constructed ornament" being what he, in common with every Gothic student, had been taught to avoid as the plague.

[return to preceding page.]

our cathedrals (to follow up the analogy of architecture), and on discovering that the carved leafage of some capital or spandrel in the best period of Gothic art strayed freakishly out of its bounds over the moulding, where by rule it had no business to be, or that the enrichments of a string-course were not accurately spaced; or that there was a sudden blank in a wall where a window was to be expected from formal measurement, have declared with equally merry conviction, "This does not make for immortality."

One ~~The~~ case of the kind, in which the poem "On Sturminster foot-bridge" was quoted with the remark that one could make as good music as that out of a milk-cart, betrayed the reviewer's ignorance of any perception that the metre was intended to be onomatopoeic, plainly as it was shown; and another in the same tone disclosed ~~the~~ that the reviewer had tried to scan the author's sapphics as heroics, ~~having probably never heard of the other measure.~~ ? not repeated

If any proof were wanted that Hardy was not ~~a~~ at this time and later the apprentice at verse that he was supposed to be, it could be found in an examination of his studies over many years. Among his papers were quantities of notes on rhythm and metre: with outlines and experiments in innumerable original measures, some of which he adopted from time to time. These verse-~~adopte~~ skeletons were mostly blank, and only designated by the usual marks for long and short syllables, accentuations, &c., but they were occasionally made up of "nonsense verses" - such as, he said, were written when he was a boy by students of Latin prosody with the aid of

our cathedrals (to follow up the analogy of architecture), and on discovering that the carved lacings of some capital or ornamental in the best period of Gothic art strayed irrelevantly out of its bounds over the mouldings, where by rule it had no business to be, or that the ornaments of a string-course were not accurately spaced; or that there was a sudden blank in a wall where a window was to be expected from formal considerations, have declared with equally hasty conviction, "This does not, TCAO for importality."

The case of the kind, in which the poem "on stumbling at foot-bridge" was quoted with the remark that one could make as good music as that out of a milk-cart, betrayed the reviewer's ignorance of any perception that the metre was intended to be onomatopoetic, plainly as it was shown; and another disclosed ~~the~~ that the reviewer had tried to scan the author's sapphics as heroics, having probably never heard of the other measure.

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a "Gradus".

He could not discern, he said, in reviewers of the rank and file, that they had any sense of comparative values in literature, though this was of the essence of a good judgment. If a new poet were to arise in the future, to whose personality they had some objection in the role of a poet, they might as above stated devote a whole article to a few awkward phrases or imperfect rhymes picked out here and there from his volume, though it should contain the greatest ideas or strongest emotions of the century, on which endowment - the thing that would chiefly matter - they might say nothing.

Another obvious remark of these judges was : This man was a writer of novels and stories; therefore many of these poems are novels and stories in verse, which sufficiently condemns them. But when some of Browning's best poems, and Wordsworth's, and Chaucer's, and the immortal old balladists', are stories - not to mention all metrical plays - criticism is not helped by the remark.

Lastly, Hardy had a born sense of humour, even a too keen sense occasionally: but his poetry was ~~in general~~ sometimes placed by editors in the hands of reviewers ~~well-meaning enough, but~~ deficient in ~~who had not a spark of~~ ~~yet~~ that quality. Even if they were accustomed to Dickensian humour they were not to Swiftian. Hence it unfortunately happened that verses of a satirical, dry, caustic, or farcical cast were regarded by them with the deepest seriousness. In one case the tragic nature of his verse was instanced by the ballad

a "stadium".

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Another obvious result of these judgments was: this man was a writer of novels and stories; therefore many of these poems are novels and stories in verse, which unfriendlily condemns them. But when some of Browning's best poems, and Wordsworth's, and Chaucer's, and the immortal old ballad's, are stories - not to mention all metrical plays - criticism is not helped by the remark.

Lastly, Hardy had a sense of humour, even a keen sense occasionally: but his poetry was in general placed by editors in the hands of reviewers well-nigh humourless, but who had not a spark of that quality. Even if they were accustomed to discern humour they were not to switch. Hence it unfortunately happened that verses of a satirical, dry, caustic, or ironical cast were considered by them with the deepest seriousness. In one case the ironic nature of his verse was instanced by the ballad

called "The Bride-night fire, or the fire at Tranter Sweatley's", the criticism being by an accomplished old friend of his own, Frederic Harrison, who deplored the painful nature of the bride-groom's end in leaving only a bone behind him. This piece of work Hardy had written and published when quite a young man, and had hesitated to reprint because of its too pronounced obviousness as a jest.

But he had looked the before-mentioned obstacles in the face, and their consideration did not move him much. He had written his poems entirely because he liked doing them, without

any ulterior thought; because he wanted to say the things they contained and would contain — mainly the philosophy of life afterwards developed in "The Dynasts," ~~and so little did he expect from the press after his bitter experience of its caprices, so much less did he expect than he got, that~~ He offered his publishers to take on his own shoulders the risk of ~~transpublication~~ producing the volume, so that if nobody bought it they should not be out of pocket. They were kind enough to refuse this offer, and took the risk on themselves; and fortunately they did not suffer.

A more serious meditation of Hardy's at this time than ~~on~~ that on critics was the following:

"January (1899) - No man's poetry can be truly judged till its last line is written. What is the last line? The death of the poet. And hence there is this quaint consolation to any writer of verse - that it may be imperishable for all that anybody can tell him to the contrary; and that if worthless he can never know it, unless he be a greater adept at self-criticism than poets ~~generally~~ usually are."

Writing to Hardy in March about her late husband's tastes in literature Mrs Coventry Patmore observes:

"..... It shows how ~~on~~ constant he was to his loves. From 1875 [when he first met with the book - vide ante-] to 1896 he continually had 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' read aloud to him. Each time he felt the same shock of surprise and pleasure at its consummate art and pathos. In illness, when he asked for 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' one knew he was able to enjoy again."

A correspondence on another matter than literature may be alluded to here. Mr W.T. Stead had asked Hardy to express his

opinions on "A Crusade of Peace" in a periodical he was about to publish under the name of "War against War". In the course of his reply Hardy wrote:

"As a preliminary, all civilized nations might at least show their humanity by covenanting that no horses should be employed in battle except for transport. Soldiers, at worst, know what they are doing, but these animals are denied even the poor possibilities of glory and reward as a compensation ~~ie~~ for their sufferings."

His reply brought upon Hardy, naturally, scoffs at his impracticable tenderheartedness from the fire-eating swashbuckler class, and on the other hand, strong expressions of agreement from those who saw eye to eye with him.

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In the following April (1899) the Hardys were again in London, where as in the previous year they took a flat in Wynnstay Gardens, though not the same one. They saw their friends as usual, on one of whom Hardy makes this observation after a call from him:

"When a person has gone, though his or her presence was not much desired, we regret the withdrawal of the grain of value in him, and overlook the mass of chaff that spoilt it. We realize that the essence of his personality was a human heart, though the form was uninviting."

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"It would be an amusing fact, if it were not one that leads to such bitter strife, that the conception of a First Cause which

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the theist calls 'God', and the conception of the same that the so-styled atheist calls 'no-God', are nowadays almost exactly identical. So that only a minor literary question of terminology prevents their shaking hands in agreement, and dwelling together in unity ever after."

At the beginning of June Hardy was staying at a country-house not many miles from London, and among the guests was ~~a~~ the ~~well-known~~ young Duchess of M——, a lady of great beauty, who asked him if he would conduct her to the grave of the poet Gray, which was within a walk. ~~near.~~ Hardy did so and, standing half-balanced on one foot by the grave— ~~(which~~ (as is well known, ~~was~~ it was also that of Gray's mother,) his friend recited in a soft voice the Elegy from the first word to the last in leisurely & lengthy clearness— without (an) error (which Hardy himself could not have done without some hitch in the order of the verses.) With startling suddenness while duly commending her performance he seemed to have lived through the experience before. Then he realized what it was that had happened: in love of recitation, attitude, and poise, tone of voice, and readiness of memory, the fair lady ~~she~~ had been the duplicate of the handsome dairymaid who had insisted on his listening to her rehearsal of the long & tedious gospels, when he taught in the Sunday school as a youth of fifteen. "What a thin veneer is that of rank and education over the natural woman," he would remark.

On the 18th he met A. E. Housman (the Shropshire Lad) for the first time probably, and on the 20th. he visited Swinburne at Putney, of which visit he too briefly speaks; observing, "Again ~~I~~ much inclined to his engaging, fresh, frank, almost childlike manner. Showed me his interesting editions, and ~~r~~ talked of the play he was writing. Promised to go again." He also went a day or two later, possibly

owing to his conversation with Swinburne, (though he had been there before) to St. Mildred's, Bread Street, with Sir George Douglas, where Shelley and Mary Godwin were married, and saw the register, with the signatures of Godwin and his wife as witnesses. The church was almost unaltered since the poet and Mary had knelt there, and the vestry absolutely so, not having even received a coat of paint as it seemed. Being probably in the calling mood he visited George Meredith just afterwards, and found him "looking ruddy and well in the upper part; quite cheerful, enthusiastic and warm. Would gladly see him oftener, and must try to do so." At the end of the month he rambled in Westminster Abbey at midnight by the light of a ~~candle~~ lantern, having with some friends been admitted by Miss Bradley through the Deanery.

The last week or two of their stay in London this year was spent in seeing other friends (amongst them Hamilton Aidé, the earliest of his London acquaintance except Blomfield), and in attending the marriage of Mr (afterwards Lord) Harcourt.

Hardy had suffered from rather bad influenza this summer in town, and it left an affection of the eye behind it, which he had never known before; and though he hoped it might leave him on his return to Dorchester it followed him there. He was, indeed, seldom absolutely free from it afterwards.

In July he replied to a communication from the Rationalist Press Association of which his friend Leslie Stephen was an Honarary associate:

"Though I am interested in the Society I feel it to be one which would naturally compose itself rather of writers on philosophy, science, and history, than of writers of imaginative works, whose effect depends largely on detachment. By belonging to a

philosophic association ~~the latter~~ imaginative writers place themselves in this difficulty, that they are misread as propagandist when they mean to be simply artistic and delineative."

The pleasures of bicycling were now at their highest appreciation, and many miles did Hardy and his wife, and other companions, cover during the latter part of this summer. He was not a long-distance cyclist, as was natural at 59, never exceeding 40 to 50 miles a day, but he kept vigorously going within the limit, this year and for several years after. His wife, though an indifferent walker, could almost equal him in cycle distances.

In October his sonnet on the departure of the troops for the Boer War, which he witnessed at Southampton, appeared in the Daily Chronicle, and in November the very popular verses called "The Going of the Battery" were printed in The Graphic, the scene having been witnessed at Dorchester.

In December "The Dead Drummer" (afterwards called "Hodge the Drummer") appeared in Literature, and "A Christmas Ghost" in the Westminster Gazette". ¶ The latter months of this same year (1899) were saddened for him by the sudden death of Sir Arthur Blomfield, shortly before the date which had been fixed for a visit to him at Broadway by Hardy and his wife. Thus was snapped a friendship which had extended over 36 years.

Hardy's memoranda on his thoughts and movements - particularly the latter - which never reached the regularity of a diary - had of late grown more and more fitful, and now (1900) that novels were past and done with, nearly ceased altogether, such notes on scenes and functions having been dictated by what he had thought practical necessity; so that it becomes difficult to ascertain what mainly occupied his mind, or what his social doings were. The poetic fantasy entitled "The Souls of the Slain" was published in The Cornhill in the April of this year, and he and his wife

His personal ambition in a worldly sense, which had always been weak, dwindled to nothing, and for some years after 1895 or 1896 he requested that no record of his life should be made, his verses being kept going from pleasure in them. However, ...

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April 5th Easter Sunday. Watched a blackbird on a budding sycamore. Was near enough to see his tongue, and the crescent coloured bill parting and closing as he sang. He flew down, picked up a stem of hay, and flew up to where the was building.

went to London this month according to custom, though instead of taking a flat or house as in former years they stayed on at the West Central Hotel in Southampton Row, ~~whose proprietor, Mr Frederick Smith, Hardy had known almost from the time when Mr Smith was the astonished secretary to the Band of Hope Temperance Society.~~ Taking no great interest in fashion and rank as such, of which they had both seen a good deal during the previous twenty years, (though he much valued the friendships it sometimes brought,) ~~Hardy~~ he possibly thought it advisable to economize, seeing that he had sacrificed so much of his yearly income by not producing more novels. When one considers that he might have made himself a man of affluence in a few years by taking the current of popularity as it served, writing "best sellers," and ringing changes upon the novels he had already written, his bias towards poetry must have been instinctive and disinterested.

For some reason he spent time while here in hunting up Latin hymns at the British Museum, and copies that he made of several have been found, of dates ranging from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, by Thomas of Celano, Adam of S.Victor, John Mauburn, Jacob Balde, etc. That English prosody might be enriched by adapting some of the verse-forms of these is not unlikely to have been his view.

When they left London this year is uncertain, but we find Hardy at the latter part of July bicycling about Dorset with his friend Mr (later Sir) Hamo Thornycroft, and in August entertaining Mr A.E.Housman, Mr Clodd, and Sir Frederick Pollock, bicycling from Max Gate to Portland Bill and back in one day with the

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(to 435)

In a pocket-book of this date appears a diagram illustrating "the language of verse:"-

Verse

| Fanciful | Meditative | Sentimental | Passionate |

Language of Common Speech.

"Poetic Diction"

and the following note thereon:

"The confusion of thought to be observed in Wordsworth's teaching in his essay in the Appendix to 'Lyrical Ballads' seems to arise chiefly out of his use of the word 'imagination'. He should have put the matter somewhat like this: In works of <u>passion and sentiment</u> (not 'imagination and sentiment') the language of verse is the language of prose. In works of <u>fancy</u>, (or imagination) 'poetic diction' (of the real kind) is proper, and even necessary. The diagram illustrates my meaning."

~~latter~~ last-named, a performance whose chief onerousness lay in roughness of road-surface and steepness of gradient. Cycling went merrily ~~ale~~ along through August, September, and into October, mostly with Mrs Hardy and other ~~relatives~~ companions, reaching to the outskirts of the county and into Somerset, Devon, and Hants. In October, declining to be interviewed by the representative of the American National Red-Cross Society, he wrote as a substitute:

"A society for the relief of suffering is entitled to every man's gratitude; and though, in the past century, material growth has been out of all proportion to moral growth, the existence of your society leaves one not altogether without hope that during the next hundred years the relations between our inward and our outward progress may become less of a reproach to civilization."

~~During the~~ In the same month he replied to the Rev. J. Alexander Smith:

"On referring to the incident in 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles' to which you draw my attention I do not find there anything more than an opinion, or feeling, on lay baptism by a person who was nettled at having his clerical ministration of the rite repulsed. The truth or error of his opinion is ~~the~~ therefore immaterial. Nevertheless if it were worth while it might be plausibly ~~agreed~~ argued that to refuse clerical performance and substitute lay performance not from necessity but from pure obstinacy (as he held), might deprive that particular instance of lay baptism of its validity."

~~During the latter weeks of the year his wife was called from home to be with her sister, the widow of the Revd. Caddell~~

Holder, the former incumbent of St. Juliot, who was in her last illness, her death occurring in December. At the very close of the year Hardy's much admired poem on the ~~[illegible]~~ century's end, entitled "The Darkling Thrush", was published in a periodical.

[End of the Nineteenth Century.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

Poems of the Past and Present, and others.

1901 - 1903. Aet. 60 - 63.

May found them in London, and hearing music. At a Ysaye Concert at Queen's Hall a passage in the descriptive programme evidently struck him - whether with amusement at the personifications in the rhetoric, or admiration for it, is not mentioned - for he takes the trouble to copy it:

" 'The solo enters at the twelfth bar..... Later in the movement a new theme is heard - a brief episode, the thematic material of the opening sufficing the composer's needs. In the Adagio the basses announce and develop a figure. Over this the soloists and first violins enter,' &c. (Bach's Concerto in E.) I see them: black headed, larkspurred fellows, marching in on five wires."

"May 11. Leslie Stephen says: 'The old ideals have become obsolete, and the new are not yet constructed.....We cannot write living poetry on the ancient model. The gods and heroes are too dead, and we cannot seriously sympathize with....the idealized prize-fighter.' "

On May 22. Hardy dined again with Sir Henry Thompson at one of his "octaves" in Wimpole Street, and at the end of the month, while staying at Aldeburgh, visited with others there the grave of Fitzgerald the translator of Omar Kayyam, in Boulge Churchyard, whereon was growing the rose-bush that had been raised from hips brought from Omar's grave in Persia.

On his return to London Hardy chronicles a feat of execution by Kubelik at a concert he attended at St. James's Hall - that of playing "pizzicato" on his violin the air of 'The Last Rose of Summer' with Ernst's variations, and fingering and bowing a rapid accompaniment at the same time. At Mr Maurice Hewlett's Madame Sarah Bernhardt talked to him pensively on her consciousness that she was getting old, but on taking his wife a day or two later to see her as the Duc in M. Rostand's "L'Aiglon" she appeared youthful enough he said, "though unfortunately too melodramatically lime-lighted for naturalness."

At the end of the month the well-known literary and journalistic fraternity called the Whitefriars Club paid Hardy a visit at Max Gate, where they were entertained in a tent on the lawn. To diversify their journey from London they had travelled the last ten miles by road in open carriages, and the beautiful new summer dresses of the ladies were encrusted with dust. But nobody minded - except perhaps some of the ladies themselves - and the visit was a most lively one, though the part of the country they had driven through was not the most picturesque part.

In a letter on Rationalism written about this time, but apparently not sent, he remarks:

"My own interest lies largely in non-rationalistic subjects, since non-rationality seems, so far as one can perceive, to be the principle of the Universe. By which I do not mean foolishness, but rather a principle for which there is no exact name, lying at the indifference-point between rationality and irrationality."

[Letter on Richmond Hill — See on back.]

To Dr Arnaldo Cervesato of Rome:

June 20: 1901.

"I do not think that there will be any permanent revival of the old transcendental ideals; but I think there may gradually be developed an Idealism of Fancy; that is, an idealism in which fancy is no longer tricked out and made to masquerade as belief, but is frankly and honestly accepted as an imaginative solace in the lack of any substantial solace to be found in life."

"July 8, Pictures. My weakness has always been to prefer the large intention of an unskilful artist to the trivial intention of an accomplished one: in other words I am more interested in the high ideas of a feeble executant than in the high execution of a feeble thinker."

During the seven weeks ensuing he was preparing for the press a number of lyrics and other verses which had accumulated since "Wessex Poems" appeared, and sent off the manuscript to the publishers at the end of August. It was published in the middle of November under the title of "Poems of the Past and the Present".

※ [insert at back]

In reply to the letter of an inquirer as to the preservation of the prospect from Richmond Hill he wrote 10th June 1901:

"I have always been in love with Richmond Hill - the Lass included - and though I think I could produce a few specimens from this part of the country that would be fairly even with it, or ~~them~~ her, in point of beauty, I am grieved to hear that the world-famed view is in danger of disfigurement. I cannot believe that any such foolish local policy will be persevered in."

He seems to have taken no notice of the reception accorded to the book by the press, though it might have flattered him to find that some characteristic ideas in this volume, which he never tried to make consistent - such as in the pieces entitled "The Sleepworker", "The Lacking Sense", "Doom and She", and others - ideas that were further elaborated in "The Dynasts" and which reviewers in general passed over in silence, found their way into many prose writings after this date.

On the last day of the year he makes the following reflection: "After reading various philosophic systems, and being struck with their contradictions and futilities, I have come to this:- Let every man make a philosophy for himself out of his own experience. He will not be able to escape using terms and phraseology from earlier philosophers, but let him ~~remember~~ avoid adopting their theories if he values his ~~won~~ own mental life. Let him remember the fate of Coleridge, and save years of labour by working out his own views as given him by his surroundings."

"Jan. 1. (1902) A Pessimist's apology. - Pessimism (or rather what is called such) is, in brief, playing the sure game. You cannot lose at it; you may gain. It is the only view of life in which you can never be disappointed. Having reckoned what to do in the worst possible circumstances, when better arises, as they may, life becomes child's play."

In reply this month to a writer in the Parisian "Revue Bleue" he gave it as his opinion that the effect of the South African War on English literature had been

"~~The~~ A vast multiplication of books on the war itself, and the issue of large quantities of warlike and patriotic poetry. These works naturally throw into the shade works that breathe a more quiet and ~~phiel~~ philosophic spirit; a curious minor feature in the ~~sa~~ case among a certain class of writers being the disguise under Christian terminology of principles not necessarily wrong from the point of view of international politics, but obviously anti-christian, because inexorable and masterful."

In London the same month he attended a meeting at the rooms of the Society of Authors, and with his wife was a guest at the wedding of Lady Helen Stewart and Lord Stavordale, afterwards Lord Ilchester.

In view of the approaching centenary of Victor Hugo's birth Hardy amongst other European men of letters was asked at this time by a Continental paper for a brief tribute to the genius of the poet; and he sent the following:

"His memory must endure. His works are the cathedrals of literary architecture, his imagination adding greatness to the colossal and charm to the small."

March. - "Poetry. - There is a latent music in the sincere utterance of deep emotion, however expressed, which fills the place of the actual word-music in rhythmic phraseology on thinner emotive subjects, or on subjects with next to none at all. And supposing a total poetic effect to be represented by a ~~nu~~ unit, its component ~~g~~ fractions may be either, say:

"Emotion three-quarters, plus Expression one quarter, or
"Emotion one quarter plus Expression three-quarters.

"This suggested conception seems to me to be the only one which explains all cases, including those instances of verse that apparently infringe all rules, and yet bring unreasoned convictions that they are poetry."

In April of this year he was writing "A Trampwoman's Tragedy" - a ballad based on some local story of an event more or less resembling the incidents embodied, which took place between 1820 and 1830.

To Mr (afterwards Sir) Rider Haggard, who was investigating the conditions of Agriculture and Agricultural labourers, he gave the following information:

"March: 1902.

"My dear Haggard:

"As to your first question, my opinion on the past of the agricultural labourers in this county: I think, indeed know, that down to 1850 or 1855 their condition was in general one of great hardship. I say in general, for there have always been fancy-farms, resembling St Clair's in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' whereon they lived as smiling exceptions to those of their class all around them. I recall one such, the estate-owner being his own farmer, and ultimately ruining himself by his hobby. To go to the other extreme; as a child I knew ~~by sight~~ a sheep-keeping boy who to my horror shortly afterwards died of want - the contents of his stomach at the autopsy being raw turnip only.

His father's wages were six shillings a week, with about two pounds at harvest, a cottage rent free, and an allowance of thorn faggots from the hedges as fuel. Between these examples came the great bulk of farms - wages whereon ranged from seven to nine shillings a week, and perquisites being better in proportion.

"Secondly: as to the present. Things are of course widely different now. I am told that at the annual hiring-fair just past, the old positions were absolutely reversed, the farmers walking about and importuning the labourers to come and be hired, instead of, as formerly, the labourers anxiously entreating the stolid farmers to take them on at any pittance. Their present life is almost without exception one of comfort, if the most ordinary thrift be observed. I could take you to the cottage of a shepherd not many miles from here that has a carpet and brass-rods to the staircase, and from the open door of which you hear a piano strumming within. Of course bicycles stand by the ~~e~~ doorway, while at night a large paraffin lamp throws out a perfect blaze of light upon the passer by.

"The son of another labourer I know takes dancing lessons at a quadrille-class in the neighbouring town. Well, why not!

"But changes at which we must all rejoice have brought other changes which are not so attractive. The labourers have become more and more migratory - the younger families in especial, who enjoy nothing so much as fresh scenery and new acquaintance. The consequences are curious and unexpected. For one thing, village tradition - a vast mass of unwritten folk-lore, local chronicle, local topography and nomenclature - is absolutely sinking, has nearly sunk, into eternal oblivion. I cannot recall

a single instance of a labourer who still lives on the farm where he was born, and I can only recall a few who have been five years on their present farms. Thus you see, there being no continuity of environment in their lives, there is no continuity of information, the names, stories, and relics of one place being speedily forgotten under the incoming facts of the next. For example, if you ask one of the workfolk (they always ~~we~~ used to be called "workfolk" hereabout - "labourers" is an imported word) the names of surrounding hills, streams; the character and circumstances of people buried in particular graves: at what spots parish personages lie interred, questions on local fairies, ghosts, herbs, &c, they can give no answer: yet I can recollect the time when the places of burial even of the poor and tombless were all remembered, and the history of the parish and squire's family for 150 years back known. Such and such ballads appertained to such and such a locality, ghost tales were attached to particular sites, and nooks wherein wild herbs grew for the cure of divers maladies were pointed out readily.

"On the subject of the migration to the towns I think I have printed my opinions from time to time: so that I will only say a word or two about it here. In this ~~[illegible]~~ consideration the case of the farm-labourers merges itself in that of rural cottagers generally, including jobbing labourers, artisans, and nondescripts of all sorts who go to make up the body of English villagery. That these people have removed to the towns of sheer choice during the last forty years it would be absurd to argue, except as to that percentage of young, adventurous, and

ambitious spirits among them which is found in all societies. The prime cause of the removal is, unquestionably, insecurity of tenure. If they do not escape this in the towns it is not ~~fr~~ fraught with such trying consequences there as in a village whence they may have to travel ten or twenty miles to find another house and other work. Moreover, if in a town lodging an honest man's daughter should have an illegitimate child, or his wife should take to drinking, he is not compelled by any squire to pack up his furniture and get his living elsewhere, as ~~it~~ is, or was lately, too often the case in the country. (I am neither attacking nor defending this order of things; I merely relate it: the landlord sometimes had reason on his side; sometimes not.)

"Now why such migrations to cities did not largely take place till within the last forty years or so is, I think (in respect of farm labourers) that they had neither the means nor the knowledge in old times that they have now. And owing to the then stability of villagers of the other class - such as mechanics and small traders, the backbone of village life, they had not the inclination. The tenure of these latter was, down to about fifty years ago, a fairly secure one, even if they were not in the possession of small freeholds. The custom of granting leaseholds for three lives, or other life-holding privileges, obtained largely in our villages, and though tenures by lifehold may not be ideally good or fair they did at least serve the purpose of keeping the native population at home. Villages in which there

is not now a single cottager other than a weekly tenant were formerly occupied almost entirely on the lifehold principle, the term extending over seventy or a hundred years; and the young man who knows that he is secure of his father's and grandfather's cottage for his own lifetime thinks twice and three times before he embarks on the uncertainties of a wandering career. Now though, as I have ~~si~~ said, these cottagers were not often farm-labourers, their permanency reacted on the farm labourers, and made their lives with such comfortable associates better worth living.

"Thirdly: as to the future, the evils of instability, and the ultimate results from such a state of things, it hardly becomes me to attempt to prophesy here. That remedies exist for them and are easily applicable you will easily gather from what I have stated above."

"April 20th. - Vagg Hollow, on the way to Load Bridge (Somerset) is a place where 'things' used to be seen - usually taking the form of a woll-pack in the middle of the road. Teams and other horses always stopped on the brow of the hollow, and could only be made to go on by whipping. A waggoner once cut at the pack with his whip: it opened in two, and smoke and a hoofed figure rose out of it."

"May 1st. Life is what we make it as Whist is what we make it; but not as chess is what we make it; which ranks higher as a purely intellectual game than either Whist or Life."

Letter sent to and printed in "The Academy & Literature", May 17 1902, concerning a review of Maeterlinck's "Apology for Nature".

[White Line]

"Sir:

"In your review of M. Maeterlinck's book you quote with seeming approval his vindication of Nature's ways which is (as I understand it) to the effect that, though she does not appear to be just from our point of view, she may practise a scheme of morality unknown to us, in which she is just. Now, admit but the bare possibility of such a hidden morality, and she would go out of court without the slightest stain on her character, so certain should we feel that indifference to morality was beneath her greatness.

"Far be it from my wish to distrust any comforting fantasy, if it can be barely tenable. But alas, no profound reflection can be needed to detect the sophistry in M. Maeterlinck's argument, and to see that the original difficulty recognized by thinkers like Schopenhauer, Hartmann, Haeckel, etc., and by most of the persons called pessimists, remains unsurmounted.

"Pain has been, and pain is: no new sort of morals in Nature can remove pain from the past and make it pleasure for those who are its infallible estimators, the bearers thereof. And no injustice, however slight, can be atoned for by her future generosity, however ample, so long as we consider Nature to be, or to stand for, unlimited power. The exoneration of an omnipotent Mother by her retrospective justice becomes an absurdity when we ask, what made the

Letter sent to and printed in "The Academy & Literature", May 17 1913, concerning a review of Masterlinck's "Apology for Nature".

Sir:

In your review of M. Maeterlinck's book you quote with evident approval his vivisection of Nature's work which is (as I understand it) to the effect that, though she does not appear to be sentient out point of view, she may exercise a species of morality directed towards the end she is just. Now, I will put the matter somewhat more strongly: morality, and she would go out of court immediately if were a sentient morality, and we would be out of court without the distinct claim on our characters, so certain should we feel that morality issues to totality was concerned not a matter.

Nor do it (you my wish to distract my organizing instinct) if it not be morally tenable. Not also, no profound reflection can be what to notice the acquisity in M. Maeterlinck's argument, and to see that the original difficulty recognized by thinkers like Schopenhauer, Bertrand, Kierkegaard, etc., and by most of the persons called pessimists, resulting unfoundedness.

Nature has been, and still is: an new kind of morals in Nature can prove that from the best and make it pleasure for those who are its favorite children, the poetic ideal. And no indication, however intuitible estimators, the poetic ideal. And no indication, however over-right, can be adopted for by her future generosity, however angels, or too, as no constant nature to be, or to stand for, unfamiliar for power. The exclusation of an constant nature by our rationgoes-ition, position because an absurdity when we ask, what helps the

foregone injustice necessary to her Omnipotence?

"So you cannot, I fear, save her good name except by assuming one of two things: that she is blind and not a judge of her actions, or that she is an automaton, and unable to control them: in either of which assumptions, though you have the chivalrous satisfaction of screening one of her sex, you only throw responsibility a stage further back.

"But the story is not new. It is true, nevertheless, that, as M. Maeterlinck contends, to dwell too long amid such reflections does no good, and that to model our conduct on Nature's apparent conduct, as Nietzsche would have taught, can only bring disaster to humanity.

"Yours truly,

"Thomas Hardy."

"Max Gate, Dorchester."

In June Hardy was engaged in a correspondence in the pages of the Dorset County Chronicle on ~~Edmund's~~ Edmund Kean's connection with Dorchester, which town he visited as a player before he became famous, putting up with his wife and child at an inn called "The Little Jockey" on Glyde Path Hill (standing in Hardy's time). His child died whilst here, and was buried in Trinity Churchyard near at hand. The entry in the Register runs as follows:

"Burials in the Parish of Holy Trinity in Dorchester in the County of ~~Dorchester~~ Dorset in the year 1813:

"Name, Howard son of Edmund and Mary Kean. Abode, Residing at Glyde Path Hill in this Parish. When buried, Nov. 24. Age 4. By whom the Ceremony was performed, Henry John Richman."

Readers of the Life of Kean will remember the heaviness of heart with which he noted his experience at Dorchester on this occasion - that it was a very wet night, that there was a small audience, that, unless we are mistaken, the play was "Coriolanus" (fancy playing "Coriolanus" at ~~Dir~~ Dorchester now!), that he performed his part badly. Yet he was standing on the very brink of fame, for it was on this very ~~a~~ occasion, ~~unless we are mistaken,~~ that the emissary from old Drury — Arnold the stage-manager — witnessed his performance, and decided that he was the man for the London boards.

In his letters to the paper under the pseudonym of "History" Hardy observed:

"Your correspondent 'Dorset' who proposes to 'turn the hose' upon the natural interest of Dorchester people in Edmund Kean, should, I think, first turn the hose upon his own uncharitableness. His contention amounts to this, that because one of

the greatest, if not the very greatest, of English tragedians was not without blemish in his morals, no admiration is to be felt for his histrionic achievements or regard for the details of his life. So, then, Lord Nelson should have no place in our sentiment, nor Burns, nor Byron - not even Shakespeare himself - nor unhappily many another great man whose flesh has been weak. With amusing maladroitness your correspondent calls himself by the name of the county which has lately commemorated King Charles the Second - a worthy who seduced scores of men's wives to Kean's one.

"Kean was, in truth, a sorely tried man, and it is no wonder that he may have succumbed. The illegitimate child of a struggling actress, the vicissitudes and hardships of his youth and young manhood left him without moral ballast when the fire of his genius brought him success and adulation. The usual result followed, and owing to the publicity of his life it has been his misfortune ever since to have, like Cassius in 'Julius Caesar',

'All his faults observed,
'Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,'

by people who show the Christian feeling of your correspondent."

The following week Hardy sent a supplementary note:

"One word as to the building in Dorchester in which Kean performed in 1813. There is little doubt that it was in the old theatre yet existing [though not as such], stage and all, at the back of Messrs Godwin's china shop; and for these among other reasons. A new theatre in North Square [Qy. Back West Street?]

built by Curme - was opened in February 1828, while there are still dwellers in Dorchester who have heard persons speak of seeing plays in the older theatre about 1821 or 1822, Kean's visit having been only a few years earlier."

During the latter half of this year 1902 Hardy was working more or less on the First Part of "The Dynasts", which was interrupted in August and September by bicycle trips, and in October by a short stay in Bath, where the cycling was continued. On one of these occasions having reached Bristol by road, and suddenly entered on the watered streets, he came off into the mud with a side-slip, and was rubbed down by a kindly coal-heaver with one of his sacks. In this condition he caught sight of some rare old volume in a lumber-shop; and looking him up and down when he asked the price the woman who kept the shop said; "Well, sixpence won't hurt ye, I suppose?" He used to state that if he had proposed threepence he would doubtless have got the volume.

In January (1903) he and his wife were at the wedding of Miss Madeleine Stanley and the Hon. St.John Brodrick, afterwards the Earl of Middleton, at St. George's Hanover Square, and through May and June in London continuously.

To a correspondent who was preparing a Report on Capital Punishment for the Department of Economics, Stanford University, California, and who asked for the expression of his opinion on the advisability of abolishing it in highly civilized communities, he replied about this time:

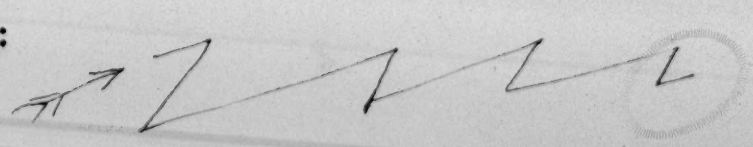
"As an acting magistrate I think that Capital Punishment operates as a deterrent from deliberate crimes against life to an extent that no other form of punishment can rival. But the question of the moral right of a community to inflict that punishment ~~can rival~~ is one I cannot enter into in this necessarily brief communication."

It may be observed that the writer describes himself as an "acting magistrate", yet he acted but little at sessions. He was not infrequently , however, on Grand Juries at the Assizes, where he would meet with capital offences.

Returning to the country in July he sat down to finish the First Part of "The Dynasts", the MS. of which was sent to the Messrs Macmillan at the end of September. He then corrected the proofs of "A Trampwoman's Tragedy." for the North American Review, in which pages it was published in November. When the ballad was read in England by the few good ~~critics~~ judges who met with it, they reproached Hardy with sending it out of the country for publication, not knowing that it was first offered to The Cornhill Magazine and declined by the editor on the ground of it not being a poem he could possibly print in a family periodical. That there was any impropriety in the verses had never struck ~~Hardy~~ the author at all, nor did it strike any readers, so far as he was aware.

In December he answered an inquiry addressed to him by the editor of L'Européen, an international journal published in Paris:

"I would say that I am not of opinion that France is in a decadent state. Her history seems to take the form of a serrated line, thus:



and a true judgment of her general tendency cannot be based on a momentary observation, but must extend over whole periods of e variation.

"What will sustain France as a nation is, I think, her unique accessibility to new ideas, and her ready power of emancipation from those which reveal themselves to be effete."

In the same month of December the first part of "The Dynasts" was published.

It was some time in this year that Hardy, in concurrence with his brother and sisters, erected in Stinsford Church a brass tablet to commemorate the connection of his father, grandfather, and uncle, with the musical services there in the early part of the previous century, the west gallery, wherein their ministrations had covered altogether about forty years, having been removed some sixty years before this date. The inscription on the brass runs as follows:—

> Memoriae · Sacrum · Thomae · Hardy · patris · Jacobi · et · Thomae · filiorum
> qui · olim · in · hac · Ecclesia · per · annos · quadraginta · (MDCCCII — MDCCCXLI)
> fidicinis munere · sunt · perfuncti.
> Ponendum · curaverunt · Thomae · junioris · filii · et · filiae:
> Thomas : Henricus : Maria : Catherina. MDCCCCIII.

CHAPTER ~~XXVII.~~ XIII

Part First of The Dynasts.

1904 - 1905. Aet. 63 - 65.

As "The Dynasts" contained ideas of some freshness, and was not a copy of something else, the course of a large number of critics was clear to them - not to consider it on its merits as a dramatic poem, but to save all trouble by treating it facetiously. This facetiousness was, to be sure, one form of censure, and presupposed the application of literary tests; though as a fact these were not applied as they should have been, primarily. The appraisement of the work was in truth, while nominally literary, at the core narrowly Philistine, and even theosophic. Its author had erroneously supposed that by writing a frank preface on his method - that the scheme of the drama was based on a tentative theory of things which seemed to accord with the mind of the age; but that whether such theory did or not so accord, and whether it were true or false, little affected his object, which was a poetical one wherein nothing more was necessary than that the theory should be plausible - a polemic handling of his book would be avoided. Briefly, that the

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drama being ~~primarily~~ advanced not as a reasoned system of philosophy, (nor as a new philosophy) but as a poem, with the discrepancies that are to be expected in an imaginative work, as such it would be read.

However, the latitude claimed was allowed but in few instances, and an invidious reception was pretty general, the substance of which was "On what grounds do you arrogate to yourself a right to express in poetry a philosophy which has never been expressed in poetry before?" This, of course, was not said directly, but veiled behind objections to other features of the production, in which the old game was played of describing the worst, and saying no word about the best. ϕ [see on back]

Hardy replied to one of these criticisms in The Times Literary Supplement, (~~[illegible]~~ (Times Lit. Sup. Feb 5 and Feb. 19, 1904), but did not make many private memoranda on the reviews. One memorandum is as follows:

"I suppose I have handicapped myself by expressing, both in this drama and previous verse, philosophies and feelings as yet not well-established ~~and~~ or formally adopted into the general teaching; and by thus over-stepping the standard boundary set up for the thought of the age by the proctors of opinion, I have thrown back my chance of acceptance in poetry by many years. The very fact of my having tried to spread over art the latest illumination of the time has darkened counsel in respect of me." X [See on back]

His mind was however drawn away from the perils of attempting to express his age in poetry by a noticeable change in his mother's state of health. She was now in her 91st. year, and

¶ Notwithstanding his hopes, he had a suspicion that such might be the case, as we may gather from a note he had written :-

"The old theologies may or may not have worked for good in their time. But they will not bear stretching further in epic or dramatic art. The Greeks used up theirs; the Jews used up theirs; the Christians have used up theirs. So that one must make an independent plunge, embodying the real, if only temporary, thought of the age. But I expect that I shall catch it hot and strong for attempting it!"

¶ "What the reviewers really assert is, not 'This is an untrue and inartistic view of life' but 'This is not the view of life that we people who thrive on conventions can permit to be painted." — If, instead of the machinery I adopted, I had constructed a theory of a world directed by fairies, nobody would have objected, & the critics would probably have said, 'What a charming fancy of Mr Hardy's!' But having chosen a scheme which may or may not be a valid one, but is presumably much nearer reality than the fancy of a world ordered by fairies would be, they straightway lift their brows."

though she had long suffered from deafness was mentally as clear and alert as ever. She sank gradually, but it was not till two days before her death that she failed to comprehend his words to her. She died on Easter Sunday April 3rd, and was buried at Stinsford in the grave of her husband. She had been a woman with an extraordinary store of local memories reaching back to the days when the ancient ballads were everywhere heard at country feasts, in weaving shops, and at spinning-wheels; and her good taste in literature was expressed by the books she selected for her children in circumstances in which opportunities for selection were not numerous. The portraits ~~ee~~ of her which appeared in The Sphere, The Gentlewoman, The Book Monthly and other papers - the best being from a painting by her daughter Mary - show a face of dignity and judgment.

A month earlier he had sent a reply to the Revd. S. Whittell Key, who had inquired of him concerning "sport":

"I am not sufficiently acquainted with the many varieties of sport to pronounce which is, quantitatively, the most cruel.

"I can only say generally that the prevalence of those sports which consist in the pleasure of watching a fellow-creature, weaker or less favoured than ourselves, in its struggles by nature's poor resources only, to escape the death-agony we mean to inflict by the treacherous contrivances of science, seems one of the many convincing proofs that we have not yet emerged from barbarism.

"In the present state of affairs there would appear to be no logical reason why the smaller children, say, of overcrowded families, should not be used for sporting purposes. Darwin has revealed that There would be no

difference in principle; moreover, these children would often escape lives intrinsically less happy than those of wild birds and other animals."

During May he was in London reading at the British Museum on various days - probably historic details that bore up on "The Dynasts" - and went to Sunday concerts at the Queen's Hall, and to afternoon services at St. Paul's whenever he happened to be near the Cathedral, a custom of his covering many years before and after. The only large party they attended this summer seems to have been at Stafford House, St. James's; but at teas on the Terrace of the House of ~~Commons~~ Lords and at small parties at Lady Londonderry's, Lady Windsor's, & Mrs Macmillan's they renewed acquaintance with other friends.

On June 27 The Times published the following letter:

"Sir: I should like to be allowed space to express in the fewest words a view of Count Tolstoy's philosophic sermon on war, of which you print a translation in your impression of to-day, and a comment in your leading article.

"The sermon may show many of the extravagances of detail to which the world has grown accustomed in Count Tolstoy's later writings. It may exhibit, here and there, incoherence as a moral system. Many people may object to the second half of the dissertation - its special application to Russia in the present war (on which I can say nothing). Others may be unable to see advantage in the writer's use of theological terms for describing and illustrating the moral evolutions of past ages. But surely all these objectors should be hushed by his great argument, and every

defect in his particular reasonings hidden by the blaze of glory that shines from his masterly general indictment of war as a modern principle, with all its senseless and illogical crimes.

"Your obedient servant

"Thomas Hardy."

Again in the country in August, Hardy resumed his cycling tours, meeting by accident Mr William Watson, Mr Francis Coutts (Lord Latimer), and Mr John Lane at Glastonbury, and spending a romantic day or two there among the ruins.

In October Hardy learnt by letter from Madras of the death of Mrs Malcolm Nicolson - the gifted and impassioned poetess known as "Laurence Hope", whom he had met in London; and he wrote a brief obituary notice of her in the Athenaeum at the end of the month. But beyond this, and the aforesaid newspaper letters, he appears to have printed very little during this year 1904. A German translation of "Life's Little Ironies" was published in Aus Fremden Zungen, in Berlin, and a French translation of "The Well-Beloved" undertaken.

His memoranda get more and more meagre as the years go on, until we are almost entirely dependent on letter-references, ~~and~~ and casual remarks of his taken down by the present writer. reviews, It is a curious reversal of what is usually found in lives, where notes and diaries grow more elaborate with maturity of years. But it accords with Hardy's frequent saying that he took little interest in himself as a person, and his absolute refusal at all times to write his reminiscences.

In January (1905) he served as Grand Juror at the winter Assizes, and in the latter part of the month met Dr Shipley, Mr

defect in his particular recognition hidden by the blaze of glory that shines from his masterly general indictment of war as a modern pathology, with all its meanness and illogical crimes.

"Your obedient servant,

"Thomas Hardy."

Again in the country in August, Hardy pursued his writing towers, meeting by accident the Milligan Sykes, Mr Francis Cowtan and Mr John Lane at Blandford, and spending a romantic day or two there among the ruins.

In October Hardy learnt by letter from Lady Grove of the death of Mrs Rabbich Kingdom - the gifted and impassioned woman known as "Lamrouge Hope", who had met in London and he wrote a brief obituary notice of her in the Athenaeum at the end of the month. Her beyond [illegible] a German translation of "Life's Little Ironies" was published in Aus Fremden Zungen, in Berlin, and a French translation of "The Well-Beloved" undertaken.

His memories are more and more dwelling on the years go on, until we are almost entirely dependent on letter-references and reviews. It is a curious revelation of what is usually found in lives, where notes and diaries are more elaborate with maturity of years. But it accords with Hardy's frequent saying that he took little interest in himself as a person, and his abnormal reticence at all times to write his autobiography.

In January (1905) he moved on from Wimborne at the Christmas season, and in the latter part of the month met a sculptor, [illegible]

Asquith, Lord Monteagle, Sir Edgar Vincent and others at a dinner at the National Club given by Mr Gosse. At this time he was much interested in the paintings of Zurbaran, which he preferred to all others of the old Spanish School, venturing to think that they might some day be held in higher estimation than those of Velasquez, which were just then so much lauded.

About this time the romantic poem entitled "A Noble Lady's Tale" was printed in the Cornhill Magazine.

The first week in April Hardy left Dorchester for London en route for Aberdeen, the ancient University of which city had offered him the honorary degree of LL.D. and in accepting which he remarked:

"I am impressed by its coming from Aberdeen, for though a stranger to that part of Scotland to a culpable extent I have always observed with admiration the exceptional characteristics of the Northern University, which in its fostering encouragement of mental effort seems to cast an eye over these islands that is unprejudiced, unbiassed and unsleeping."

It was a distance of near 700 miles (by the route he would have to take — almost as far as to the Pyrenees —) over the northern stage of which winter still lingered, but his journey there and back was an easy one, the section from Euston Square to the north being performed in a train of sleeping-cars which crunched through the snow as if it were January, the occasion coinciding with the opening of the new sculpture-gallery, a function that brought many visitors from London. Hardy was hospitably entertained at the Chanonry Lodge, Old Aberdeen, by Principal and Mrs Marshall Lang, which was the beginning of a friendship that

Asquith, Lord Montagu, Sir Edgar Vincent and others at a dinner at the National Club given by Mr Cooper. - At this time he was much interested in the patronage of Scotland, which he exercised to all officers of the old Scottish School, venturing to think that they might some day be paid in higher ministration than those of Valmonger. Nation were just then so much labored.

After [illegible] Mr Asquith leaving [illegible] [illegible] Mr Lloyd, Mr Asquith.

The first visit in April nearly left Governator for London on route for Aberdeen, the ancient University of which this central site the honorary degree of LL.D. and is addressing which he was asked:

"I am interested by its coming from Aberdeen, for though a stranger to that part of Scotland to a continuing extent I have always observed with admiration the exceptional characterization of the Northern University, which in its foundation bespoke consent of mental effort seems to exist as one over-arch seeing that is magnificent, unbiased and unassuming."

It was a distance of near 100 miles, over the Northern stage of Julian winter still lingered, but his journey there and back was an easy one, the section from Dundee Ferry to the North being performed in a train de alongside-cars which [illegible] through the snow as it is were January. The occasion motivating with the opening of the new Sanitorio-Gallery. A Professor that brought many visitors from London. Harry was musically entertained at the Gamonry Lodge, Old Aberdeen, by [illegible] and [illegible] Kennedy Lang, which was to be lighted over a friendship that

lasted till the death of the former. Among others who received the like honour at the same time were Professor Bury and Lord Reay.

In the evening there was a reception in the Mitchell Hall, Marischal College, made lively by Scotch Reels and bag-pipers; and the next day, after attending at the formal opening of the sculpture-gallery, he was a guest at the Corporation Dinner at the Town Hall, where friends were warm, but draughts were keen to one from Southern county, and speeches, though good, so long, that he and the Principal did not get back to Chanonry Lodge till one o'clock.

On Sunday morning Hardy visited spots in and about Aberdeen associated with Byron and others, and lunched at the Grand Hotel by the invitation of Mr (afterwards Sir) James Murray, dining at the same place with the same host, crossing hands in Auld Lang Syne with delightful people whom he had never seen before and, alas, never saw again. This was the "hearty way" (as it would be called in Wessex) in which they did things in the snowy north. To Hardy the whole episode of Aberdeen, he said, was of a most pleasant and unexpected kind, and it remained with him like a romantic dream.

Passing through London on his way south he breakfasted at the Athenaeum, where he was shocked to learn of the death of his friend Lord St. Helier (Sir Francis Jeune) who had been ailing more or less since the loss of his only son in the previous August, Hardy on his way down to Dorset was led to think of the humorous stories connected with the Divorce Court that the genial judge sometimes had told him when they were walking in the woods of Arlington Manor in the

summer holidays; among them the tale of that worthy couple who wished to be divorced but disliked the idea of such an unpleasant person as a co-respondent being concerned in it, and so hit upon the pàan of doing without him. The husband, saying he was going to Liverpool for a day or two, got a private detective to watch his house; but, instead of leaving, stayed in London, and at the dead of night went to his own house in disguise, and gave a signal. His wife came down in her dressing-gown and let him in softly, letting him out again before it was light. When the husband enquired of the detective he was informed that there was ample evidence; and the divorce was duly obtained.

Hardy could not remember whether it was a story of the same couple or of another, in which Sir Francis had related that being divorced they grew very fond of each other, the former wife becoming the husband's mistress, and living happily with him ever after.

-White line-

As they had taken a flat at Hyde Park Mansions for this spring and summer Hardy did not stay long in Dorset, and they entered the flat the week before Easter. During April he followed up Tchaikowsky at the Queen's Hall Concerts, saying of the impetuous march the third movement of the Pathetic Symphony, that it was the only music he knew that was able to make him feel exactly as if he were in a battle.

"May 5. -- To the Lord Mayor's farewell banquet to Mr Choate at the Mansion House. Thought of the continuity of the institution, and the teeming history of the spot. A graceful speech by Arthur Balfour: a less graceful but more humorous one

cement holidays; among them the tale of that worthy people who wished to be divorced but disliked the idea of such an unpleasant person as a co-respondent being concerned in it, and so hit upon the plan of doing without him. The husband, saying he was going to Liverpool for a day or two, got a private detective to watch his house; but, instead of leaving straight in London, and at the head of night went to his own house in Kingston, and gave a ball. His wife came down in her dressing-gown and let him in softly, letting him out again before it was light. Then the husband enquired of the detective in the morning lest there was ample evidence; and the divorce was duly obtained.

Hardy could not remember whether it was a story of the same couple or of another, in which Sir Francis had related that being divorced they by a very fine of each other, the former wife keeping the husband's mistress, and living happily with him ever after.

As they had taken a flat at Park Lane for this spring and summer Hardy did not stay long in Forest, and they entered the flat the week before Easter. Lydia hurrying to Tenbrooke at Sir Francis's full concerts, as one of the importunes [illegible] of the Patriotic Symphony, that it was the only chance he knew that was left to keep her [illegible] as if he were in a hurry.

"Lady B. -- to take Lord Mayor's Seventh Regiment to at Chesto at the Mansion House. Thought of the sociability of the institution, and the fun in history of the event. A [illegible] appeal to Arthur Sullivan: a long [illegible] and [illegible] one

by Mr Choate. Spoke to many whom I knew. Sat between Dr Butler, Master of Trinity, and Sir J. Ramsay. Came home with Sir F. Pollock.

"May 6. On opening the Times this morning we found that Emma's uncle [Dr. E.H.Gifford, sometime Archdeacon of London, Hon. Canon of Worcester], who married us 30 years ago, died yesterday under an operation." It was just a month after the death of his brother-in-law Lord St Helier related above, and the two events threw a shadow over the Hardys' London sojourn this year.

"May 10. ~~Lt~~ Lunched at the House of Lords with Gosse. Dined with the Omar Khayyam Club and met Lord Windsor, S. Solomons, Aston Webb, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Brampton Gurdon, &c."

This month he was seeing Ben Johson's play, "The Silent Woman", Shaw's "John Bull's other Island", and "Man and Superman", and went to the Royal Society's Conversazione; though for some days confined to the house by a sore throat and cough. At a lunch given by Sidney Lee at the Garrick in June he talked about Shakespeare with Sir Henry Irving, and ~~was~~ was re-confirmed in his opinion that actors never see a play as a whole and in true perspective, but in a false perspective from the shifting point of their own part in it, Sir Henry having shied at Hardy's suggestion that he should take the part of Jacques.

In this June too, ~~month~~ he paid a promised visit to Swinburne, and had a long talk with him; also with Mr Watts-Dunton,- "Swinburne's grey eyes are extraordinarily bright still - the brightness of stars that do not twinkle - planets namely. In spite of the nervous twitching of his feet he looked remarkably boyish and well, and rather impish. He told me he could walk ~~twenty~~

twenty miles a day, and was only an old man in his hearing, his sight being as good as ever. He spoke with amusement of a paragraph he had seen in a Scotch paper: "Swinburne planteth, Hardy watereth, and Satan giveth the increase." He has had no honours offered him. Said that when he was nearly drowned his thought was, " My 'Bothwell' will never be finished!" That the secret reason for Lady Byron's dismissal of Lord Byron was undoubtedly his liaison with Augusta. His (Swinburne's) mother [Lady Jane, née Ashburnham] used to say that it was the talk of London at the time. That the last time he visited his friend Landor the latter said plaintively that as he wrote only in a dead language (Latin), and a dying language (English), he would soon be forgotten. Talking of poets he said that once Mrs Procter told him that Leigh Hunt on a visit to her father one day brought an unknown youth in his train and introduced him casually as Mr John Keats. (I think, by the way, that she also told me of the incident.) "We laughed and condoled with each other on having been the two most abused of living writers - he for 'Poems & Ballads' & I for 'Jude the Obscure'."

Later on in June he went to Mr Walter Tyndale's Exhibition of Wessex pictures, some of which Hardy had suggested, and during the remainder of their stay in London they did little more than entertain a few friends at Hyde Park Mansions, and dined and lunched with others.

"June 26. 1905. To the Hon. Sec. of the Shakespeare Memorial Committee:

"I fear that I shall have to leave town before the meeting of the Committee takes place.

"All I would say on the form of the Memorial is that one which embodies the calling of an important street or square

after Shakespeare would seem to be as effectual a means as any of keeping his name on the tongues of citizens, and his personality in their minds."

In July they went back to Dorset. Here, in the same month, a Nelson-and-Hardy exhibition was opened in Dorchester, the relics shown being mainly those of the Captain of the Victory, who had been born and lived near, & belonged to a branch of the Dorset Hardys, of whom the subject of this memoir belonged to another.

On September 1. Hardy received a visit from 200 members of the Institute of Journalists at their own suggestion, as they had arranged a driving tour through his part of the country. There was an understanding that no interviews should be printed, and to this they honourably adhered. Their idea had been a call on him only, but they were entertained ~~to~~ at tea, for which purpose a tent 150 feet long had to be erected on Max Gate lawn. "The interior with the sun shining through formed a pretty scene when they were sitting down at the little tables," Mrs Hardy remarks in a diary. "They all drove off in four-in-hand brakes and other vehicles to Bockhampton, Puddletown, Bere Regis and Wool". After they had gone it came on to rain, and Hardy returning from Dorchester at 10 o'clock met the vehicles coming back in a procession, empty; "the horses tired and steaming after their journey of 30 miles, and their coats and harness shining with rain and perspiration in the light of the lamps."

In pursuance of the above allusion to interviewing it may be stated that there are interviewers and interviewers. It once happened that an interviewer came specially from London to Hardy to get his opinions for The Daily Mail. Hardy said positively

that he would not be interviewed on any subject. "Very well", ~~ea~~ said the interviewer, "Then back I go, my day and my expenses all wasted." Hardy felt sorry, his visitor seeming to be a gentlemanly and educated man, and said he did not see why he should hurry off, if he would give his word not to write anything. This was promised, and the interviewer stayed, and had lunch, and a pleasant couple of hours conversation on all sorts of subjects that would have suited him admirably. Yet he honourably kept his promise, and not a word of his visit appeared anywhere ~~e~~ in the pages of the paper.

In the middle of this month the 150th. anniversary of the birth of the poet Crabbe at Aldeburgh in ~~Sug~~ Suffolk was celebrated in that town, and Hardy accepted the invitation of Mr Edward Clodd to be present. There were some very good tableaux vivants of scenes from the poems exhibited in the Jubilee Hall, some good lectures on the poet, and a sermon also in the parish church on his life and work, all of which Hardy attended, honouring Crabbe as an apostle of realism who practised it in English literature three-quarters of a century before the French realistic school had been heard of.

Returning to Max Gate he finished the second part of "The Dynasts" - that second part which the New York Tribune and other papers had been positive would never be heard of, so ridiculous was the first - and sent off the MS . to the Messrs Macmillan in the middle of October.

"First week in November. _ The order in which the leaves

fall this year is: Chestnuts; Sycamores; Limes; Hornbeams; Elm; Birch; Beech."

A letter written November 5th. of this year:

"All I know about my family history is that it is indubitably one of the several branches of the Dorset Hardys - having been hereabouts for centuries. But when or how it was connected with the branch ~~of~~ to which Nelson's Hardy's people belonged - who have also been hereabouts for centuries - I cannot positively say. The branches are always asserted locally to be connected, and no doubt are, and there is a strong family likeness. I have never investigated the matter, though my great-uncle knew the ramifications. The Admiral left no descendant# in the male line, as you may know.

#As to your interesting remarks on honours for men of letters, I have always thought that any writer who has expressed unpalatable or possibly subversive views on society, religious dogma, current morals, and any other features of the existing order of things, and who wishes to be free and to express more if they occur to him, must feel hampered by accepting honours from any government, - which are different from academic honours offered for past attainments merely."

To Mr Israel Zangwill on November 10:

"It would be altogether presumptious in me - so entirely outside Jewish life - to express any positive opinion on the scheme embodied in the pamphlet you send to me. I can only say a word or two of the nature of a fancy. To found an autonomous Jewish state or Colony, under British suzeranity or not, wears the look of a good practical idea, and it is possibly all the

better for having no retrospective sentiment about it. But I cannot help saying that this retrospective sentiment among Jews is precisely the one I can best enter into.

"So that if I were a Jew I should be a rabid Zionist no doubt. I feel that the idea of ultimately getting to Palestine is the particular idea to make the imaginative among your people enthusiastic - 'like unto them that dream' - as one of you said in a lyric which is among the finest in any tongue, to judge from its power in a translation. You, I suppose, read it in the original; I wish I could. (This is a digression.)

"The only plan that seems to me to reconcile the traditional feeling with the practical is that of regarding the proposed Jewish state on virgin soil as a stepping-stone to Palestine. A Jewish colony united and strong and grown wealthy in, say, East Africa, could make a bid for Palestine (as a sort of annexe) - say 100 years hence - with far greater effect than the race as scattered all over the globe can ever do; and who knows if by that time altruism may not have made such progress that the then ruler or rulers of Palestine, whoever they may be, may even hand it over to the expectant race, and gladly assist them, or part of them, to establish themselves there.

"This expectation, nursed throughout the formation and development of the new territory, would at any rate be serviceable as an ultimate ideal to stimulate action. With such an idea lying behind the immediate one, perhaps the Zionists would reunite and co-operate with the New Territorialists.

"I have written, as I said, only a fancy. But, as I think you know, nobody outside Jewry can take a deeper interest than I do in a people of such extraordinary character and history; who brought forth, moreover, a young reformer who, though only in the humblest walk of life, became the most famous personage the world has ever known."

At the end of 1905 a letter reached him from a correspondent in the ~~Philli~~ Philippine Islands telling him that to its writer he was "like some terrible old prophet crying in the wilderness".

CHAPTER ~~XXVIII~~ IX

The Remainder of The Dynasts.

1906 - 1908. Aet. 65-67.

"The Dynasts", Part II. was not published till the first week in February, 1906, and its reception by the reviewers was much more congratulatory than their reception of the First Part, an American critical paper going so far as to say, "Who knows that this work may not turn out to be a masterpiece?" Hardy makes no remark, however, upon its reception, unless the following may be considered one:-

"Critics.- The business of knowing is mostly carried on in the papers by those who don't know - and for the matter of that, everywhere."

This year they re-occupied the flat in Hyde Park Mansions that had been let to them by Lady Thompson the year before, and paid the customary visits to Private Views, Concerts, and plays that are usually paid to such by people full of vigour from the country. Of the Wagner concerts he says:

"I prefer late Wagner, as I prefer late Turner, to early, (which I suppose is all wrong in taste), the idiosyncrasies of each master being more strongly shown in ~~such~~ these strains. When a man not

contented with the grounds of his success goes on and on, and tries to achieve the impossible, then he gets profoundly interesting to me. Today it was early Wagner for the most part: fine music, but not so particularly his - no spectacle of the inside of a brain at work like the inside of a hive."

An attack of influenza, which he usually got while sojourning in London, passed off, and they entertained many friends at the flat as usual, [on back] and went out to various meetings and dinners, though he does not write them down in detail as when he thought he must. They included ~~including~~ one at Vernon Lushington's, where Hardy was interested in the portrait of his host's father, the Lushington of the Lady Byron, who kept his secret honourably mystery; also a luncheon in a historic room weighted with its antiquity, the dining-room of the Arch-Deaconry of Westminster, with Dr Wilberforce. It was this year that Hardy met Dr Grieg ~~th~~ the composer and his wife, and when, discussing Wagner music, he said to Grieg that the wind and rain through trees, iron railings, ~~to,~~ and keyholes fairly suggested Wagner music; to which the rival composer responded severely that he himself would sooner have the wind and rain.

On the 21st.May the following letter, in which Hardy gives a glimpse of himself as a young man in London, appeared in <u>The Times</u>:

"Sir, - This being the 100th anniversary of J.Stuart Mill's birth, and as writers like Carlyle, Leslie Stephen, and others have held that anything, however imperfect, which affords an idea of a human personage in his actual form and flesh, is of value in

*, according to Mrs Hardy's diary,
among them being Lady Queensberry, Count & Countess Lützow, Mr. and Mrs Crackenthorpe, Lady Burghclere, Mr Owen Wister, Lady Grove, ~~and~~ ~~others~~ M. and Mme Jacques Blanche of Paris, Miss Tobin of San Francisco, and others whom they were accustomed to see at these times; [return to preceding page]

respect of him, the few following words on how one of the profoundest thinkers of the last century appeared 40 years ago to the man in the street may be worth recording as a ~~fet~~ footnote to Mr Morley's admirable estimate of Mill's life and philosophy in your impression of Friday.

"It was a day in 1865, about 3 in the afternoon, during Mill's candidature for Westminster. The hustings had been erected in Covent-garden, near the front of St. Paul's Church; and when I - a young man living in London - drew near ~~the~~ to the spot, Mill was speaking. The appearance of the author of the treatise "On Liberty" (which we students of that date knew almost by heart) was so different from the look of persons who usually address crowds in the open air that it held the attention of people for whom such a gathering in itself had little interest. Yet it was, primarily, that of a man out of place. The religious sincerity of his speech was jarred on by his environment - a group on the hustings who, with few exceptions, did not care to understand him fully, and a crowd below who could not. He stood bareheaded, and his vast pale brow, so thin-skinned as to show the blue veins, sloped back like a stretching upland, and conveyed to the observer a curious sense of perilous exposure. The picture of him as personified earnestness surrounded for the most part by careless curiosity derived an added piquancy - if it can be called such - from the fact that the cameo clearness of his face chanced to be in relief against the blue shadow of a church which, on its transcendental side, his doctrines antagonized. But it would not be right to say that the throng was absolutely ~~which~~

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unimpressed by his words; it felt that they were weighty, though it did not quite know why. Your obedient servant, Thomas Hardy.

"Hyde Park Mansions, May 20."

stet. The same month Mrs Hardy makes the following note: "May 30. Returned to Max Gate for a day or two. I gardened a little, and had the first strange fainting-fit [I had known]. My heart seemed to stop; I fell, and after a while ~~the~~ a servant came to me." (Mrs Hardy died of heart-failure six years after.) leave in.

During this summer in London M.Jaques Blanche the well-known French painter, who had a studio in Knightsbridge, painted Hardy's portrait in oils. And a paper called "Memories of Church Restoration", which he had written, was read in his enforced absence by Colonel Eustace Balfour at the annual meeting of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. At the end of the lecture great satisfaction was expressed by speakers that Hardy had laid special emphasis on the value of the human associations of ancient buildings – for instance, in the pews of churches – since they were generally slighted in paying regard to artistic and architectural points only.

As the June month drew on Hardy seems to have been at the British Museum Library verifying some remaining details for "The Dynasts, Part Third;" also incidentally going to see "The Daily Telegraph" printed, and to meet a group of German editors on a visit to England. He returned with his wife to Dorset towards the latter part of July.

At the end of July he wrote to Pittsburgh, U.S.A. –

"The handsome invitation of the Trustees of the Pittsburgh Institute that I should attend the dedication with wife or

daughter, free of expense to us from the time we leave home till we return again, is a highly honouring and tempting one. But I am compelled to think of many ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ contingent matters that would stand in the way of my paying such a visit, and have concluded that I cannot undertake it.

"Please convey my thanks to Mr Carnegie and the trustees."

White line

"August 15. Have just read of the death of Mrs Craigie in the papers.....Her description of the artistic temperament is ~~good~~ clever; as being that which 'thinks more than there is to think, feels more than there is to feel, sees more than there is to see'. It reveals a bitterness of heart that was not shown on the surface by that brilliant woman."

On August 17 he started on a tour to some English Cathedrals with his brother, which included Lincoln, Ely, the Cambridge Colleges, and Canterbury; and finished out the summer with bicycling in Dorset and Somerset. He must have been working at the third part of "The Dynasts" at intervals this year, though there is apparently no record of his doing so.

1907.

The poem entitled "New Year's Eve", written in 1906, was issued in the January number of The Fortnightly Review, 1907, (afterwards reprinted in the volume called "Time's Laughingstocks") Some time in the same month he made the following notes on kindred subjects:-

"An ephemeral article which might be written:

'The Hard Case of the Would-be-Religious.'

'By Sincerita.'

"Synopsis. - Many millions of the most thoughtful people in England are prevented entering any church or chapel from year's end to year's end.

"The days of creeds are as dead and done with as the days of Pterodactyls.

"Required: services at which there are no affirmations and no supplications.

"Rationalists err as far in one direction as Revelationists or Mystics in the other; as far in the direction of logicality as their opponents away from it.

"Religions, religion, is to be used in the article in its modern sense entirely, as being expressive of nobler feelings towards humanity and emotional goodness and greatness, the old meaning of the word ceremony, or ritual, having perished or nearly.

"We enter church, and we have to say, 'We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep,' when what we want to say is, 'Why are we made to err and stray like lost sheep?' Then we have to sing, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord,' when what we want to sing is, 'O that my soul could find some Lord that it could magnify! Till it can, let us magnify good works, and develop all means of easing mortals' progress through a world not worthy of them.'

"Still, being present, we say the established words full of the historic sentiment only, mentally adding, 'How happy our ancestors were in repeating in all sincerity these articles of

faith!' But we ~~parsie~~ perceive that none of the congregation recognizes that we repeat the words from an antiquarian interest in them and in a historic sense, ~~and~~ solely in order to keep a church of some sort afoot - a thing indispensable; so that we are pretending what is not true; that we are believers. This must not be; we must leave. And if we do, we reluctantly go to the door, and creep out as it creaks complainingly behind us."

X [See on back]

"February 8th. - E. goes to London to walk in the suffragist procession tomorrow."

In March occurred the death of a friend - the Revd.T.Perkins, rector of Turnworth, Dorset - with whom Hardy was in sympathy for his humane and disinterested views, and staunch support of the principle of justice for animals, in whose cause he made noble ~~assertion~~ sacrifices, and spent time and money that he could ill afford. On the 29th. of the month ~~he~~ Hardy enters a memorandum:

"Eve of Good Friday. 11.30 p.m. Finished draft of Part III of "The Dynasts"." He had probably been so far embittered by the supercilious reception of the First Part, and the doubtful reception of the second Part, as not to expect the change of view which was about to give to the Third Part and the whole production, a warm verdict of success, or he would not have followed the entry by ~~an~~ the addendum:

"Critics can never be made to ~~see~~ understand that the failure may be greater than the success. It is their particular duty to point this out; but the public points it out to them. To have strength to roll a stone weighing a hundredweight to the top of

⁂ Hardy, however, was not a controversialist in religion or anything else, and ~~he~~ it should be added here that he sometimes took a more nebulous view, that may be called transmutative, as in a passage that he wrote some time later :—

"Christianity nowadays as expounded by Christian apologists has an entirely different meaning from that which it bore when I was a boy. If I understand, it now limits itself to the religion of emotional morality and altruism that was taught by Jesus Christ, or nearly so limits itself. But this teaching does not appertain especially to Christianity: other moral religions within whose sphere the name of Christ has never been heard, teach the same thing. Perhaps this is a mere question of terminology, and does not much matter. That the dogmatic superstitions read every Sunday are merely a commemorative recitation of old articles of faith held by our grandfathers, may not much matter either, as long as this is well understood. Still it would be more honest to make these points ~~much~~ clearer by re-casting the Liturgy, for their real meaning is often misapprehended. But there seems to be no sign of such a clearing up, and I fear that since the "Apology" [in "Late Lyrics"], in which I expressed as much some years ago, no advance whatever has been shown : rather indeed a childish back-current towards a belief in magic rites."

the Mount is a success, and to have the strength to roll a stone of ten hundredweight only half-way up that mount ~~only~~, is a failure. But the latter is two or three times as strong a deed."

They again took the flat in Hyde Park Mansions for the spring and summer, and moved thither the third week in April, whence they made their usual descent on friends and acquaintances picture-galleries ~~rooms~~, and concert-rooms. It was this year that they met Mr and Mrs Bernard Shaw - it is believed for the first time. They also received at the flat their customary old friends, including Mr and Mrs J.M.Barrie, ~~Lady Strachey and daughters, Colonel and Mrs Mount-Batten, Sir Walter and Lady Grove, M. and Madame~~ M. and Madame Jacques Blanche, ~~Mrs Sarton Voule,~~ and many others.

In May he was present at an informal but most interesting dinner at the house of his friend Dr Hagberg Wright, where he met M. and Mme. Maxim Gorky, Mr H.G Wells, Mr Bernard Shaw, Mr Conrad, Mr Richard Whiteing, and others. ~~A amusing incident~~ A disconcerting but amusing accident was the difficulty of finding Mr Wright's flat, ~~under~~ on account of which the guests arrived at intervals, and had their dinners in succession, the Gorkys coming last after driving two hours about London, including the purlieus of Whitechapel, which he had mistaken for "Westminster." Naturally it was a late hour when the party broke up.

June 2. Hardy's birthday, which he kept by dining at Lady St.Helier's.

« T

Hyde Park Mansions.

June 2nd. 1907.

"To Edward Wright Esq.

"Dear Sir:

"Your interesting letter on the philosophy of 'The Dynasts' has reached me here. I will try to answer some of your inquiries.

"I quite agree with you in holding that the word 'Will' does not perfectly fit the idea to be conveyed - a vague thrusting or urging internal force in no predetermined direction. But it has become accepted in philosophy for want of a better, and is hardly likely to be supplanted by another, unless a highly appropriate one could be found, which I doubt. The word that you suggest - Impulse - seems to me to imply a driving power behind it; also a spasmodic movement unlike that of, say, the tendency of an ape to become a man and other such processes.

"In a dramatic epic - which I may perhaps ~~call~~ assume 'The Dynasts' to be - some philosophy of life was necessary, and I went on using that which I had ~~shaped out~~ denoted in my previous volumes of verse~~s~~ (and to some extent prose) as being a generalized form of what the thinking world had gradually come to adopt, myself included. That the Unconscious Will of the Universe is growing aware ~~t~~ of Itself I believe I may claim as my own idea solely - at which I arrived by reflecting that what ~~we~~ has already taken place in a fraction of the whole (i.e. so much of the world as has become conscious) is likely to take place in the mass; - and there being no Will out-

outside the mass - that is, the Universe - the whole Will becomes conscious thereby: and ultimately, it is to be hoped, sympathetic.

"I believe too, that the Prime Cause, this Will, has never before been called 'It,' in any poetical literature, English or foreign.

"This theory, too, seems to me to settle the question of Free-will v. Necessity. The will of a man is, according to it, neither wholly free nor wholly unfree. When swayed by the Universal Will (~~as~~ which he mostly must be as a subservient part of it) he is not individually free; but whenever it happens that all the rest of the Great Will is in equilibrium the minute portion called one person's will is free, just as a performer's fingers are free to go on playing the pianoforte of themselves when he talks or thinks of something else and the head does not rule them.

"In the first edition of a drama of the extent of 'The Dynasts' there may be, of course, accidental discrepancies and oversights which seem not quite to harmonize with these principles; but I hope they are not many.

"The third part will probably not be ready till the end of this or the beginning of next year; so that I have no proofs as yet. I do not think, however, that they would help you much in your proposed article. The First and Second Parts already published, and some of the Poems in "Poems of the Past and the Present" exhibit fairly enough the whole philosophy."

[white line]

On the 22nd. of June they were guests at King Edward's

¶ Concerning Hardy's remark in this letter on the Unconscious Will being an idea already current, though that its growing aware of Itself might be newer, that there might be discrepancies in the Spirits' philosophy, it may be stated that he had felt such questions of priority & discrepancy to be immaterial where the work was offered as a poem & not as a system of thought.

Garden-Party at Windsor Castle, and a few days later at Mr Reginald Smith's met Sir Theodore Martin, then nearly 91, Hardy remembering when as a young man he had frequented the pit of Drury Lane to see Lady Martin - then Miss Helen Faucit - in Shakespeare characters. His term at Hyde-Park Mansions came to an end in the latter part of July, and they returned to Max Gate, though Hardy attended a dinner a week later given by the Medico-Psychological Society, where he had scientific discussions with Sir James Crichton Browne and Sir Clifford Allbutt, and where one of the speakers interested Hardy by saying that all great things were done by men 'who were not at ease.'

leave in

To a Japanese correspondent.

"Mr K. Minoura, Vice-President, House of Representatives, Tokio.

" August 13. 1907.

"Dear Sir:

"I am unable to express well-defined opinions on Japan and her people. I can only express a hope, which is that your nation may not become absorbed in material ambitions masked by threadbare conventions, like the European nations and America, but that it may develop to an enlightened spiritu~~ally~~ality that shall become a shining example."

leave in

That autumn Sir Frederick and Lady Treves took a house near Max Gate, and Hardy frequently discussed with the Serjeant-surgeon

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a question ~~that~~ which had drawn their attention for a long time, both being Dorset men; that of the "poor whites" in Barbadoes - where a connection of Hardy's had been a judge; - a degenerate decadent race, descendants of the Dorset and Somerset "rebels" who were banished there by Judge Jeffries, and one of whom had been a collateral ancestor of Hardy's on the maternal side.

He was now reaching a time of life when shadows were continually falling. His friend Pretor, Fellow of St.Catherine's College, Cambridge, wrote to tell him he was dying, and asked him for an epitaph. Hardy thought of an old one:

> "If a madness 'tis to weepe
> For a man that's fall'n asleepe,
> How much more for that we call
> Death - the sweetest sleepe of all!"

They still kept up a little bicycling this autumn, but he did some writing, finishing the Third Part of "The Dynasts" in September, and posting the MS. to the publishers shortly after.

In November he sent to the Dorsetshire Regiment in India, by request, an old tune of his grandfather's called "The Dorchester Hornpipe", for the fifes-and-drums, as a marching tune with the required local affinity, which he himself had fiddled at dances as a boy. He wound up the year by sending to the Wessex Society of Manchester, also at their request, a motto for the Society:

> "While new tongues call, and novel scenes unfold,
> Meet may it be to bear in mind the old....
> Vain dreams, indeed, are thoughts of heretofore;
> What then? Your instant lives are nothing more."

About the same time he forwarded "A Sunday Morning Tragedy"

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to The English Review as wished, where it appeared shortly after; and also in fulfilment of a promise, sent the following old-fashioned psalm-tunes associated with Dorsetshire to the Society of Dorset Men in London, of which he was President elect for the ensuing year:

Frome: Wareham: Blandford: New Poole: Bridport: Lulworth: Rockborne: Mercy: Bridehead: Charmouth.

The concluding part of "The Dynasts" was published about six weeks later and was the cause of his receiving many enthusiastic letters from friends and strangers, among which the following from the far West of Australia may be given as a specimen:

"My thanks for your tremendous new statement in "The Dynasts" of the world-old problem of Freewill versus Necessity. You have carried me on to the mountain with Jesus of Nazareth, and, viewing with him the great conflict below, one chooses with him to side with the Spirit of the Pities, in the belief that they will ultimately triumph; and even if they do not we at least will do our little to add to the joy rather then to the woe of the world.....The Spirit of the Pities is indeed young in comparison with The Years, and so we must be patient.....Your conception of the Im anent Will - irresponsible, blind, but possibly growing into self-consciousness, was of great significance to me, from my knowledge of Dr Bucke's theory of the Cosmic Consciousness."

In connection with this subject it may be here recalled, in answer to writers who now and later were fond of charging Hardy with postulating a malignant and fiendish God, that he never held any views of the sort, merely surmising an indifferent and unconscious force at the back of things "that neither good nor evil knows". His view is shown, in fact, to approximate to Spinoza's - & later Einstein's - that neither chance nor purpose governs the universe, but necessity.

End of Part VI.

PART VII.

"Time's Laughingstocks," ~~and~~ "Satires of Circumstance," and "Moments of Vision".

Chapter XXIX.

Deaths of Swinburne and Meredith.

1908 - 1909. Aet 67 - 69.

In March he finished preparing a book of selections from the poems of William Barnes, for the Clarendon Press, Oxford, with a critical preface ~~or~~ and glossary.

In April Lady St Helier and a party motored from beyond Newbury to Max Gate and back, arriving within five minutes of the time specified, although the distance each way was 75 miles. It was considered a good performance in those days. At the end of the month he dined at the Royal Academy, but was in Dorchester at a performance by the local Dramatic Society of some scenes from "The Dynasts" - the first attempt to put on the stage a dramatic epic that was not intended for staging at all. ※ [See on back]

Whiteline

The following letter to Mr Robert Donald in May explains itself:

"If I felt at all strongly, or indeed weakly, on the desirability of a memorial to Shakespeare in the shape of a theatre, I would join the Committee. But I do not think that Shakespeare appertains particularly to the theatrical world nowadays, if ever he did. His distinction as a minister to the theatre is infinitesimal

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* In May he sent his Presidential Address to the Society of Dorset Men in London, to be read by the Secretary as he was always a victim to influenza and throat-trouble if he read or spoke in London himself; afterwards on request he sent the original manuscript. (By the way the address never was read, so he might have saved himself the trouble of writing it. What became of the manuscript is unknown.)

beside his distinction as a poet, man of letters, and seer of life, and that his expression of himself was cast in the form of words for actors and not in the form of books to be read was an accident of his social circumstances that he himself despised. I would, besides, hazard the guess that he, of all poets of high rank whose works have taken a stage direction, will some day cease altogether to be acted, and be simply studied.

"I therefore do not see the good of a memorial theatre, or for that matter any other material monument to him, and prefer not to join the Committee.

"Nevertheless I sincerely thank you for letting me know how the movement is progressing, and for your appreciative thought that my joining the promoters would be an advantage."

~~He~~ Hardy afterwards modified the latter part of the above opinion in favour of a colossal statue in some public place.

White line

It appears that the Hardys did not take any house or flat in London this year, contenting themselves with short visits and hotel quarters, [See on back] ~~In~~ May or June he paid a few days visit to Lord Curzon at Hackwood Park, where many of the house-party, ~~which included Lady Elcho, Mr and Mrs Charteris, Sir J. and Lady Rosu-der, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr Haldane, Alfred and Mrs Alfred Lyttleton, Mr and Mrs Robert Maguire, Lord and Lady Cromer, Arthur Balfour and Professor Walter Raleigh,~~ leave in went into the wood by moonlight to listen to the nightingale, but made such a babble of conversation that no nightingale ventured to open his bill.

In July Hardy was again in London with Mrs Hardy, and was present at the unveiling by Lord Curzon of the memorial to his friend "John

So that there is not much to mention. From letters it can be gathered that at a dinner his historic sense was appealed to by the Duchess of St Albans taking a diamond pin from her neck & telling him it had been worn by Nell Gwynne: and in [return to preceding page]

where he had the pleasure of hearing his writings cried down by a speaker, nobody knowing him to be present.

Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs Craigie) at University College, During some of these days he sat to Sir Hubert Herkomer for his portrait, kindly presented to him by the painter. He went on to Cambridge to the Milton Celebration, where at the house of his friend Sir Clifford Allbutt he met Mr Robert Bridges the poet-laureate for the first ~~and last~~ time, and made the acquaintance of Dr Peile the Master of Christ's College, Sir James ("Dictionary") Murray, and others. "Comus" was ~~pla~~ played at the theatre, in which performance young Rupert Brooke appeared as the attendant Spirit, but Hardy did not speak to him, to his after-regret.

This month he lunched at the House of Commons with Sir Benjamin Stone, renewing acquaintance with Arthur Balfour, T.P.O'Connor, Sir E. Poynter, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, and the Japanese Ambassador, afterwards going over Westminster School with Dr Gow.

The remainder of the month was spent in Dorset, where he ~~took his wife to local garden parties at one of which he~~ met for the last time his friend Bosworth Smith, the long House-master at Harrow, who told him he was soon to undergo a severe surgical operation - under which operation he sank and died three months after. This was the fourth of his friends and relations that had sunk under the surgeon's knife in four years - leaving a blank that nothing could fill.

" August 18. The Poet takes note of nothing that he cannot feel emotively."

"If all hearts were open and all desires known - as they would be if people showed their souls - how many gapings, sighings, clenched fists, knotted brows, broad grins, and red eyes should we see in the market-place!"

The autumn was filled by little ~~a~~ journeys to Cathedrals, Mrs Hardy having gone across the Channel with her niece for a few weeks; a visit to his sister at Swanage, whither she had gone for change of air, ~~a visit from Francis Cotts [afterwards Lord Lathom] and Mr Ernest Rhys~~ and in December by attending a dinner at the ~~Mansion House~~ Mansion House to commemorate Milton, from which he returned in company with his friend Mr S. Butcher, walking up and down with him late that night in Russell Square, conversing on many matters as if they knew they would never meet again. Hardy had a great ~~friend~~ liking for him, and was drawn to him for the added reason that he and his family had been warm friends of Hardy's dead friend Horace Moule.

In the following January (1909) the University of Virginia invited him to attend the commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe, and in writing his thanks for the invitation Hardy adds these remarks: ~~concerning the poet:~~

"The University of Virginia does well to commemorate the birthday of this poet. Now that lapse of time has reduced the insignificance and petty details of his life to their true proportion beside the measure of his poetry, and softened the horror of the correct classes at his lack of respectability, that fantastic and romantic genius shows himself in all his rarity. His qualities, which would have been extraordinary ~~anywhere~~ anywhere, are much more extraordinary for the America of his date.

"Why one who was in many ways disadvantageously circumstanced for the development of the art of poetry should have been the first to realize to the full the possibilities of the English language in rhyme and alliteration is not easily explicable.

"It is a matter ~~fro~~ for curious conjecture whether his achievements in verse would have been the same if the five years of childhood spent in England had been extended to adult life. That 'unmerciful disaster' hindered those achievements from being carried further must be an endless regret to lovers of poetry."

At the beginning of this year Hardy was appointed by the Dorset Court of Quarter Sessions a Representative Governor of the Dorchester Grammar School, a position he filled till the end of 1925. He said he was not practical enough to make a good governor, but was influenced to accept the office by the fact that his namesake Thomas Hardy of Melcombe Regis who died in 1599 was the founder of the school. ~~He~~ The latter has a monument in St Peter's Church, Dorchester, (vide ante) and is believed to have been ~~a~~ of the same stock as ~~collateral ancestor of~~ the Thomas Hardy of this memoir.

In March came the last letter he was ever to receive from George Meredith, in which the elder writes:-

"The French review herewith comes to my address and is, as you see by the superscription, intended for you.

"I am reminded that you are among the kind souls ~~that~~ who thought of me on my 80th [birthday] and have not been thanked for their testimony of it.....The book [The Dynasts] was welcome all the more as being a sign that this big work was off your mind. How it may have been received I cannot say, but any book

on so large a scale has to suffer the fate of a Panorama, and must be visited again and again for a just impression of it to be taken. I saw that somewhere in your neighbourhood it was represented in action. That is the way to bring it more rapidly home to the mind. But the speaker of Josephine's last words would have to be a choice one."

The representation had been in Dorchester, and was limited to a few of the country scenes.

On the 10th. April he heard of the death of Swinburne, which was the occasion of his writing the following letter:

"Max Gate, April 12. 1909

"Dear ----

"For several reasons I could not bring myself to write on Swinburne immediately I heard that, to use his own words, 'Fate had undone the bondage of the gods' for him....

"No doubt the press will say some good words about him now he is dead and does not care whether it says them or no. Well, I remember what it said in 1866, when he did ~~not~~ care, though you do not remember it, and how it made the blood of some of us young men boil.

"Was there ever such a country - looking back at the life, work, and death of Swinburne - is there any other country in Europe whose attitude towards a deceased poet of his rank would have been so ignoring and almost contemptuous? I except The Times, which has the fairest estimate I have yet seen. But read The Academy and The Nation.

"The kindly cowardice of many papers is overwhelming him with such toleration, such theological judgments, hypocritical sympathy, and misdirected eulogy that, to use his own words again, 'it makes one sick in a corner' - or as we say down here in Wessex, 'it is enough to make every little dog run to mixen.'

"However, we are getting on in our appreciativeness of poets. One thinks of those other two lyricists, Burns and Shelley, at this time, for obvious reasons, and of how much harder it was with them. We know how Burns was treated at Dumfries, but by the time that Swinburne was a young man Burns had advanced so far as to be regarded as no worse than 'the glory and the shame of literature', (in the words of a critic of that date). As for Shelley, he was not tolerated at all in his lifetime. But Swinburne has been tolerated - at any rate since he has not written anything to speak of. And a few months ago, when old and enfeebled, he was honoured by a rumour that he had been offered a complimentary degree at Oxford. And Shelley too, in these latter days of our memory, has been favoured so far as to be considered no lower than an ineffectual angel beating his luminous wings in vain.....

"I was so late in getting my poetical barge under way, and he was so early with his flotilla - besides my being between a 3 and 4 years younger, and being nominally an architect (an awful impostor at that, really) - that though I read him as he came out I did not personally know him till many years after the 'Poems and Ballads' year." - - - - - - -

Sincerely yours.

T. H.

[White line]

"April 13. A genius for repartee is a gift for saying what a wise man thinks only."

"April 15. Day of Swinburne's funeral. Find I cannot go with this rheumatism, though it is but slight, the journey being so roundabout.

"Thought of some of Swinburne's lines: e.g.-

"On Shelley: 'O sole thing sweeter than thine own songs were.'

"On Newman and Carlyle: 'With all our hearts we praise you whom ye hate.'

"On Time: 'For time is as wind and as waves are we.'

"On Man: 'Save his own soul he hath no star.' " *

In May Hardy was in London, and walking along Dover Street on his way to the Academy saw on a poster the announcement ~~the~~ of the death of Meredith, ~~and~~ After the shock he was reminded of the odd verdict of the Spectator many years before -- "Mr George Meredith is a clever man, without literary genius, taste, or judgment." He went on to the Athenaeum and wrote some memorial lines on his ~~old~~ friend, which were published a day or two later in The Times, and reprinted in "Time's Laughingstocks."

On the 23nd. he attended a memorial service to Meredith in Westminster Abbey - meeting there Maurice Howlett, Henry James, Max Beerbohm, ~~S. Butcher and~~ Alfred Austin, and other acquaintance; and returned to Dorchester the same afternoon. Two days later the following letter was written to his friend Mrs Arthur Henniker.

* [Footnote] But Isaiah had said before him: "Mine own arm brought salvation unto me"

In June he was asked to succeed Meredith as President of the Society of Authors; and wrote to ~~[illegible]~~ Mr Maurice Hewlett, who had brought the proposal before him:

"I am moved more than I can say by learning that in the view of the council I should be offered the succession to the Presidentship. But I must nevertheless perform the disagreeable duty of acting upon my own conviction of what is for the Society's good, and tell you that I feel compelled to decline the honour. I have long had an opinion that although in the early years of the Society it may perhaps have been not unwise to have at its head men ~~like~~ who took no part in its management - indeed the mere names of Tennyson and Meredith were in themselves of use to the institution - the time has now come when the President should be one who takes an active part in the council's deliberations, and if possible one who lives in or near London, - briefly, that he should preside over its affairs. Now this I could never do. I will not go into the reasons why, as they are personal and unavoidable.....

I may perhaps add that ~~of~~ if there should still be a preponderating opinion in the Council that an inactive President of the old kind is still desirable, the eminent name of Lord Morley suggests itself."

However the matter ended by the acceptance of the Presidency by Hardy on further representations by the council. His first diffidence had, in fact, arisen, as he stated, out of consideration for the Society's interests, for he remembered that the

Society included people of all sorts of views, and that since Swinburne's death there was no living English writer who had been so abused by sections of the press as he himself had been in previous years; "and who knows," he would ~~add~~ drily add, "that I may not be again?"

But, as said above, his objections were overruled.

As usual his stay in London had given him influenza, and he could not go to Aldeburgh as he had intended. About this time he wrote to a lady of New York in answer to an inquiry she made:

"The discovery of the law of evolution, which revealed that all organic creatures are of one family, shifted the centre of altruism from humanity to the whole conscious world collectively. Therefore the practice of vivisection, which might have been defended while the belief ruled that men and animals are essentially different, has been left by that discovery without any logical argument in its favour. And if the practice, to the extent merely of inflicting slight discomfort now and then, be defended [as I sometimes hold it may] on grounds of it being good policy for animals as well as men, it is nevertheless in strictness a wrong, and stands precisely in the same category as would stand ~~the~~ its practice on men themselves."

In July the influenza had nearly passed off , and he fulfilled his engagement to go to Aldeburgh - the air of which he always sought if possible after that malady, having found it a quicker restorative than that of any other place he knew.

In the second week of this month he was at rehearsals of

Baron F. d'Erlanger's opera "Tess" at Covent Garden, and on the 14th. was present with Mrs Hardy at the first performance. Though Italianized to such an extent that Hardy scarcely recognized it as his novel, it was a great success in a crowded house, Queen Alexandra being among the distinguished audience. Destinn's voice suited the title-character admirably; her appearance less so. ~~But Hardy and d'Erlanger the composer was shown during the Covent Garden [illegible] the Opera critics wished to show their independence~~

In response to an invitation by Dr Max Dessoir, a Professor at the University of Berlin, who wished to have an epitome of the culture and thought of the time - the "Weltanschauung" of a few representative men in England and Germany, Hardy wrote the following during August this year:

"We call our age an age of Freedom. Yet Freedom, under her incubus of armaments, territorial ambitions smugly disguised as patriotism, superstitions, conventions of every sort, is of such stunted proportions in this her so-called time, that the human race is likely to be extinct before Freedom arrives at maturity."

In the meantime he had been putting together poems written between whiles, some of them already printed in periodicals - and in addition hunting up quite old ones dating from 1865, (and overlooked in his earlier volumes,) out of which he made a volume called "Time's Laughingstocks", and sent off the MS. to his publishers the first week in September.

In continuance of the visits to Cathedrals he went this autumn to Chichester, York, Edinburgh, and Durham; and on returning to Dorchester was at a rehearsal of a play by ~~Mr Arthur Evans,~~ the dramatist of the local Debating and Dramatic Society, based

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on "Far from the Madding Crowd", which was performed there in the Corn Exchange, ~~and a few days later before the Society of Dorset Men in London. Hardy thought this one of his Evens most successful attempts at adaptation, and~~ Hardy had nothing to do with the adaptation, but thought it a neater achievement than the London version of 1882 by Mr Comyns Carr.

In December "Time's Laughingstocks" was published, and Hardy was in London, coming back as usual with a choking sore throat which confined him to ~~the house~~ his bed till the New Year, on the eve of which at twelve o'clock he crouched by the fire and heard in the ~~chimney~~ silence of the night the ringing of the ~~bells~~ muffled peal down the chimney of his bedroom. from the neighbouring church of St George.

⁂ It is remembered by a friend who accompanied him on this expedition how that windy March day had a poetry of its own, how primroses clusted in the hedges and noisy rooks wheeled in the air over the little churchyard. ~~With a touching simplicity~~ Hardy gathered a spray of ivy and laid it on the grave of that brother-poet of whom he never spoke save in words of admiration and affection.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Freedom of the Borough.

1910. Aet. 69 - 70.

In March, being at Ventnor, Hardy visited Swinburne's grave at Bonchurch, and ~~wrote~~ composed the poem entitled "A Singer Asleep". He must have seen some paragraph about the poet's life and ways to make him write the following either now or a little later:- (See on opposite page)

~~In March, being at Ventnor, Hardy~~

"What a wretched spectacle ~~is that of~~ the scribblers present who clamoured for admission to Swinburne's house, and then went off to write satirical details about his appearance, manners, dinner, and beer-bottle! Surely the most contemptible of all trades is that of the common informer who eats a meal at a man's table, and then betrays ~~him~~ his weaknesses to the highest bidder."

[White line]

To the Secretary of the Humanitarian League.

" The Athenaeum, Pall Mall. S.W

" 10th. April 1910

"Sir:

" I am glad to think that the Humanitarian League has attained the handsome age of twenty years - the Animals Defence Department particularly.

" Few people seem to perceive fully as yet that the most far-reaching ~~cause~~ consequence of the establishment of the common

origin of all species, is ethical; that it logically involved a re-adjustment of altruistic morals by enlarging as a necessity of rightness the application of what has been called 'The Golden Rule' beyond the area of mere mankind to that of the whole animal kingdom. Possibly Darwin himself did not wholly ~~believe~~ perceive it, though he alluded to it. While man was deemed to be a creation apart from all other creations, a secondary or tertiary morality was considered good enough towards the 'inferior' races; but no person who reasons nowadays can escape the trying conclusion that this is not maintainable. And though I myself do not at present see how the principle of equal justice all round is to be carried out in its entirety, I recognize that the League is grappling with the question."

It will be seen that in substance this agrees with a letter written earlier, and no doubt the subject was much in his mind just now.

About this time Hardy was asked by Mr H. Alden, the editor of Harper's Magazine, to publish his Reminiscences in the pages of that periodical month by month: H. replied:

"I could not appear in a better place. But it is absolutely unlikely that I shall ever change my present intention not to produce my reminiscences to the world."

In this same month of April he was looking for a flat again in London, and found one at Blomfield Court, Maida Vale, which he and his wife and servants entered in May. Looking out of the window while at breakfast on the morning after their arrival they

beheld placarded in the street an announcement of the death of King Edward.

Hardy saw from the Athenaeum Club the procession of the removal of the King's body to Westminster, and the procession of the funeral from Westminster three days later. On account of the suggestiveness of such events it must have been in these days that he wrote "A King's Soliloquy on the night of his Funeral". His own 70th. birthday a fortnight later reminded him that he was a year older than the monarch who had just died.

At the flat — the last one they were to take, as it happened — They received their usual friends ~~at the flat~~ as in previous years, and there were more performances of the "Tess" Opera; but in the middle of June they were compelled to cancel all engagements suddenly owing to Hardy's illness, ~~including five dinner parties for the immediate week. The illness~~ which ~~It~~ was happily but brief, and in July he was able to go out again, and on the 19th. went to Marlborough House to be invested with the Order of Merit. The King received him pleasantly: "but afterwards I felt that I had failed in the accustomed formalities."

Back in the country at the end of the month they entertained some visitors at Max Gate. ~~During the autumn, among others, Mrs Hardy's cousin Charles Gifford, Paymaster-in-Chief to the Royal Navy, Mr Stephen Coleridge, Mr William Strang R.A., and Miss Dugdale a literary friend of Mrs Hardy's at the Lyceum Club, whose maternal ancestors were Dorset people dwelling near the Hardys and had intermarried with them some 130 years earlier.~~ A brief visit to Aldb~~orough~~urgh, where he met Professor Bury and Dr ~~afterwards~~ (afterwards Sir James) Frazer, and a few cycle rides, diversified the close of this summer.

In September he sat to Mr William Strang for a sketch-portrait which was required for hanging at Windsor Castle among those of other recipients of the Order of Merit; and on November 16 came the interesting occasion of the presentation of the freedom of Dorchester to Hardy, which appealed to his sentiment more perhaps than did many of those recognitions of his literary achievements that had come from the uttermost parts of the earth at a much earlier time. Among the very few speeches or lectures that he ever delivered, the one he made on this occasion was perhaps the most felicitious and personal:-

"Mr Mayor and Gentlemen of the Corporation:- This is an occasion that speaks for itself, and so, happily, does not demand many remarks from me. In simply expressing my sincere thanks for the high compliment paid me by having my name enrolled with those of the Honorary Freemen of this historic town, I may be allowed to confess that the freedom of the Borough of Dorchester did seem to me at first something that I had possessed a long while, had helped myself to, (to speak plainly), for when I consider the liberties I have taken with its ancient walls, streets, and precincts through the medium of the printing-press, I feel that I have treated its external features with the hand of freedom indeed. True, it might be urged that my Casterbridge (if I may mention seriously a name coined off-hand in a moment with no thought of its becoming established and localized) is not Dorchester - not even the Dorchester as it existed 60 years ago, but a dream-place that never was outside an irresponsible book. Nevertheless, when

somebody said to me that "Casterbridge" is a sort of essence of the town as it used to be, "a place more Dorchester than Dorchester itself," I could not absolutely contradict him, though I could not quite perceive it. At any rate, it is not a photograph in words, that inartistic species of literary produce, particularly in respect of personages. But let me say no more about my own doings. The chronicle of the town has vivid marks on it, Not to go back to events of National importance, lurid scenes have been enacted here within living memory, or not so many years beyond it, whippings in front of the town pump, hangings on the gaol roof. I myself saw a woman hanged not 100 yards from where we now stand, and I saw, too, a man in the stocks in the back part of this very building. Then, if one were to recount the election excitements, Free Trade riots, scenes of soldiers marching down the town to war, the proclamation of Sovereigns now crumbled to dust, it would be an interesting local story.

"Miss Burney, in her diary, speaks of its aspect when she drove through with the rest of King George's Court on her way to Weymouth. She says:- 'The houses have the most ancient appearance of any that are inhabited that I have happened to see.' This is not quite the case now, and though we may regret the disappearance of these old buildings, I cannot be blind to the difficulty of keeping a town in what may be called working order while retaining all its ancient features. Yet it must not be forgotten that these are its chief attractions for visitors, particularly American visitors. Old houses, in short, have a far larger commercial value than their owners always remember, and it is only

when they have been destroyed, and tourists who have come to see them vow in their disappointment that they will never visit the spot again, that this is realized. An American gentleman came to me the other day in quite a bad temper, saying that he had diverged from his direct route from London to Liverpool to see ancient Dorchester, only to discover that he knew a hundred towns in the United States more ancient-looking than this (laughter) Well, we may be older than we look, ~~some~~- like some ladies; but if, for instance, the original All-Saints and Trinity Churches, with their square towers, the castle, the fine mansion of the Trenchards at the corner of Shirehall Lane, the old Three Mariners Inn, the old Greyhound, the old Antelope, Lady Abingdon's house at the corner of Durngate Street, and other medieval buildings were still in their places, more visitors of antiquarian tastes would probably haunt the town than haunt it now. Old All Saints was, I believe, demolished because its buttresses projected too far into the pavement. What a reason for destroying a record of 500 years in stone! I knew the ~~man~~ architect who did it; a milder-mannered man never scuttled a sacred ~~site~~ edifice. Milton's well-known observation in his "Areopagitica" - "Almost as well kill a man as kill a good book" - applies not a little to a good old building, which is not only a book but a unique manuscript that has no fellow. But corporations as such cannot help these removals; they can only be prevented by the education of their owners or temporary trustees, or, in the case of churches, by Government guardianship.

"And when all has been said on the desirability of preserving as much as can be preserved, our power to preserve is largely an illusion. Where is the Dorchester of my early recollection — I mean the human Dorchester - the kernel - of which the houses were but the shell? Of the shops as I first recall them not a single owner remains; only in two ~~4~~ or three instances does even the name remain. As a German author has siad, 'Nothing is permanent but change.' Here in Dorchester, as elsewhere, I see the ~~4~~ streets and the turnings not far different from those of my schoolboy time; but the faces that used to be seen at the doors, the inhabitants, where are they? I turn up ~~H~~ the Weymouth Road, cross the railway-bridge, enter an iron gate to 'a slope of green access', and there they are! There is the Dorchester that I know best; there are names on white stones one after the other, names that recall the voices, cheerful and ~~sad~~ sad, anxious and indifferent, that are missing from the dwellings and pavements. Those who are old enough to have had that experience may feel that after all the permanence or otherwise of inanimate Dorchester concerns but the permanence of what is minor and accessory.

"As to the future of the town, my impression is that its tendency is to become more and more a residential spot, and that the nature of its business will be mainly that of administering to the wants of 'private residents' as they are called. There are several reasons for supposing this. The dryness of its atmosphere and subsoil is unexcelled. It has the great advantage of standing near the coast without being on it, thus escaping the objections some people make to a winter residence close to

the sea; while the marine tincture in its breezes tempers the ~~knnen~~ keenness which is felt in those of high and dry chalk slopes further inland. Dorchester's future will not be like its past; we may be sure of that. Like all other provincial towns, it will lose its individuality - has lost much of it already. We have become almost a London suburb owing to the quickened locomotion, and, though some of us may regret this, it has to be.

"I will detain you no longer from Mr Evans's comedy that is about to be played downstairs. Ruskin somewhere says that comedy is tragedy if you only look deep enough. Well, that is a thought to remember; but tonight, at any rate, we will all be young and not look too deeply."

After the presentation - which was witnessed by Mrs Hardy, by Mr (afterwards Sir Henry) Newbolt, by the writer of this memoir, and by other friends, the Dorchester Dramatic Society gave for the first time, at the hands of their own dramatist, an adaptation of "Under the Greenwood Tree" entitled "The Mellstock Quire" - the second title of the novel, Hardy himself doing no more than supplying the original carols formerly sung by the Quire of the parish outshadowed by the name "Mellstock" - the village of Stinsford a mile from the town.

In December the American fleet paid a visit to Portland Roads, and though the weather was bad while they were lying there Hardy went on board the battleship "Connecticut", where he met the captain, commander, and others; who with several more officers afterwards visited him and Mrs Hardy at Max Gate. On the

29th. they went on board the English "Dreadnought" - which was also lying there - and thence to a dance on board the United States Flagship "Louisiana", to which they were welcomed by Admiral Vreeland.

It seems to have been at the end of this year that Hardy published in a well-known review some verses entitles "God's Funeral". The alternative title he had ~~intended~~ submitted for the poem was "The Funeral of Jahveh" - the subject being the gradual decline and extinction in the human race of a belief in an anthropomorphic god of the King of Dahomey type - a fact recognized by all bodies of theologians for ~~an~~ many years. But the editor, thinking the title clumsy and obscure, as in fact it was, chose the other, to which Hardy made no objection, supposing the meaning of his poem would be clear enough to readers. However what happened was that nobody seemed to read more of the poem than the title, the result of this and kindred pieces of his being that the poet was grotesquely denounced as a blaspheming atheist by "a phrasemongering literary contortionist" (as Hardy used to call him), ~~years after Hardy was quietly denounced here and there as a blaspheming atheist, for turning~~ and rebuked by dogmatists, because he had turned into verse the views of the age.

CHAPTER ~~XXXI~~. XII

Bereavement. 1911 - 1912. Aet. 70 - 72.

In March (1911) Hardy received a letter from M. Emile Bergerat of Paris asking him to let his name appear as one of the Committee for honouring Théophile Gautier on his approaching centenary, to which Hardy readily agreed. In the same month he visited Bristol Cathedral and Bath Abbey, and in April attended the funeral of the Mayor of Dorchester who had presented him with the freedom of the borough but a few months earlier. A sequence of verses by Hardy entitled "Satires of Circumstance", which were published in the "Fortnightly Review" at this juncture, met with much attention both here and in America, and the curiously blundering reception of the verses here was an amusing ~~ins~~ instance of English criticism. Unhappily for himself, Hardy was, in fact, like the "stretch-mouthed rascal" in The Winter's Tale, always supposed to "mean mischief" against Church, State, or morals when he was not understood. The verses were imitated in Punch for two weeks in

succession by its accomplished editor, and people supposed that these mere imitations were clever satires of the poems; not perceiving, even with the title before their eyes, that the originals themselves were satires, which indeed the writer of the imitations had apparently not perceived himself.

In April he and his brother, in pursuance of a plan of seeing or re-seeing all the English cathedrals, visited Lichfield, Worcester and Hereford; he also looked at London flats, but did not take one; though he was in town at the dinner of the Royal Academy.

He makes only one note this spring, which is not very intelligible: "View the matrices rather than the moulds."

Hardy had been compelled to decline in February an invitation by the Earl Marshall to the Coronation in Westminster Abbey in the coming June, which found him on a tour ~~with his brother~~ in the Lake Country, including Carlyle Cathedral and Castle, where the dungeons were another reminder to him of how "evil men out of the evil treasure of their hearts have brought forth evil things." However the tour was ~~pleasant~~ agreeable enough despite the wet weather, and probably Hardy got more pleasure out of Coronation Day by spending it on Windermere than he would have done by spending it in a seat at the Abbey.

Of Grasmere Churchyard he says "Wordsworth's headstone and grave are looking very trim and new. A group of tourists who have never read a line of him sit near, addressing and sending off picture-postcards.... Wrote some verses." ~~They~~ He visited Chester Cathedral coming homeward, called at Rugby, and went over the school and chapel; and returned to

Dorchester through London.

After his return he signed with many other well-known people a protest against the use of aerial vessels in war; appealing to all governments "to foster by any means on their power an international understanding which shall preserve the world from warfare in the air." A futile protest indeed!

In July ~~Mrs Hardy accompanied by her friend Miss Florence Dugdale went to stay at Worthing, and on her return~~ Hardy took his sister ~~J~~ Katherine on an excursion to North Somerset, stopping at Minehead, and going on by coach to Porlock and Lynmouth. Thence they went by steamer to Ilfracombe, intending to proceed through Exeter to South Devon. But the heat was so great that further travelling was abandoned, and after going over the Cathedral they returned home. A garden-party at Max Gate the first week in September wound up the summer weather, and about this time he became a life-member of the Council of Justice to Animals, and later one of the Vice-Presidents. [see on back]

At the end of the month Mr Sydney Cockerell, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, called, (mainly to enquire about Hardy's old manuscripts,) which was the occasion of ~~Hardy's~~ his looking up those ~~of his old manuscripts~~ that he could find and handing them over to Mr Cockerell to distribute as he thought fit among any museums that would care to possess one, Hardy himself preferring to have no voice in the matter. In the course of October this was done by Mr Cockerell, the MSS. of "The Dynasts" and "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" being accepted by the British Museum, of "Time's Laughingstocks" and "Jude the Obscure" by the Fitzwilliam, and of "Wessex Poems", with illustrations by the author himself (the only volume he ever largely illustrated)

¶ In the preceding month, it may be remarked, had died Mr W. J. Last, A. M. I. C. E., Director of the Science Museum, South Kensington, who was a son of Hardy's old Dorchester schoolmaster, Isaac Glandfield Last. The obituary notices that appeared in The Times and other papers gave details of a life more successful than his father's, though not of higher intellectual ability than that by which it had been Hardy's good fortune to profit.

by Birmingham. Others were distributed from time to time by Mr Cockerell, to whom Hardy had sent all the MSS. ~~intended~~ for him to do what he liked with, having insisted that "it would not be becoming for a writer to send his own MSS. to a museum on his own judgment".

It may be mentioned in passing that in these months Mr F. Saxelby of Birmingham, having been attracted to Hardy's works by finding in them a name which resembled his own, published "A Hardy Dictionary" - containing the names of persons and places in the author's novels and poems. Hardy had offered no objection to its being issued, but accepted no responsibility for its accuracy.

In November the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society gave another performance of plays from the Wessex novels. This time the selection was the short one-act piece that Hardy had dramatized himself many years before, from the story called "The Three Strangers", entitled "The Three Wayfarers"; and a rendering by Mr A.H.Evans of the tale of "The Distracted Preacher". The Hardys' friend Mrs Arthur ~~Mr~~ Henniker came all the way from London to see it, and went with his wife and himself.

The curator of the Dorset County Museum having expressed a wish for a MS. of Hardy's, he sent this month the holograph of "The Mayor of Casterbridge."

Being interested at this time in the only Gothic style of architecture that can be called especially and exclusively English - the perpendicular style of the fifteenth century - Hardy made a journey to Gloucester to investigate its origin in that cathedral, which he ascertained to be in the screen between the south aisle

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and the transept - a fact long known probably to other investigators, but only recently to him. He was so much impressed by the thought that the inventor's name, like the names of the authors of so many noble songs and ballads, was unknown, that on his return he composed a poem thereon, called "The Abbey Mason", which was published a little later in Harper's Magazine, and later still ~~to~~ was ~~in~~ included in a volume with ~~"Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries."~~ other poems. He was unaware at this time that the new style arose at Gloucester partly in consequence of the money that poured in at the shrine of Edward II.

The illness of his elder sister Mary saddened the close of 1911; and it was during this year that his wife wrote the Reminiscences printed in the earlier ~~poem~~ pages of this book, as if she had premonitions that her end was not far off, though nobody else suspected it.

The year 1912, which was to advance and end in such gloom for Hardy, began serenely. In January he went to London for a day or two and witnessed the performance of "Oedipus" at Covent Garden. But in February he learnt of the death of his friend General Henniker, ~~in March that of his neighbour Mrs Caledon Egerton, whom he had known from girlhood;~~ and in April occurred the disaster to The Titanic steam-ship, upon which he wrote the poem called "The Convergence of the Twain", in aid of the Fund for the sufferers.

They dined with a few friends in London this season, but did not take a house, putting up at a hotel with which Hardy had long been familiar, the "West Central" in Southampton Row.

On June 1 at Max Gate they had a pleasant week-end visit from Henry Newbolt and W.B.Yeats, who had been deputed by the

Royal Society of Literature to present Hardy with the Society's gold medal, on hi seventy-second ~~bith~~ birthday. These two eminent men of letters were the only individuals entertained at Max Gate for the occasion; but everything was done as methodically as if there had been a large audience. Hardy says: "Newbolt wasted on the nearly empty room the best speech he ever made in his life, and Yeats wasted a very good one: mine in returning thanks was as usual a bad one, and the audience was quite properly limited."

In the middle of June he was in London at Lady St. Helier's, and went to the play of "Bunty pulls the strings" with her. ~~and~~ Prince Albert of Schleswig -Holstein, meeting the heroine, Miss Moffat, at dinner next day; also his old friend Mrs Stuart Wortley (afterwards Lady Stuart). An amusing ~~incident~~ anticlimax to a story of the three-crow type occurred in connection with this or some other popular play ~~at this time~~ of the date. It was currently reported and credited that Mr Asquith had gone to see it eight times, and Mr Balfour sixteen. Taking Miss Balfour in to dinner ~~afterwards~~ and discussing the play, Hardy told her of the report, and she informed him that her brother had been only once. How few the visits of Mr Asquith were could not be ascertained. Probably he had not gone at all.

He was occasionally in Town during the remainder of the summer season, meeting Mr Gosse, Sir Edward Poynter, Sir J. Crichton Browne, Professor Herkomer, Sir George Frampton, and general friends; and coming to arrangements with his American publishers. Later on in the autumn a letter was addressed to

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him on a gross abuse which was said to have occurred - that of publishing details of a lately deceased man's life under the guise of a novel, with assurances of truth scattered in the news-papers. In the course of his reply he said:

"What should certainly be protested against, in cases where there is no authorization, is the mixing of fact and fiction in unknown ~~quantities~~ proportions. Infinite mischief would lie in that. If any statements in the dress of fiction are covertly hinted to be fact, all must be fact, and nothing else but fact, for obvious reasons. The power of getting lies believed about people through that channel after they are dead, by stirring in a few truths, is a horror to contemplate." * [See on back]

Meanwhile in July he had returned to Max Gate just in time to be at a garden party on July 16 - the last his wife ever gave, ~~as it happened~~ - which it would have grieved him much afterwards to have missed. The afternoon was sunny and the guests numerous on this final one of many occasions of such a gathering on the lawn there, nobody foreseeing the shadow that was so soon to fall on the house, Mrs Hardy being then, apparently, in her customary health and vigour. In the following month, August, she was at Weymouth for the last time; and Hardy took her and her niece to see the performance of "Bunty" at the Pavilion Theatre. It was her last play.

However, she was noticed to be weaker later on in the autumn, though not ill, and complained of her heart at times. Strangely enough, she one day suddenly sat down to the piano and played a long series of her favourite old tunes, saying at the end she would never play any more. The poem called "Her last performance" approximately describes this incident.

※ ¶ "June. Here is a sentence from the Edinburgh Review of a short time back which I might have written myself. 'The division [of poems] into separate groups [ballad, lyrical, narrative, &c.] is frequently a question of the preponderance, not of the exclusive possession, of certain aesthetic elements.'"

She went out up to the 22nd. November, when, though it was a damp, dark afternoon she motored to pay a visit six miles off. The next day she was distinctly unwell, and the day after that was her birthday, when she seemed depressed. On the 25th. two ladies called; and though she consulted with her husband whether or not to go downstairs to see them, and he suggested that she should not in her weak state, not to offend them she did go down. Unfortunately they stayed a very long time, and the strain obliged her to retire immediately they had left. She never went downstairs again.

The next day she agreed to see a doctor, who did not think her seriously ill, but weak from want of nourishment through indigestion. In the evening she assented quite willingly to Hardy's suggestion that he should go to a dramatic rehearsal in Dorchester of a play made by the local company, that he had promised to attend. When he got back at eleven o'clock all the house was in bed and he did not disturb her.

The next morning the maid told him in answer to his inquiry, that when she had as usual entered Mrs Hardy's room a little earlier she had said she was better, and would probably get up later on; but that she now seemed worse, ~~lying with her eyes~~ Hastening to her he was shocked to find her much worse, lying with her eyes closed and unconscious. The doctor came quite quickly, but before he arrived her breathing softened and ceased.

It was the day ~~fe~~ fixed for the performance of "The Trumpet Major" in Dorchester, and it being found impossible to put off

the play at such short notice, so many people having come from a distance for it, it was produced, an announcement of Mrs Hardy's unexpected death being made from the stage.

Many years earlier she had fancied that she would like to be buried at Plymouth, her native place; but on going there to the funeral of her father she found that during a "restoration" the family vault in Charles Churchyard, though it was not full, had been broken into, if not removed altogether, either to alter the entrance ~~either to~~ to the church, or to erect steps; ~~or churchyard~~, and on coming back she told her husband that this had quite destroyed her wish to be taken there, since she could not lie near her parents.

There was one nook, indeed, which in some respects was pre-eminently the place where she might have lain - the graveyard of St. Juliot, Cornwall - whose dilapidated old church had been the cause of their meeting, and in whose precincts the early ~~seneces-~~ scenes of their romance had ~~their~~ a brief being. But circumstances ordered otherwise. Hardy did not favour the thought of her being carried to that lonely coast unless he could be carried thither likewise in due time; and on this point all was uncertain. The funeral was accordingly at Stinsford, a mile from Dorchester and Max Gate, where the Hardys had buried for many years.

She had not mentioned to her husband, or to anybody else so far as he could discover, that she had any anticipations of death before it occurred so suddenly. Yet on his discovery of the manuscript of her "Recollections," written only a year earlier, it seemed as if some kind of presentiment must have crossed her mind ~~perhaps, dictated by the heart-hunger to which she was subject~~ that she was not to be much longer in the world, & that if her brief memories were to be written it were best to write them quickly. This is, however, but conjecture.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

Revisitings, Second Marriage, and War-writings.

1913 - 1914. Aet. 72 - 74.

Many poems were written by Hardy at the end of the previous year and the early part of this, —more than he had ever written before in the same space of time— as can be seen by referring to their subjects, as well as to the dates attached to them. To adopt Walpole's words concerning Gray, Hardy was "in flower" in these days, and, like Gray's, his flower was sad-coloured.

On March 6th - almost to a day 43 years after his first journey to Cornwall - he started for St. Juliot, putting up at Boscastle; and visiting Pentargan Bay and Beeny Cliff, which he had not once set foot on in the long interval. It very unhappily chanced that his wife and he had arranged to go there this very year together, after postponing their intention for several years.

He found the rectory and other scenes with ~~th~~ which he had been so familiar changed a little, but not greatly, and returning by way of Plymouth ~~went to a stonemason and selected materials~~ arranged for a memorial tablet to ~~his wife~~ Mrs Hardy in the church with which she had been so closely associated (before her marriage as organist) and in other ways. ~~Reaching home again he designed~~ The tablet was afterwards erected (to his own design, as was) ~~as~~ also the tomb for Stinsford Churchyard -

in the preparation of which memorials he had to revive a species of work ~~to which~~ that he had been unaccustomed to since the years of his architectural pupilage.

In June he left for Cambridge to receive the Hon. Degree of Litt.D., and lunched with the Master of Magdalene (also Vice-Chancellor) Dr Donaldson, and Lady Albinia Donaldson, meeting - some for the first and last time - the Master of Trinity and Mrs Butler, John Sargent, Arthur Benson, Henry Jackson, Vice-Master of Trinity and the Regius Professor of Greek, Sir James Murray, and many others. The visit was full of interest for Hardy as being the sequel to his long indirect connection with the University in several ways, partly through the many graduates who were his friends, his frequent visits to the place, and his intention in the eighteen-sixties to go up himself for a pass-degree, which was abandoned mainly owing to his discovery that he could not conscientiously carry out his idea of entering the church. A few weeks later he was elected an Honorary Fellow of Magdalene, as will be seen.

In July he was in London once or twice, meeting Dr Page the American Ambassador, Mr and Mrs Asquith, and others here and there. A German translation of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" under the title of "Der Bürgermeister" was begun as a serial in Germany at this time, and in the same month the gift of the MS. of his poem on Swinburne's death was acknowledged by the Newnes Librarian at Putney, an offer which had originated with Mr Sydney Cockerell. In response to a request from the Secretary of the General Blind Association he gave his permission to put some of

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his books in prose and verse into Braille type for the use of the blind, adding,

"I cannot very well suggest which, as I do not know the length you require....If a full-length novel, I would suggest "The Trumpet-Major". If verse, The Battle of Trafalgar Scenes, or the Battle of Waterloo scenes, from "The Dynasts", or a selection from the Poems ... I am assuming that you require scenes of action rather than those of reflection or analysis."

In August he was at Blandford with Mr John Lane searching about for facts and scenes that might illustrate the life of Alfred Stevens, the sculptor whose best known work is the Wellington monument in St. Pauls, and who was born and grew up in this town. Hardy had suggested that it ought to be written before it was too late, and Mr Lane had taken up the idea. The house of his birth was discovered, but not much material seems to have been gained. It was not till a year or two later that Hardy discovered that Stevens's father painted the Ten Commandments in the church of Blandford St Mary, his name being in the corner:- "G. Stevens, Blandford, 1825."

"Sept.'15. Thoughts on the recent school of novel-writers. They forget in their insistence on life, and nothing but life, in a plain slice, that a story must be worth the telling, that a good deal of life is not worth any such thing, and that they must not occupy a reader's time with what he can get at first hand anywhere around him."

The autumn glided on with its trifling incidents. Animal pets of his late wife died, strayed, or were killed, much to

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"G. Stevens, Blandford, 1858."

"Sept. '16. Thought on the Recent school of novel-writers. They forget in their insistence on life, and nothing but life, in a plain style, that a story must be worth the telling, that a good deal of life is not worth any much thing, and that they must not occupy a reader's time with what he can get at first hand anywhere around him."

The autumn glided on with its writing incidents. And at

Hardy's regret; short visits were paid by friends, including Mr Frederic Harrison: and in November while staying with the Master of his College Hardy was admitted in chapel as Honorary Fellow. "The Ceremony, which consists of a Latin Formula of admission before the Altar, and the handing-in of the new Fellow into his stall, was not unimpressive." said the Cambridge Review. Hardy had read the lessons in Church in his young-manhood, besides having had much to do with churches in other ways, and the experience may have recalled the old ecclesiastical times. In the evening he dined in Hall, where "the Master proposed the health of him who was no longer a guest, but one of the Society, and the day's proceedings terminated happily," continued the Cambridge Review. It was an agreeable evening for Hardy, Mr A.E. Housman and Sir Clifford Allbutt being present as guests among other of his friends.

A good sketch-painting of him was made this autumn by Mr Fuller Maitland for his friend Arthur Benson, to be hung with the other portraits in the hall of Magdalene College; and in the middle of November the Dorchester amateurs' version of "The Woodlanders", adapted by themselves, was performed on the Dorchester stage; but Hardy was not present on the occasion.

In the December of this year M.Anatole France was entertain-ed at a dinner in London by a committee of men-of-letters and of affairs. Hardy was much disappointed at being unable to

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attend; and he wrote to express his regret, adding

"In these days when the literature of narrative and verse seems to be losing its qualities as an art, and to be assuming a structureless and conglomerate character, it is a privilege that we should have come into our midst a writer who is faithful to the principles that make for permanence, who never forgets the value of organic form and symmetry, the force of reserve, and the emphasis of understatement, even in his lighter works."

In February of the year following (1914) the subject of this memoir married the present writer, ~~who had been for several years the friend of the first Mrs Hardy, and had accompanied her on the little excursions she had liked to make~~ (a trop line) when her husband could not go. As previously stated there had been a marriage between the Hardy and Dugdale families in 177-, and very possibly earlier, seeing that for centuries they had lived within a few miles of each other in Dorset.

The wedding was of the quietest kind, at Enfield, the then residence of this branch of the Dugdales, taking place at eight o'clock in the old parish church; and though the morning was ~~and~~ exceptionally bright and sunny for February, and the church-door stood wide open to the street, not a ~~sound~~ soul among the passers-by entered the building.

In April died at Stoke, Plymouth, his late wife's cousin Florence Yolland, daughter of Lieutenant Yolland, R.N.

Hardy was at the e dinner of the Royal Academy this spring - the last given before the war; and at sundry hospitalities he and his wife saw several friends in London, including Sir Frederick and Lady Macmillan, Mr

In the spring of the same year Hardy was at the dinner of the Royal Academy, and he and his wife saw several friends in London, afterwards proceeding to Cambridge. There they spent a pleasant week in visiting and meeting Mr Arthur Benson, Professor and Mrs Bury, Mr and Mrs Cockerell, Professor Quiller Couch, the Master of Jesus, Dr James, Provost of King's, Dr and Mrs Mc Taggart, and the oldest friend of Hardy's in Cambridge, or for that matter anywhere, Mr Charles Moule, President and formerly Tutor of Corpus, who had known him as a boy. A dinner at St. John's - the "Porte-Latin Feast" - with the mellow radiance of the dark mahogany tables, curling tobacco-smoke, and old red wine, charmed Hardy in spite of his drinking very little, and not smoking at all. A visit to Girton and tea with Miss Jones and members of her staff ended the Cambridge week for them.

Although Hardy had no sort of anticipation of the restrictions that the war was so soon to bring on motoring, he went about in a car this early summer almost as if he foresaw what was coming, taking his wife to Exeter, Plymouth, and back across Dartmoor.- ~~all of them old scenes familiar to him, and interesting to her, as having been so often mentioned to her by her late friend, and himself.~~

After serving as a Grand-Juror at the Assizes he dined during June with the Royal Institute of British Architects, - a body of which he had never lost sight on account of his early associations with the profession, though nearly all the members he had known - except his old acquaintance the Vice-President, John Slater, and the Blomfields - had passed away. ~~His wife and he put up in London. Dinners at Lady St Helier's and Lady Macclesfield's, and were often at Wentworth.~~

friendships renewed with Mr and Mrs Humphry Ward, Mr and Mrs Winston Churchill, Mr and Mrs Stuart-Wortley, Lady Lewis, and others ~~brought this~~ visits to an end.

A communication from men of letters and art in Germany who thought of honouring the memory of Friedrich Nietzsche on the seventieth anniversary of his birth, was the occasion of Hardy's writing at this date:

"It is a question whether Nietzsche's philosophy is sufficiently coherent to be of great ultimate value, and whether those views of his which seem so novel and striking appear thus ~~in~~ only because they have been rejected for so many centuries as inadmissible under humane rules.

"A continuity of consciousness through the human race would be the only justification of his proposed measures.

"He assumes throughout the great worth intrinsically of human masterfulness. The universe is to him a perfect machine which only requires thorough handling to work wonders. He forgets that the universe is an imperfect machine, and that to do good with an ill-working instrument requires endless adjustments and compromises."

There was nothing to tell of the convulsion of nations that was now imminent, and in Dorset they visited ~~their~~ various friends ~~the~~ ~~Mr and Mrs Smith~~, and stayed a week-end with Sir Henry and Lady Hoare at Stourhead (where they met as their fellow guests Mr and Mrs Charles Whibley, the latter of whom Hardy had long known, though they had not met for years). To

Hardy as to ordinary civilians the murder at Serajevo was a lurid and striking tragedy, but carried no indication that it would much affect English life. On July 28th. they were at a quiet little garden party near Dorchester, and still there was no sign of the coming storm: the next day they lunched about five miles off with ~~their~~ friends ~~the Bryces~~ at Ilsington, and paid a call or two - this being the day on which war was declared by Austria ~~in~~ on Serbia. Hardy made a few entries just after this date:

"August 4. 11 p.m. - War declared with Germany."

On this day they were lunching ~~with Mr de Lafontaine~~ at Athelhampton Hall 6 miles off, where a telegram came announcing the rumour to be fact. A discussion arose about food, and there was almost a panic at the table, nobody having any stock, ~~and the fact of~~ But the full dimensions of what the English declaration meant were not ~~being~~ quite realized ~~in its entirety~~ at once. Their host disappeared to inquire into his stock of flour. The whole news and what it ~~meant~~ involved burst upon Hardy's mind next morning, for though most people were saying the war would be over by Christmas he felt it might be a matter of years and untold disaster.

"August 9 - 15. English Expeditionary Force crosses the Channel to assist France and Belgium.

"August onwards. War excitement. " 'Quicquid delirant reges, plectunur Achivi!' " It was the quotation Hardy had made at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war 44 years earlier, when he was quite a young man.

He had been completely at fault, as he often owned, on the coming so soon of such a convulsion as the war, though only three

or four months before it broke out he had printed a prophetic poem in the Fortnightly entitled "Channel Firing", whereof the theme,

"All nations striving strong to make
Red war yet redder,"

was, to say the least, a perception singularly coincident. However, as stated, that it would really burst he doubted. When the noisy crew of music-hall Jingoes said exultingly, years earlier, that Germany was as anxious for war as they were themselves, he had felt convinced that they were wrong. He had thought that the play "An Englishman's Home", which he witnessed by chance when it was produced, ought to have been suppressed as provocative, since it gave Germany, even if pacific in intention beforehand, a reason, or excuse, for directing her mind on a war with England. A long study of the European wars of a century earlier had made it appear to him that common-sense had taken the place of bluster in men's minds; and he felt this so strongly that in the very year before war burst on Europe. he wrote some verses called "His Country", bearing on the decline of antagonism between peoples; and as long before as 1901 he composed a poem called "The Sick War God", which assumed that zest for slaughter was dying out. War, he had supposed, had grown too coldly scientific to kindle again for long all the ardent romance which had characterized it down to Napoleonic times, when the most intense battles were over in a day, and the most exciting tactics and strategy led to the death of comparatively few combatants. Hence nobody was more amazed than he at the German incursion into Belgium, and the contemplation of it led him to despair of the world's history thenceforward. He had not

It was seldom he had felt so heavy at heart as in seeing his old view of the gradual bettering of human nature, as expressed in these verses of 1901, completely shattered by the events of 1914 onwards.

reckoned on the power still retained there by the governing ~~classes~~ castes whose interests were not the people's. It was, however, no use to despair, and since Germany had not shown the rationality he had expected of her he presently began to consider if there was anything he - an old man of 74 - could do in the critical circumstances. A slight opening seemed to offer when he received a letter from the Government asking his attendance at a private Conference in which eminent literary men and women who commanded confidence abroad "should take steps to place the strength of the British case and the principles for which the British troops and their allies are fighting before the populations of neutral countries". He went to London expressly to attend, as explained in the following memorandum:-

"September 2. To London in obedience to a summons by Mr Masterman, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, at the instance of the Cabinet, for the organization of public statements of the strength of the British ~~cause~~ case and principles in the war by well-known men of letters."

This meeting was at Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, and in view of what the ~~own~~ country was entering on has a historic significance. There was a medley of writers present, including, in addition to the Chairman Mr Masterman, ~~amongst~~ among Hardy's friends and acquaintance Sir James Barrie, ~~Sir A. Conan Doyle~~, Sir Henry Newbolt, J.W. Mackail, Arthur and Monsignor Benson, John Galsworthy, ~~Maurice Hewlett~~, Sir Owen Seaman, G.M.Trevelyan, H.G.Wells, Arnold Bennett, Masefield, Robert Bridges, Anthony Hawkins, Gilbert Murray, and many others. Whatever the effect of the discussion

the scene was impressive to more than one of them there. In recalling it Hardy said that the yellow September sun shone in from the dusty street with a tragic cast upon them as they sat round the ~~table~~ large blue table, full of misgivings, yet unforseeing in all their completeness the tremendous events that were to follow. The same evening Hardy left London - "the streets hot and sad, and bustling with soldiers and recruits" - to set about some contribution to the various forms of manifesto that had been discussed.

In Dorset the Hardys kept up between whiles their motoring through September, visiting Broadw~~ater~~ Lndsor, Axminster, the summit called "Cross-in-hand", from which both the Bristol and English Channels are visible, and on which many years earlier Hardy had written a traditional poem, "The Lost Pyx"; also Bridport, Abbots-bury, Portisham, including the old residence of Admiral Hardy's father, still intact with its dial in the garden, dated 1767.

In the same month he published in The Times the soldiers' war-song called "Men who March Away", which won an enormous popularity; and in October wrote "England to Germany", a sonnet "On the Belgian Expatriation" for "King Albert's Book", and in the papers a letter on the destruction of Reims Cathedral. This month too, he brought out another volume of verses entitled "Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries" - the book being made up of the "Satires" —in Fifteen Glimpses"— published in a periodical in 1911, and other poems of a very different kind with which the satires ill-harmonized — the latter ~~- the former~~ filling but 15 pages in a volume of 330 pages. ~~But the reviewers, perhaps because the satires were named first in the title, went for them~~ These were caustically humorous productions which had been issued with a light heart before the war. So much

shadow domestic and public had passed over his head since he had written the satires that he was in no mood now to publish humour or irony, and hence he would readily have suppressed them if they had not already gained such currency from magazine publication that he could not do it. So by their being put into the book, and by their ~~being~~ receiving almost exclusive notice, they were made to give a false tone to the volume, and stifled the "Lyrics and Reveries" which filled its far greater part and contained some of the tenderest and least satirical verse that ever came from his pen.

[on opposite page]

almost entirely, and with a few exceptions passed over the bulk of the book. Through a lack of apprehension, or wilful guile in these judges, the pieces were though they had been imitated all the world over solemnly pronounced to be "mistakes" - just as they had been when they were printed in The Fortnightly years earlier, the critics ~~reviewers~~ apparently not perceiving that they were caustically humorous productions, and issued with a light heart before the war. Nevertheless, even though only of this character - or perhaps in consequence of being so - they had somewhat embarrassed their author, though not for the reasons on which the critical ~~[illegible]~~ head-shakes were founded. So much shadow domestic and public had passed over his head since he had written the Satires ~~pieces~~ that he was in no mood now to publish humour or irony ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~hence he~~ would readily have suppressed them if they had not already ~~gun~~ gained such currency from magazine publication that he could not do it. So, by their being put into the book, and by their receiving almost exclusive notice, they were made to give a false tone to the whole volume, and stifled the "Lyrics and Reveries" which filled its far greater part, and contained some of the tenderest and least satirical verse that ever came from his pen. The effect of this misrepresentation upon the poems he most cared for grieved him much; but ~~he~~ it could not be helped. It was another instance of the inability of so many critics to catch any but ~~the~~ shrill notes, remaining oblivious to ~~the~~ deeper tones.

In November ~~also~~ he and his wife went to London to a rehearsal of a portion of ~~scenes from~~ "The Dynasts", which the enterprise of Mr Granville-Barker was preparing for the stage at the Kingsway Theatre, and which was ~~were~~ produced there on the 25th. November,,

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though the author had never dreamt of ~~any portion~~ a single scene of it being staged. Owing to a cold Hardy was unable to be present on the first representation, but he went up two or three weeks later.

Hardy's idea had been that the performance should be called what it really was, namely, "Scenes from the Dynasts" - as being less liable to misconception than the book-title unmodified, since people might suppose the whole epic-drama was to be presented, which was quite an impossibility. However, as the scheme of putting any part of it on the boards had originated entirely with Mr Granville-Barker, who himself selected all the scenes, Hardy did not interfere, either with this or any other detail. The one feature he could particularly have wished altered was that of retaining indoor architecture for outdoor scenes, it being difficult for the spectator to realize - say in the Battle of Waterloo - that an open field was represented when pillars and architraves hemmed it in. He thought that for the open scenes a perfectly plain green floor-cloth and blue back-~~ground~~ cloth would have suited better. However the production was artistically successful.

However the production was artistically successful. The critics, as is always the case when art takes a step onward, were bewildered, and, as Hardy said, looked at the performance much as a bull looks at a land surveyor's flag in the middle of a meadow, not knowing whether to toss the strange object or walk respectfully round it. One trembles to think what would have occured had the whole philosophy of the play been put in; but Mr Barker, remembering what happened to Ibsen in this country, was too wise to represent the thought of the age in an English theatre at the beginning of the twentieth century, and during a war.

More verses on the war were written by Hardy in December, including "An Appeal to America", ~~and "A simple on the [illegible]~~. A sad vigil ~~in~~ during which no bells were ~~rung~~ heard at Max Gate brought in the first New Year of this unprecedented "breaking of nations".

It may be added here that so mad and ~~most~~ brutal a war destroyed all Hardy's belief in the gradual ennoblement of man, a belief he had held for many years, as is shown by poems like "The Sick War-God", and others. He said he would probably not have ended "The Dynasts" as he did end it if he could have foreseen what was going to happen within a few years.

Moreover the war gave the coup de grace to any conception he may have nourished on a fundamental ultimate Wisdom at the back of things. With his views on necessitation, or at most a very limited free-will, events seemed to show him that a fancy he had often held and expressed, that the never-ending push of the Universe was an unpurposive and irresponsible groping in the direction of the least resistance, might possibly be the real truth. "Whether or no," he would say, "Desine fata Deum flecti sperare precando."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

War efforts, ~~and two volumes~~ Deaths of Relatives, and Moments of Vision.

1915 - 1917. Aet 74 - 77.

He seems to have been studying the "Principia Ethica" of Dr G.E.Moore early this year; and also the philosophy of Bergson. Writing on the latter in answer to a letter from Dr C.W.Saleeby on the subject he states:

"I suppose I may think that you are more or less a disciple of his, or fellow-philosopher with him. Therefore you may be rather shocked at some views I hold about his teaching - or did hold, anyhow. His theories are much pleasanter ones than those they contest, and I for one would gladly believe them; but I cannot help feeling all the time that his is rather an imaginative

and poetical mind than a reasoner's, and that for his charming and attractive assertions he does not adduce any proofs whatever. His use of the word 'creation' seems to me loose and vague. Then as to conduct: I fail to see how, if it is not mechanism, it can be other than caprice, though he denies it. Yet I quite agree with him in regarding finalism as an erroneous doctrine. He says however that Mechanism and Finalism are only external views of our conduct - 'Our conduct extends between them, and slips much further.' Well it may, but he nowhere shows that it does.

"Then again: 'A mechanic conception....treats the living as the inert.....Let us, on the contrary, trace a line of demarcation between the inert and the living.' Well, let us, to our great pleasure, if we can see why we should introduce an inconsistent rupture of Order into a uniform and consistent Law of the same.

"You will see how much I want to have the pleasure of being a Bergsonian. But I fear his theory is, in the bulk, only our old friend Dualism in a new suit of clothes, - an ingenious fancy without real foundation, and more complicated than the fancies he endeavours to overthrow.

"You must not think me a hard-headed rationalist for all this. Half my time - particularly when writing verse - I 'believe' (in the modern sense of the word) not only in the things Bergson believes in, but in spectres, mysterious voices, intuitions, omens, dreams, haunted places, etc, etc. But I do not believe in them in the old sense of the word any more for that....

"By the way, how do you explain the following from the Cambridge Magazine, by a writer who I imagine to be of a school of thinkers akin to your own, concerning Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable:

" 'We doubt if there is a single philosopher alive today who would subscribe to it. Even men of science are gradually discarding it in favour of Realism and Pragmatism?'

"I am utterly bewildered to understand how the doctrine that, beyond the knowable, there must always be an unknown, can be displaced."

In April a distant cousin, of promising ability — a Lieut in the 5th. Batt. Dorset Regt. came to see him before going abroad, never to be seen by him again; and in the following month he sat to Mr [Sir Hamo] Thornycroft for a model of a head which the sculptor wished to make. At home he heard that two single-page songs in manuscript which he had sent to the Red Cross Sale at Christie's had fetched £48 - "Men who March away", and "The Night of Trafalgar."

"May 14. Have been reading a review of Henry James. It is remarkable that a writer who has no grain of poetry, or humour, or spontaneity in his productions, can yet be a good novelist. Meredith has some poetry, and yet I can read James when I cannot look at Meredith.

"May 27. 'Georgian Poets'. - It is a pity that these promising young writers adopted such a title. The use of it lacks the modesty of true genius, as it confuses the poetic chronology, and implies that the hitherto recognized original

Georgians - Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron, etc., are negligible; or at any rate says that they do not care whether it implies such or no."

"June 10. Motored with F. to Bridport, Lyme, Exeter, and Torquay, Called on Mr and Mrs Eden Phillpotts. Saw their garden and beautiful flowers. Then back to Teignmouth, Dawlish, and Exeter, putting up at the "Clarence" opposite the Cathedral.

"June 11. To Cathedral. - then home viâ Honiton, Chard, Crewkerne."

In July they were in London on a visit to Lady St. Helier, and paid a long promised call on Sir Frederick and Lady Treves in Richmond Park. Later on in the month he was at the funeral at Stinsford of a suddenly lost friend, Mr Douglas Thornton the banker, and received visits from Sir Henry Hoare, who motored over from Stourhead, and Professor Flinders Petrie, whom he had known but not seen for many years. leave in

In August he learnt of the loss of his second cousin's son Lieutenant George, who had been killed that month in Gallipoli during a brave advance. Hardy makes this note of him:

"Frank George, though so remotely related, is the first one of my family to be killed in battle for the last hundred years, so far as I know. He might say 'Militavi non sine gloria', - short as his career has been."

In the autumn Hardy sometimes, and his wife continually, assisted in the evenings at the soldiers' tea-room established in the Dorchester Corn-Exchange; they visited the Australian Camp near Weymouth, and spent

Their neighbour Mrs Brinsley Sheridan's son Wilfred was killed a little later.

two or three days at Melbury House. On returning he learnt that his elder sister was again seriously ill. She died the same week, at his brother's house at Talbothays. The two poems "Logs on the Hearth" and "In the Garden", in "Moments of Vision", evidently refer to her, as also the Fourth person in "Looking Across", in the same volume.

The hobby of her life had been portrait-painting, and she had shown great aptitude in catching a likeness, particularly of her relations, her picture of her mother in oils bearing a striking ~~likeness~~- resemblance to the striking original. But she had been doomed to ~~elementary~~ school- teaching, and organ-playing in this or that village church, during all her active years, and hence was unable to devote sufficient time to pictorial art till leisure was too late to be effective. Her character was a somewhat unusual one, being remarkably unassertive, even when she was in the right, and could easily have proved it; so that the point of the following remark about her is manifest:

"Nov. 29. Buried her under the yew-tree where the rest of us lie. As Mr Cowley read the words of the psalm 'Dixi Custodiam' they reminded me strongly of her nature, particularly when she was young: 'I held my tongue and spake nothing: I kept silence, yea, even from good words.' That was my poor Mary exactly. She never defended herself, and that not from timidity, but indifference to opinion."

The funeral day had been cold and wet, and Hardy was laid up till the end of the year with a violent bronchitis and racking

cough. Nevertheless, during December in response to a request from Winchester House for a contribution to a "Pro-Ally Film" of paragraphs in facsimile from author's writings, which was "to be exhibited throughout the world and make its appeal particularly to the neutral nations," he was able to send the following passages from ~~o~~ Pitt's actual speech in the House of Commons a hundred years earlier, as closely paraphrased ~~given~~ in "The Dynasts":

England at Bay.

"The strange fatality that haunts the times
Wherein our lot is cast, has no example;
Times are they fraught with peril, trouble, gloom;
We have to mark their lourings and to face them."

England Resolute.

"Unprecedented and magnificent
As were our strivings in the previous wars,
Our efforts in the present shall transcend them,
As men will learn."

In January of the next year (1916) a war-ballad ~~ed~~ of some weirdness, called "The Dead and the Living One", which had been written several months before, was published in The Sphere and the New York World, and later reprinted in "Moments of Vision".

In February he was again confined to his room with a cold, the previous one never having quite gone off. But he managed to send to the Red Cross Sale for this year, not any work of his own. ~~by~~ but ~~another~~ "A Sheaf of Victorian Letters" written to T.H

by many other writers, nearly all deceased, and of a very interesting kind. ~~From Max Gate Mrs Hardy also sent to~~ Mrs Hardy also sent to the same sale three short MSS. of his, 'The Oxen', 'The Breaking of Nations', and a fragment of a story were also sent, the whole fetching £72-10-0.

A "Book of Homage" to Shakespeare was printed in April, for which Hardy had written a piece entitled "Shakespeare after 300 years.", afterwards included in the volume called "Moments of Vision".

In June he served again as Grand Juror at the Assizes, and was at a rehearsal in Dorchester of "Wessex Scenes from the Dynasts". This, made by "The Hardy Players", was quite a different selection from that of Mr Granville-Barker, embracing scenes of a local character only, from which could be gathered in echoes of drum and trumpet, and alarming rumours, the great events going on elsewhere. Though more limited in scope than the former it was picturesque and effective as performed by the local ~~players~~ actors at the Weymouth Pavilion a fortnight later, and was well appreciated by the London press.

In the same month of June he paid a visit with his wife and remaining sister to a house he had never entered for forty years. This was Riverside Villa, Sturminster Newton, the ~~first~~ first he had furnished after his ~~first~~ earlier marriage, and in which he had written "The Return of the Native". He found it much as it had been in the former years; and it was possibly this visit which suggested the poems about Sturminster that were published in "Moments of Vision". Motorings to Melbury again, to Swanage, and again to Bridport, passed the midsummer days.

"July 27. Times Literary Supplement on "What is Militarism?". The article suggests a term to express the cause of the present war; # 'hypochondria' (in the Prussians). I should rather have said 'apprehensiveness.' The term would fit some of the facts like a glove."

In September they set out by train for Cornwall, breaking the journey at Launceston, ~~to visit Miss Kate Gifford and her mental relatives of the first Mrs Hardy~~ Thence they went on to Camelford, Boscastle, and St. Juliot, to see if Hardy's design and inscription for the tablet to her memory in the church had been properly carried out and erected. At Tintagel they met quite by accident Hardy's ~~their~~ friends the Stuart-Wortleys, which made their sojourn at that romantic spot a very pleasant one.

"September 10th. Sunday. To Tintagel Church. We sat down in a seat bordering the passage to the transept, ~~and~~ but the vicar appalled us by coming ~~came~~ to us in his surplice and saying ~~said~~ we were in the way of the choir who would have to pass there, He banished us to the back of the transept. However, when he began his sermon we walked out. He thought it was done to be even with him, and looked his indignation; but it was really because we could not see the nave lengthwise, which my wife Emma had sketched in watercolours when she was a young woman before it was 'restored', so that I was interested in noting the changes, as also was F., who was familiar with the sketch. It was saddening enough, though doubtless only a chance, that we were inhospitably received in a church so much visited and appreciated by one we both had known so well. The matter was somewhat mended, however, by their singing the

beautiful 34th. Psalm to Smart's fine tune 'Wiltshire'. By the by, that the most poetical verse of that psalm is omitted from it in Hymns Ancient and Modern shows the usual ineptness of hymn-selectors. We always sang it at Stinsford. But then, we sang there in the good old High-&-Dry-Church way - straight from the New Version."

Multifarious matters filled up the autumn - among others visits to the large camp of ~~the~~ some 5,000 German prisoners in Dorchester; ~~and~~ also visits to the English wounded in hospital, which conjunction led him to say:

"At the German prisoners' camp, including the hospital, operating-room, etc. -- Men lie helpless here from wounds: in the hospital a hundred yards off other men, English, lie helpless from wounds - each scene of suffering caused by the other!

There were many sufferers. One Prussian, in much pain, died whilst I was with him - to my great relief, and his own.

"These German prisoners seem to think that we are fighting to exterminate Germany, and though it has been said that, so far from it, we are fighting to save what is best in Germany, Cabinet ministers do not in my opinion speak this out clearly enough."

In October the "Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy" were published in Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series; a little book that received some very good ~~conventional~~ reviews; though of course containing such well-worn cliches as "infelicities", "no magical images", "prose is Mr Hardy's metier", and so on - all matters of opinion advanced as if they were fact, - repeated mechanically by those who did not know a good line from a bad, who had never heard that de gustibus non est disputandum, but had

~~I knew something, and knew, these were safe things to say because they had been said before.~~ in ten minutes

and In December the "Wessex Scenes from the Dynasts", which had been produced earlier at Weymouth, ~~was~~ were performed at Dorchester. Some of Hardy's friends, including ~~Sir James~~ J.M. Barrie and ~~Mr~~ Sydney Cockerell, came to see ~~it~~ the piece, but Hardy could not accompany them, being kept in bed by another cold. The performances were for Red Cross Societies, and he had suggested introducing speeches to that effect, which were delivered by Mrs Cecil Hanbury and Lady Mary Fox-Strangways.

"January 1. 1917. Am scarcely conscious of New Year's day."

January 6. I find I wrote in 1888 that '~~Imaginative work~~ Art is concerned with seemings only', which is true."

To the Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature.

"February 8. 1917.

"Dear Sir:

"I regret that as I live in a remote part of ~~England~~ the country I cannot attend the meeting of the Entente Committee.

"In respect of the Memorandum proposing certain basic principles of International education for promoting ethical ideals that shall conduce to a League of Peace, I am in hearty agreement with the proposition.

"I would say in considering a modus operandi;

"That nothing effectual will be accomplished in the cause

of Peace till the sentiment of Patriotism be freed from the narrow meaning attaching to it in the past (still upheld by Junkers and Jingoists) and be extended to the whole globe.

"On the other hand that the sentiment of Foreigness - if the sense of a contrast be really rhetorically necessary - attach only to other planets and their inhabitants, if any.

"I may add that I have been writing in advocacy of those views for the last twenty years."

To Dr L.Litwinski "March 7: 1917.

"Dear Sir:

"I feel much honoured by your request that I should be a member of the Committee for commemorating two such writers of distinction as Verhaeren and Sienkiewich. But for reasons of increasing years and my living so far from London I have latterly been compelled to give up membership with several associations; and I am therefore sorry to say that I must refrain from joining any new committee in which I should be unable actively to support the cause, even when so worthy as the present one".

In this March also a sonnet by him named "A Call to National Service" was printed in the newspapers. An article in the April Fortnightly by Dr Courtney the editor on Hardy's writings, especially "The Dynasts", interested him not only by its appreciativeness, but by the aspect some features of the drama assumed in the reviewer's mind:

"Like so many critics ~~he~~ Mr Courtney treats my works of art as if they were a scientific system of philosophy, although I have repeatedly stated in prefaces and elsewhere, that the views in them are seemings, provisional impressions only, used for artistic purposes because they represent approximately these impressions of the age, and are plausible, till somebody produces better theories of the universe.

"As to his winding up about a God of Mercy, etc., - if I wished to make a smart retort, which I really should hate doing, I might say that the Good-God theory having, after some thousands of years of trial, produced the present infamous and disgraceful state of Europe - that most Christian Continent! - a theory of a Godless-and-Badless God (as in 'The Dynasts') might perhaps be given a trial with advantage.

"Much confusion has arisen and much nonsense has been talked latterly in connection with the word 'atheist'. ~~One writer, almost whole stock-in-trade consists of that word as (Nietzsche) I believe I have been called one by a journalist who has never read a line of my writings.~~ I have never ~~mentioned~~ understood how any body can be one except in the sense of disbelieving in a tribal god, ~~or the thing of the honeytongue~~ man-shaped, fiery-faced and tyrannous, ~~[illegible]~~ who flies into a rage on the slightest provocation; or as (according to Horace Walpole) Sir Francis Dashwood defined the Providence believed in by the Lord ~~Secretary~~ Shrewsbury of that date, to be - a figure like an old angry man in a blue cloak.....Fifty meanings attach to the word 'God' nowadays, the only reasonable meaning being the Cause of Things, whatever that cause may be.* Thus no modern thinker can be an atheist in the modern sense, while all

[foot-note.] * In another place he says "Cause" means really but the "invariable antecedent"

modern thinkers are atheists in the ancient and exploded sense."

In this connection he said once - perhaps oftener - that although invidious critics had cast slurs upon him as Noncomformist, Agnostic, Atheist, Infidel, Immoralist, Heretic, Pessimist or something else equally opprobious in their eyes, they had never thought of calling him what they might have called him much more plausibly - churchy; not in an intellectual sense, but in so far as instincts and emotions ruled. As a child, to be a parson had been his dream; — moreover ~~since~~ he had had several clerical relatives who held livings; while his grandfather, father, uncle, brother, wife, cousin, and two sisters had been musicians in various churches over a period covering altogether more than a hundred years. He himself had frequently read the church-lessons, and had at one time as a young man begun reading for Cambridge with a view to taking orders.

His ~~dream~~ vision had often been that of so many people brought up under Church-of-England influences, a giving of liturgical form to modern ideas, and expressing them in the same old buildings that had already seen previous reforms successfully carried out. He would say to ~~his wife, Andrew Clifford, his brother-in-law the novel. C. Holder, his friends the warden of Keble~~ his friends the Warden of Keble Arthur Benson, and others, that if the bishops only had a little courage, and would modify the liturgy by dropping ~~per~~ preternatural assumptions out of it, few ~~sa~~ churchgoers would object to the change for long, and congregations would be trebled in a brief time. The idea was clearly expressed in the "Apology" prefixed to "Late Lyrics and Earlier".

white line "June 9. It is now the time of long days, when the sun seems reluctant to take leave of the trees at evening - the shine

climbing up the trunks, reappearing higher, and still fondly grasping the tree-tops till long after."

In July his poem "Then and Now" was printed in The Times, and in the latter half of the month he and his wife paid a visit of two days to ~~Sir James~~ J.M. Barrie at Adelphi Terrace - a spot with which Hardy had had years of familiarity when their entertainer was still a child, and which was attractive to him on that account. Here they had some interesting meetings with other writers.* [see on back] ~~He came~~ Hardy went back to pack up in August his MS. of "Moments of Vision" and send to the Messrs Macmillan. (Next paragraph)

In October he went with Mrs Hardy to Plymouth, calling for a day or two upon Mr and Mrs Eden Phillpotts at Torquay on their way. But the weather being wet at Plymouth they abandoned their stay there and came home.

~~*Last week in October. The trees are undressing, flinging down their plantations and laces on the grass, road, roof, and window sill. One leaf drifted across the panes every second almost. One gate caught in a spider's web, and hangs there like a decent criminal in raiment of gold.~~

"I hold that the mission of poetry is to record impressions, not convictions. Wordsworth in his later writings fell into the error of recording the latter. So also did Tennyson, and so do many other poets when they grow old. Absit omen!"

X Upon one memorable evening they sat on the floor in a large empty room, which was afterwards to be Sir James's study but was then being altered and decorated. From the windows they had a fine view over the Thames, and search-lights wheeled across the sky. The only illumination within the room was from candles placed on the floor to avoid breaking war-regulations which forbade too bright lighting.

On that occasion beside the host there were present Mr Arnold Bennett, Mr G. B. Shaw, Mr & Mrs H. G. Wells and the Hardys.

"I fear I have always been considered the Dark Horse of contemporary English literature.

"I was quick to bloom; late to ripen.

"I believe it would be said by people who knew me well that I have a faculty (possibly not uncommon) for burying an emotion in my heart or brain for forty years, and exhuming it at the end of that time as fresh as when interred. For instance, the poem entitled 'The Breaking of Nations' contains a feeling that moved me in 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, when I chanced to be looking at such an agricultural incident in Cornwall. But I did not write the verses till during the war with Germany of 1914, and onwards. Query: where was that sentiment hiding itself during more than 40 years?"

Hardy's mind seems to have been running on himself at this time to a degree quite unusual with him, who often said - and his actions showed it - that he took no interest in himself as a personage.

"November 13. I was a child till I was 16; a youth till I was 25; a young man till I was 40 or 50."

The above note on his being considered a Dark Horse was apt enough, when it is known that none of the society-men who met ~~him~~ him suspected from his simple manner the potentialities of observation that were in him. This ~~unassumed manner~~ unassertive air, unconsciously worn, served him as an invisible coat almost to uncanniness. At houses and clubs where he encountered other writers and critics and world-practiced readers of character, whose bearing towards him was often

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s towards one who did not reach their altitudes, he was seeing through them as though they were glass. He set down some outspoken notes on their qualities, and compass, but destroyed all of them, not wishing to leave behind him anything which could be deemed a gratuitous belittling of others.

This month "Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses" was published, and it may have been his occupation with the proofs that had set him thinking of himself; and also caused him to make the following entry: He subjoined the Dedication of "Sordello", where the author remarks: "My own faults of expression are many; but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted, and without it what avails the faultlessness of either?"

It was in the mood that he read such reviews of the book as were sent him.

December 31. New Year's Eve. Went to bed at eleven. East wind. No bells heard. Slept in the New Year, as did also those 'out there'."

This refers to the poem called "Looking Across" published in the new volume, Stinsford Churchyard lying across the mead from Max Gate.

"I do not expect much notice will be taken of these poems; they mortify the human sense of self-importance by showing, or suggesting, that human beings are of no matter or appreciable value in this nonchalant universe."

END OF 1917

1918.

PART VIII. IV

Life's Decline.

CHAPTER ~~XXXIV~~. XV

Reflections on Poetry.

1918. Aet. 77 - 78.

On January 2. ~~Mrs~~ Hardy ~~and Florence~~ attended a performance of the women-land-workers in the Corn Exchange. - "Met there Mrs Alfred Lyttleton, Lady Shaftesbury, and other supporters of the movement. The girls looked most picturesque in their raiment of emancipation, which they evidently enjoyed wearing."

Meanwhile the shadows lengthened. In the second week of the month he lost his old ~~friend and~~ warm-hearted neighbour Mrs A. Brinsley Sheridan, née Motley, of Frampton Court. - "An old friend of 32 years standing. She was, I believe, the first to call when we entered this house at Max Gate, ~~and was kindly attached~~ and she remained staunch to ~~to Dorchester and Florence.~~" the end of her days."

"January 16. As to reviewing: Apart from a few brilliant exceptions, poetry is not at bottom criticized as ~~a~~ such, that is, as a particular man's artistic interpretation of life, but with a secret eye on its theological and political propriety. Swinburne used to say to me that so it would be two thousand years hence; but I doubt it.

"As to pessimism. My motto is, first correctly diagnose

the complaint - in this case human ills - and ascertain the cause: then set about finding a remedy if one exists. The motto or practice of the optimists is: Blind the eyes to the real malady, and use empirical panaceas to suppress the symptoms.

"Browning said (in a line cited against me so often) :-

'Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would triumph'.

"Well, that was a lucky dreamlessness for Browning. It kept him comfortably unaware of those millions who cry with the Chorus in Hellas: 'Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream, Salutes the risen sun!',* or with Hyllus in the Trachiniae : "The vast injustice of the gods is borne in upon me!' "*

"January 24. It is the unwilling mind that stultifies the contemporary criticism of poetry."

"January 25. The reviewer so often supposes that where Art is not visible it is unknown to the poet under criticism. Why does he not think of the art of concealing art? There is a good reason why."

Probably the reviews of his last book set him thinking of these things. But he does not comment on the reviews themselves, though there were some comicalities in them, like those of the reviewer who supposed that because Browning invented the name "Dramatic Lyrics" he also invented the thing, or those of the fair critic who pretended to be a man, but alas, betrayed her sex at the last moment by condemning a poem because its heroine was

[footnote] * Shelley's Hellas, line 940. * Soph. Trach. 1265.

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~~dressed in a tasteless Victorian skirt~~

"Jan. 30. English writers who endeavour to appraise poets, and discriminate the sheep from the goats, are apt to consider that all true poets must be of one pattern in their lives and developments. But the glory of poetry lies in its largeness, admitting among its creators men of infinite variety. They must all be impractical in the conduct of their affairs; nay, they must almost, like Shelley or Marlowe, be drowned or done to death, or like Keats, die of consumption. They forget that in the ancient world no such necessity was recognised; that Homer sang as a blind old man, that Aeschylus wrote his best up to his death at nearly seventy, that the best of Sophocles appeared between his 55th. and 90th. years, that Euripides wrote up to 70.

"Among those who accomplished late, the poetic spark must always have been latent; but its outspringing may have been frozen and delayed for half a lifetime."

"Jan. 31. Performance of "The Mellstock Quire" at the Corn Exchange, Dorchester, by the local Company for Hospital purposes. ~~Paid for the admission~~ Arranged for the admission of the present 'Mellstock' Quire to see the resuscitated ghosts of their predecessors."

The romantic name of "Little Hintock" in "The Woodlanders" was advanced to a practical application in the February of this year by a request from Mr Dampier Whetham, once Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose hobby when in his Dorset home was dairy farming, to be allowed to define as the "Hintock"

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In a United States periodical for March it was amusingly stated that "Thomas Hardy is a realistic novelist who.... has a grim determination to go down to posterity wearing the laurels of a poet." This writer was a staring illustration of the danger of reading motives into actions. Of course there was no "grim determination", no thought of "laurels". Thomas Hardy was always a person with an unconscious, or rather unreasoning, t tendency, and the poetic tendency had been his from the earliest. He would tell that it used to be said to him at Sir Arthur Blomfield's: "Hardy, there can hardly have been anybody in the world with less ambition than you." At this time the real state of his mind was, in his own words, that "A sense of the truth of poetry, of its supreme place in literature, had awakened itself in me. At the risk of ruining all my worldly prospects I dabbled in it....was forced out of it....It came back upon me. .....All was of the nature of being led by a mood, without foresight,or regard to whither it led."

It may be added that the same kind of thing had been written about "The Dynasts". The author, they announced, determined to write the biggest drama in existence. The facts were, as he often said, that he was absorbed by the subject, and sat down to write it in the smallest possible compass, compressing as he went on till he could get it no smaller at all.

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Pitfalls surround those who attribute motives.

To Professor D.A.Robertson, University of Chicago.
February 7th. 1918.

"In reply to your inquiry if I am likely to visit the United States after the war I am sorry to say that such an event is highly improbable.....

"The opinion you quote from Lord Bryce to the effect that Americans do not think internationally, leads one to ask, Does any country think internationally? I should say, none. But there can be no doubt that some countries think thus more nearly than others; and in my opinion the people of America far more than the people of England."

In April there appeared in the Edinburgh Review an excellent article on Hardy's lyrics from the experienced pen of Mr Edmund Gosse; and in the same month there was sold at Christie's Red Cross Sale the manuscript of "Far from the Madding Crowd". The interest of the latter - at least to Hardy himself - lay in the fact of it being a revenant - that for forty years he had had no other idea but that the manuscript had been "pulped" after its use in the Cornhill Magazine in 1874, since it had completely disappeared, not having been sent back with the proofs. Hardy's rather whimsical regret was that he had not written it on better paper, unforeseeing the preservation. It afterwards came to his knowledge that after the sale it went to America, and ultimately was bought of a New York dealer for the collection of Mr A.E. Newton of

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"April 30. By the will of God some men are born poetical. Of these some make themselves practical poets, others are made poets by the lapse of time who were hardly recognized as such. Particularly has this been the case with the translators of the Bible. They translated into the language of their age; then the years began to corrupt that language as spoken, and to add grey lichen to the translation; until the moderns who use the corrupted tongue marvel at the poetry of the old words. When new they were not more than half so poetical. So that Coverdale, Tyndale, and the rest of them are as ghosts what they never were in the flesh."

"May 8. A letter from Sir George Douglas carries me back to Wimborne and the time when his brother Frank lived opposite us there in The Avenue:

[no white line]

They are great trees, no doubt, by now,
That were so thin in bough -
That row of limes -
When we housed there; I'm loth to reckon when;
The world has turned so many times,
So many, since then!"

Whether any more of this poem was written is not known.

Two days later Hardy was seized with a violent cough and cold which confined him for a week, ~~and was followed by a bronchial attack~~. However he was well enough by the 23rd. to adjudicate at the Police Court on several food-profiteering cases, undertaken as being "the only War-work I was capable of," and to receive some old friends, including Sydney Cockerell, John Powys, Lady Ilchester, and her mother Lady

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the neglect of poetry by the modern English
write at this time:-

like one who enters and mounts a platform to
announced. He opens his a page, looks around, ~~an~~
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(From hereabout the writing is mostly in the form of Memoranda only. F.E.H.)

Londonderry, of whom he says: "Never saw her again: I had known her for more than twenty-five years." A little later came Mrs Henry Allhusen, whom he had known from her childhood, Sir Frederick Treves, and Mr and Mrs Rosalind Hyndman (a charming woman,) who were staying at Dorchester for the benefit of the air.

Some sense of the neglect of poetry by the modern English may have led him to write at this time:-

"The poet is like one who enters and mounts a platform to give an address as announced. He opens his page, looks around, and finds the hall - empty."

A little later he says:-

"It bridges over the years to think that Gray might have seen Wordsworth in his cradle, and Wordsworth ~~may~~ might have seen me in mine."

Some days later:-

"The people in Shakespeare act as if they were not quite closely thinking of what they are doing, but were great philosophers giving the main of their mind to the general human situation."

"I agree with Tennyson, who said he could form no idea how Shakespeare came to write his plays.

"My opinion is that a poet should express the emotion of all the ages and the thought of his own."

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SYNOPSIS OF REMAINDER OF BOOK.

(probably about 100 more pages of typoscript.)

Chapter XXXV.

Letters, Visits, Poetical Questions, & Mellstock Club-room.

1918- 1919. Aet.78-79.

Question of a Plymouth University: Modern Military Methods: Miss Amy Lowell: Poems from Contemporary Writers; Letter to Bishop of Durham: Collected edition of Poems: Enquiry about "Jude"; Funeral Psalms; Lecture on Hardy's Poems: Opening of a Village War-Memorial in the form of a Club-room: A speech by Hardy on the history of the Village. Advice to a young Poet.

Chapter XXXVI.

"The Dynasts" at Oxford. Hon. Degree. A Deputation. A controversy.

1920. Aet. 79 - 80.

Guest of the Raleighs at Oxford. Performance of "The Dynasts" by the O.U.D.S. at the Theatre: The Hon. Degree at the Sheldonian. Meets the Poet Laureate, Mr Masefield, and others. Rationalism. Architectural friends. To wedding of Mr Harold Macmillan. C.W.Moule. De putation of the Society of Authors on his eightieth birthday. Birthday notes. Ancestry. Visitors. Poem on Keats, and on the death of Evelyn Gifford. Armstice poem in The Times. Correspondence with Mr Alfred Noyes and others on his religious views. Mummers on Christmas night. Poem "At the entering of the New Year."

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Chapter XXXVII.

Poems in Periodicals: "Late Lyrics": "Queen of Cornwall", "Human Shows".

1921-1925. Aet. 80 - 85.

Visits from Sir J.M.Barrie and Mr W. de la Mare. Death of his friend Charles Moule. Opens Bazaar in aid of County Hospital. The "Hardy" Players. List of Poems. Illness. Death of his cousin C.Gifford. Books for the Grammar School. Publication of "Late Lyrics and Earlier" More Visitors. Death of his friend Judge Lock. Drives in Blackmoor Vale with Florence Henniker and others. Hon. Fellowship at Queen's Oxford. Also of Wessex Society of Architects. Museums that are Depositories of T.H.'s MSS. Death of his friend the Hon. Mrs Henniker. "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall" played in Dorchester, and published in London. Visit to H.M.S. the "Queen Elizabeth". Also to Queen's College, Oxford. Entettains the Prince of Wales at Max Gate. Death and funeral of his friend Sir Frederick Treves. The "Balliol Players" perform The Oresteia on Max Gate lawn. Mrs Hardy made J.P. for Dorchester. Opera by Rutland Boughton of "The Queen of Cornwall" performed at Glastonbury. Performance of "Tess" play. Death of his friends Mr W. Watkins and Lord Curzon. A Hardy Chair of Literature. "Human Shows" published.

Chapter XXXVIII.

Resignation of Governership of D.G.School. Balliol Players.

1926 ---- Aet. 85 onward.

Resigns Governership of the Grammar School. The Balliol Players perform the "Hipollytus" of Euripides on Max Gate lawn. Preparations for limited editions. Visits from Sir F. Macmillan and others.

Chapter XXXVII.

Poems in periodicals: "Late Lyrics": "Queen of Cornwall", "Human Shows".

1931-1932. Aet. 80 - 81.

Visits from Sir J.M. Barrie and Mr W. de la Mare. Death of his friend Charles Morle. Opens Bazaar in aid of County Hospital. The "Hardy" Players. List of Poems. Illness. Death of his cousin C.Gifford. Books for the Grammar School. Publication of "Late Lyrics and Earlier" More Visitors. Death of his friend Judge Cook. Drives in Bishop of Wale with Florence Henniker and others. Hon. Fellowship at Queen's Oxford. Also of Wessex Society of Architects. Museums that are Benefactress of T.H. & MRS. Death of his friend the Hon. Mrs Henniker. "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall" played in Dorchester, and published in London. Visit to H.M.S. the Queen Elizabeth". Also to Queen's College, Oxford. Entertains the Prince of Wales at Max Gate. Death and funeral of his friend Sir Frederick Treves. The "Ballio Players" perform The Dynasts on Max Gate lawn. The Hardy Made J.P. for Dorchester. Opera by Rutland Boughton of "The Queen of Cornwall" performed at Glastonbury. Performance of "Tess" play. Death of Mr W. Watkins. A Hardy Chair of Literature. "Human Shows" published.

Chapter XXXVIII.

Establishment of Governership of P.G.School. Ballio Players.

1932 ---- Aet. 81 onward.

Raising Governership of the Grammar School. The Ballio Players perform the Mikadyna of Nuptiches on Max Gate lawn. Preparations for limited editions. Visits from Sir F. Macmillan and others.

Message to and from Weymouth. Massachusetts. U.S.A. Mr Drinkwater dtamatizes "The Mayor of Casterbridge" Performance of same London and Weymouth.

Item.

Vol. II might begin here — if 2 vols.

[Number of typewritten pages in the whole, probably about 650, or under, when finished, which, 1250 words each page, makes 130,000. (a fair length for a biography.)]

The Life and Work of Thomas Hardy.

Mem:

Vol II. might begin here – if 2 vols.

[Number of typoscript pages in the whole, probably about 650, or under, when finished, which at 230 words each page makes 150,000 - (a fair length for a biography.)]

PART V.

Tess, Jude, and the end of Prose.

Chapter XX.

The Reception of the Book.

1892. Aet. 51 - 52.

As Tess of the d'Urbervilles got into general circulation it attracted an attention that Hardy had apparently not foreseen, for at the time of its publication he was planning something of quite a different kind, according to an entry he made:

"Title:- 'Songs of Five-and-Twenty Years'. Arrangement of the songs: Lyric Ecstacy inspired by music to have precedence."

However, reviews, letters, and other intelligence speedily called him from these casual thoughts back to the novel, which the tediousness of the alterations and restorations had made him weary of. From the prefaces to later editions can be gathered more or less clearly what happened to the book as, passing into great popularity, an endeavour was made by some critics to change it to scandalous notoriety - the latter kind of clamour, raised by a certain small section of the public and the press, being quite inexplicable to its just judges, and to the writer himself. It would have been amusing if it had not revealed such antagonism at the back of

The sub-title of the book, added as a casual afterthought, seemed to be especially exasperating. All this

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~~it, such distortions of the truth~~ it. bearing evidence, as Hardy used to say, "Of that absolute want of principle in the reviewer which gives one a start of fear as to a possible crime he may commit against one's person, such as a stab or a shot in a dark lane for righteousness' sake." Such critics, however, "who, differing from an author of a work purely artistic, in sociological views, politics, or theology, cunningly disguise that illegitimate reason for antagonism by attacking his work on a point of art itself", were not numerous or effectual in this case. And, as has been implied, they were overpowered by the dumb current of opinion.

Among other curious results from the publication of the book was that it started a rumour of Hardy's theological beliefs which lived, and spread, and grew, so that it was never completely extinguished. Near the end of the story he had used the sentence "The President of the Immortals had finished his sport with Tess" ~~and~~ The classical sense in which he had used ~~it~~ them is best shown by quoting a ~~letter~~ reply he wrote thirty years later to some unknown critic who ~~had~~ said in ~~his~~ an article:

"Hardy postulates an all-powerful being endowed with the baser human passions, who turns everything to evil and rejoices in the mischief he has wrought," a another critic ~~took~~ taking up the tale by adding:

"To him evil is not so much a mystery, a problem, as the wilful malice of his god."

Hardy's reply was written down but (it is believed), as in so many cases with him, never posted; though I am able to give it ~~here~~ from the rough draft:

"As I need hardly inform any thinking reader, I do not hold, and

and the words were, as Hardy often informed his reviewers, but a literal translation of Aesch: Prom: 169:
Μακάρων πρύτανις.

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say, for that absolute want of principle in the reviewer which gives
rise a sort of fear as to a possible crime he may commit against one's
person, such as a stab or a shot in a dark lane for righteousness'
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particularly artistic, in sociological views, politics, or theology,
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"Hardy postulates an all-powerful being endowed with the baser
human passions, who turns everything to evil and rejoices in the
misery he has wrought." Another critic taking up the tale by adding:

"To him evil is not so much a mystery, a problem, as the wilful
malice of his god."

Hardy's reply was written down but, as in so many cases with
him, never posted; though I am able to give it in the words that:

"As I read hardly informed any thinking reader, I do not hold, and
the words were as Hardy often informed his reviewers, but a literal
translation of Aeschylus: Prometheus 162:

never have held, the ludicrous opinions here assumed to be mine - which are really, ~~and~~ or approximately, those of the primitive believer in his man-shaped tribal god. And in seeking to ascertain how any exponent of English literature could have supposed that I held them, I find that the writer of the estimate has harked back to a passage in a novel ~~I wrote more than thirty~~ of mine [Tess] printed many years ago, in which the forces opposed to the heroine were allegorized as a personality, (a method not unusual in imaginative prose or poetry) by the use of a well-known trope, explained in that venerable work Campbell's ~~Principles~~ Philosophy of Rhetoric as 'one in which life, perception, activity, design, passion, or any property of sentient beings, is attributed to things inanimate.'

"Under this species of criticism if ~~a writer~~ an author were to say 'Aeolus maliciously tugged at her garments, and tore her hair in his wrath,' the sapient critic would no doubt announce that ~~writer's~~ author's creed to be that the wind is a powerful being endowed with the baser human passions', etc. etc.

"However, I must put up with it, and say as Parrhasius of Ephesus said about his pictures: 'There is nothing that men will not find fault with.'"

White line

The deep impression produced on the general and uncritical public by the story was the occasion of Hardy's receiving ~~many and~~ strange letters - some from husbands whose experiences had ~~had more or less~~ borne a resemblance to that of Angel ~~or~~ Clare, ~~but~~ Though more, ~~many more~~, from wives with a past like that of Tess; but who had not told their husbands, and asking for his counsel under the burden of their concealment. Some of these were educated women of good position, and Hardy used to say the singular thing was that they should have

never have held, the industrious opinions here assumed to be mine - which are really, or approximately, those of the primitive believer in his man-shaped tribal god. And in seeking to ascertain how any opponent of English literature could have supposed that I held them, I find that the writer of the estimate has observed back to a passage in a novel of quite [not] printed years ago in which the forces opposed to the heroine were allegorized as a personality, a method not unusual in imaginative prose or poetry, by the use of a well-known trope, explained in that venerable work Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric as 'one in which life, perception, activity, design, passion, or any property of sentient beings, is attributed to inanimate.'

"Under this species of criticism it [illegible] were to say 'Jealousy maliciously tugged at her garments, and tore her hair in his wrath,' the aspirant critic would no doubt announce that [illegible] proved to be that the wind is a powerful being endowed with the lower human passions', etc. etc."

"However, I must plead guilty, and say as Partridge of Fielding said about his pickpurse, 'There is nothing that ever vexed me half so much as being found fault with.'"

The deep impression produced on the general and unpolitical public by the story was the occasion of Hardy's receiving many strange letters - some from husbands whose experiences had borne a somewhat resemblance to that of Angel and Clare, some more, many more, from wives with a past like that of Tess; but who had not told their husbands, and asking for his counsel under the burden of their concealment. Some of these were educated women of good position, and Hardy used to say the singular thing was that they should have

put themselves in the power of a stranger by these revelations (their names having ~~sometimes~~ often been given, though sometimes initials at a post-office only) when they would not trust persons nearest to them with their secret. However, they did themselves no harm, he would add, for though he was unable to advise them, he carefully destroyed their letters, and never mentioned their names, or suspected names, to a living soul. He owed them that much, he said, for their trust in his good faith.

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A few, too, ~~Some of them, moreover~~, begged that he would meet them privately, or call on them, and hear their story instead of their writing it. He talked the matter over with his friend Sir Francis Jeune, who had had abundant experience of the like things in the Divorce court where ~~over which~~ he presided, and who recommended him not to meet the ~~wri~~ writers alone, in case ~~lest~~ they should not be genuine. He himself, he said, also got such letters, but made it a rule never to notice them. Nor did Hardy, though he sometimes sadly thought that they came from sincere women in trouble.

"Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was also the cause of Hardy's meeting a good many people of every rank during that spring, summer, and onwards, and of opportunity for meeting a good many more if he had chosen to avail himself of it. * [See on back]

It must be repeated that the notes on these meetings were set down by him as private memoranda only; and that they, or some of them, are reproduced here to illustrate what contrasting planes of existence he moved in - vibrating at a swing between the social functions of a London season and the quaintnesses of a primitive rustic life.

Strangely enough Lord Salisbury, with whom Hardy had a slight acquaintance, was a supporter of the story.

Society remarks on "Tess" were curious and humorous. - "The Duchess of A ~~Abercorn~~ tells me that the novel has saved her all future trouble in the assortment of her friends. They have been almost fighting across her dinner-table over Tess's character. What she says now to them is "Do you support her or not?" If they say "No indeed. She deserved hanging; a little harlot!" she puts them in one group. If they say: "Poor wronged innocent!"

* Many of the details that follow concerning his adventures in the world of fashion at dinner-parties, crushes, and other social functions, which Hardy himself did not think worth recording, have been obtained from old diaries kept by the Late Mrs Hardy.

Discussing the question thus with another noble dame who sat next him at a large dinner-party, they waxed so contentious that they were startled to find the whole table of two-and-twenty silent, listening to their theories on this vexed question.

and pity her, she puts them in the other group where she is herself." And a well-known beauty, & statesman's wife also present snapped out at him: "Hanged? They ought all to have been hanged!"

"Called on 'Lucas Malet'. A striking woman: full, slightly voluptuous mouth, red lips, black hair and eyes; and most likeable. Met her sister Miss Rose Kingsley there.

"At Lady Dorothy Nevill's. She told [at Weatherbury'] me about her recent visit to Dorsetshire, and that the only family relic she could find in her girlhood's house was an old door-trig with her father's coronet upon it. Also an extraordinarily tangled scandal about a Princess - now long deceased.

"Took Arthur Balfours, sister in to dinner at the Jeunes'. Liked her frank sensible womanly way of talking. The reviews have made me shy of presenting copies of "Tess", and I told her plainly that if I gave her one it might be the means of getting me into hot water with her. She said: 'Now don't I really look old enough to read any novel with safety by this time!' Some of the best women don't marry-perhaps wisely".

"Mrs Joseph Chamberlain seems quite a girl in talking to her. Did not care so much for the appearance and manner of her husband at first, but that may have been superficial only. Lady Hilda Broderick is also charming in her girlish naiveté. Also talked to Arthur Balfour and Sir Charles Russell.

"April 10. Leslie Ward, in illustration of the calamities of artists, tells me of a lady's portrait life-size he has on his hands; that he was requested by her husband to paint. When he had just completed the picture she eloped with a noble earl, whereupon her husband wrote to say he did not want the painting, & Ward's labour was wasted, there being no contract. The end of the

end of the story was that the husband divorced her, and, like Edith in Browning's 'Too Late', she 'married the other', and brought him a son and heir. At a dinner the very same evening the lady who was my neighbour at the table told me that her husband was counsel in the case, which was hurried through, that the decree might be made absolute and the re-marriage take place before the baby was born.

"11. In the afternoon called on Lady Hilda Brodrick and had a long and pleasant tête-à-tête with her. She had wept bitterly over "Tess", she told me, and made me feel a criminal. In the evening with Sir F. and Lady J. to the gaiety theatre to hear Lottie Collins in her song "Ta-ra-ra". A rather striking tune and performance to foolish words.

"15. Good Friday. Read review of 'Tess' in The Quarterly. A smart and amusing article; but it is easy to be smart and amusing if a man will forgo veracity and sincerity. You can see in every line that the reviewer has his tongue in his cheek. The article is, in fact, full of unblushing misstatements: 'e.g., 'This clumsy sordid tale of boorish brutality and lust.'

"In one place Bludyer says the story is told in a coarse manner; in another that it is not. So you may go on. How strange that one may write a book without knowing what one puts into it - or rather, the reader reads into it! Well, if this sort of thing continues no more novel-writing for me. A man must be a fool to deliberately stand up to be shot at.

no white line

"Such reviews as The Quarterly are a dilemma for the literary worker. There is the self-reproach on the one hand of being

conventional enough to be praised by them, and the possible pecuniary loss of being abused by them on the other". ¶ But this weighed little with Hardy beside the thought that not to be attacked by papers like The Quarterly was not to show any literary esprit whatever.

More however, the repute of the book was spreading not only through England, and America, and the Colonies, but through the European Continent and Asia; and during this year translations appeared in various languages, its publication in Russia exciting great interest. On the other hand some local libraries in English-speaking countries "suppressed" the novel - with what effect was not ascertained. Hardy's good-natured friends Henry James and R.L.Stevenson, (whom he afterwards called the Polonius and the Osric of novelists) corresponded about it in this vein: "Oh, yes, dear Louis; 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles' is vile. The pretence of sexuality is only equalled by the absence of it, (?) and the abomination of the language by the author's reputation for style." (Letters of Henry James.) When Hardy read this after James's death he said, "How indecent of those two virtuous females to expose their mental nakedness in such a manner."

"16. Dr Walter Lock, Warden of Keble, Oxford, called. 'Tess' he said, 'is the Agamemnon without the remainder of the Orestean trilogy.' This is inexact, but suggestive as to how people think.

" Am glad I have got back from London and all those dinners: - London, that hot-plate of humanity, on which we first sing, then simmer, then boil, then dry away to dust and ashes!

"Easter Sunday. Was told a story of a handsome country-girl. Her lover, though on the point of matrimony with her, would

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not perform it because of the temper shown by her when they went to buy the corner-cupboard and tea-things, her insistence on a different pattern, and so on. Their child was born illegitimate. Leaving the child at home she went to Jersey, for this reason, that a fellow village-girl had gone there, married, and died; and the other thought that by going and introducing herself to the widower as his late wife's playmate and friend

from childhood he would be interested in her and marry her too. She carried this out, and he did marry her. But her temper was so bad that he would not live with her; and she went on the streets. On her voyage home she died of disease she had contracted, and was thrown into the sea – some say before she was quite dead. Query: What became of the baby?

"April 22nd. The tune of many critics of my book:-

" 'First edition. Poor fellow: it is a fair piece of work. We'll give him a little encouragement.

" 'Second edition. H'm. He's making some noise.

" 'Third edition. Why should he be thought more of than we?

" 'Fourth edition. Miserable impostor! We must slaughter a rascal who is lording it over all of us like this!' "

At the beginning of June in reply to an invitation from the South Dorset Liberal Association to nominate their candidate in the forthcoming election Hardy wrote:

"I am and always have been compelled to forgo all participation in active politics, by reason of the neutrality of my own pursuits, which would be stultified to a great extent if I could not approach all classes of thinkers from an absolutely unpledged point - the point of 'men', not measures,'- exactly the converse of a true politician's".

'May 2. Wasted time in the B. Museum in hunting up a book that contains a tragedy, according to Lang in the New Review, of which "Tess" is a plagiarism. Discovered there was no resemblance, it being about an idiot. Why should one's club-acquaintance bring such charges?

During May they were again in London, going out a good deal. "Took in to dinner my friend Lady N---, who does not know who her mother was." Among others Hardy met at dinners at this date were Lady Salisbury, who was "at first stiff, but grew very friendly", Lord and Lady Wimborne again, with whom he dined,

and the Prince and Princess Christian," who were by this time most affable."

He notes that on the 27th. of the month, when he was dining at Lady Metcalfe's, his father, away in the country, "went upstairs for the last time." On the 31st. he received a letter from his sister Mary on their father's illness, saying that it being of a mild lingering kind there was no immediate hurry for his return; and hence he dined with Lady Malmesbury on his birthday June 2nd., in fulfilment of a three-weeks' engagement, before returning to Dorchester. This however he did the next day, arriving at his house just when his brother had come to fetch him.

He found his father much changed; and yet he rallied for some weeks onward.

In the town one day Hardy passed by chance the tent just erected for Sanger's Circus, when the procession was about to start. "Saw the Queen climb up on her lofty gilt-and-crimson throne by a step-ladder. Then the various nations personified climbed up on theirs. They, being men, mounted anyhow, 'no swearin'!' being said to them as a caution. The Queen, seated in her chair on the terrestrial globe, adjusts her crimson and white robes over her soiled satin shoes for the start, and looks around on Hayne's trees, the church-tower, and Egdon Heath in the distance. As she passes along the South-walk Road she is obliged to duck her head to avoid the chestnut boughs, tearing off her crown."

"June 26. Considered methods for the Napoleon drama. Forces; emotions; tendencies. The characters do not act under the influence of reason.

"July 1. We don't always remember as we should that in getting at the truth we get only at the true nature of the impression that an object, etc., produces on us. The true thing in itself being still beyond our knowledge, as Kant shows.

"~~June 28~~. "The art of observation (during travel, etc.) consists in this: the seeing of great things in little things, the whole in the part - even the infinitesimal part. For instance, you are abroad: you see an English flag ~~in~~ on a ship-mast from the window of your hotel: you realise the English navy. Or, at home, in a soldier you see the British Army, in a bishop at your club, the Church of England; and in a steam hooter you hear Industry."

He was paying almost daily visits to his father at this time. On the 19th. his brother told him ~~he~~ the patient was no worse, so he did not go that day. But on the 20th., Crocker, one of his brother's men, came to say that their father had died quickly that afternoon - in the house in which he was born. Thus, in spite of ~~himself~~ his endeavours, Hardy had not been present.

Almost the last thing his father had asked for was water fresh drawn from the well - which was brought and given him; he tasted it and said, "Yes, that's our well-water. Now I know I am at home."

Hardy frequently stated in after years that the character of Horatio in "Hamlet" was his father's to a nicety, and in

"June 22. Sensitive patients for the Hypnotism class. Process; sections; hemorrhoids. The characters do not seem under the influence of reason.

"June 22. Sensitive patients for the hypnotic drill. Process: sections, hemorrhoids. The characters do not seem under the influence of reason.

"June 22. The art of elocution (Sarah Tarval, etc.) consists in this: the reading of great things in little things; the realis in the part - even the individual part. For instance, you are abroad: you see an English flag -- on a sign-post from the window of your hotel: you realize the English day. Or, at home, in a soldier you see the British army, in a ship of your line, the Queen of England; and a clean hostel you hear Lazarus."

He was paying almost daily visits to his father at this time. On the 16th, his brother took him to see Wagner, so he did not go that day. But on the 20th, however, one of his brother's men, came to say that their father had died that afternoon - in the house in which he was born. There, in spite of blood, sore, and not been present.

Almost the last thing his father had asked for was water from green Lion well - which was brought and given him; he tasted it and said, "Now I know I am at home."

Early frequently stated in after years that the character of Horatio in Ulysses was his father's to a degree, and in

Hardy's copy of that play his father's name and the date of his death are written opposite the following lines:

"Thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

He was buried close to his father & mother, & near the Knights of various dates in the 17th & 18th centuries, with whom the Hardys had been connected.

"August 14. Mother described to-day the three Hardys as they used to appear passing over the brow of the hill to Stinsford Church on a Sunday morning, three or four years before my birth. They were always hurrying, being rather late, their fiddles and violoncello in green-baize bags under their left arms. They wore top hats, stick-up shirt-collars, dark blue coats with great collars and gilt buttons, deep cuffs and black silk "stocks" or neckerchiefs. Had curly hair, and carried their heads to one side as they walked. My grandfather wore drab cloth breeches and buckled shoes, but his sons wore trousers and Wellington boots."

In August they received at Max Gate a long promised visit from Sir Arthur Blomfield, who had taken a house a few miles off for a month or two. Contrary to Hardy's expectations Blomfield liked the design of the Max Gate house. The visit was a very pleasant one, abounding in reminiscences of 8 Adelphi Terrace, and included a drive to "Weatherbury" Church and an examination of its architecture.

August 31. My Mother says she looks at the furniture and feels she is nothing to it. All those belonging to it, and the place, are gone, and it is ~~in the hands~~ left in her hands, a

stranger. (She has, however, lived there these fifty-three years!).

"August. I hear of a girl of Maiden Newton who was shod by contract like a horse, at so much a year.

"Sept. Mr Shorter, Editor of the "Illustrated News", called for a story or article. Stayed to lunch.

"Sept. 4. There is a curious Dorset expression - 'tankard-legged'. This style of leg seems to have its biggest end downwards, and I have certainly seen legs of that sort. My mother says that my Irish ancestress had them, the accomplished lady who is reputed to have read the Bible through seven times; though how my mother should know what the legs of her husband's great-great-grandmother were like I cannot tell."

[See on back]

This month they attended a Field-Club meeting at Swanage, and were introduced to "old Mr B---, 'the King of Swanage'. He had a good profile, but was rougher in speech then I should have expected after his years of London, - being the ordinary type of Dorset man self-made by trade, whenever one of the county does self-make himself, which is not often....Met Dr Yeatman the Bishop of Southwark [after of Worcester]. He says the Endicotts [Mrs J. Chamberlain's ancestors] are a Dorset family."

~~"Sept. 16. Article on Dr Grant Darling, originally printed in an American paper, revised and sent to Mr Shorter, for him to consider. Can't remember if I did the Fwd. Mag. I have anything else.~~

"Sept. 17. Stinsford House burnt. Discovered it to be on fire when driving home from Dorchester with E. I left the carriage and ran across the meads. She drove on, having promised to dine out at Canon R. Smith's. I could soon see that the old mansion was

X. "Among the many stories of spell-working that I have been told, the following is one of how it was done by two girls about 1830. They killed a pigeon, stuck it's heart full of pins, made a tripod of three knitting-needles, and suspended the heart on them over a lamp, murmuring an incantation while it roasted and using the name of the young man in whom one or both were interested. The said young man felt racking pains about the region of the heart, and suspecting something went to the constables. The girls were sent to prison."

doomed, though there was not abreath of wind. Coppery flames were visible in the sun through the trees of the park, and a few figures in shirt-sleeves on the roof. Furniture on the lawn: several servants perspiring and crying. Men battering out windows to get out the things - a bruising of tender memories for me. I worked in carrying books and other articles to the vicarage. When it grew dark the flames entered the drawing-room and dining rooms, lighting up the chambers of so much romance; The delicate tones of the wall-painting seemed pleased at the illumination at first, till the inside of the rooms became one roaring oven; and then the ceiling fell, and then the roof, sending a fountain of a sparks from the old oak into the sky.

"Met Mary in the churchyard, who had been laying flowers on Father's grave, on which the firelight now flickered.

"Walked to Canon Smith's dinner-party just as I was, it being too late to change. E. had preceded me there, since I did not arrive until nine. Dinner disorganized and pushed back between one and two hours, they having been to the fire. Met Bosworth Smith [Harrow master] who had taken E. to the fire, though I saw neither of them. Late home.

"I am sorry for the house. It was where Lady Susan Strangways, afterwards Lady Susan O'Brien, lived so many years with her actor-husband, after the famous elopement in 1764, so excellently described in Walpole's Letters, Mary Frampton's Journal, &c. [and already alluded to in the early pages of this book.]

As stated, she knew my grandfather well, and he carefully heeded her tearful instructions to make the vault for her husband, and later herself, 'just large enough for us two'. Walpole's satire on her romantic choice, that 'a footman were preferable', would have missed fire somewhat if tested by time.

My father when a boy-chorister in the gallery of the church used to see her, an old and lonely widow, walking in the garden in a red cloak."

"End of September. In London. "This is the time to realize London as an old city, all the pulsing excitements of May being absent.

"Drove home from dining with Mc Ilvaine at the Café Royal, behind a horse who had no interest in me, was going a way he had no interest in going, and was whipped on by a man who had no interest in me, or the horse, or the way. Amid this string of compulsions reached home."

"October. At Great Fawley, Berks. Entered a ploughed

vale which might be called the Valley of Brown Melancholy. The silence is remarkable....Though I am alive with the living I can only see the dead here, and am scarcely conscious of the happy children at play.

"October 7. Tennyson died yesterday morning.

" .. 12. At Tennyson's funeral in Westminster Abbey. The music was sweet and impressive, but as a funeral the scene was less penetrating than a plain country interment would have been. Lunched afterwards at the National Club with E.Gosse, Austin Dobson, Theodore Watts, and William Watson.

"The Daily News of yesterday coins the word 'Tessimism' in the following sentence:- 'At this hour the world is pessimistic, and pessimism (we had almost said Tessimism) is popular and fashionable.' I think I discern in this bit of smart journalism the fine Roman hand of A. Lang.

"18. Hurt my tooth at breakfast-time. I look in the glass. Am conscious of the humiliating sorriness of my earthly tabernacle, and of the sad fact that the best of parents could do no better for me....Why should a man's mind have been thrown into such close, sad, sensational, inexplicable relations with such a precarious object as his own body!

"Oct. 24. The best tragedy - highest tragedy in short - is that of the WORTHY encompassed by the INEVITABLE. The tragedies of immoral and worthless people are not of the best."

December. - "At the 'Empire' [Music-Hall.] The dancing-girls are nearly all skeletons. One can see drawn lines and puckers in their young flesh. They should be penned and fattened for a month to round out their beauty."

"December 17. At an interesting legal dinner at Sir Francis Jeune's. They were all men of law but myself - mostly judges. Their stories, so old and boring to one another, were all new to me, and I was delighted. Hawkins told me his experiences in the Tichborne case, and that it was by a mere chance that he was not on the other side. Afterwards, when Lady J. had a large reception, the Electric-lights all went out, just when the rooms were most crowded, but fortunately there being a shine from the fire we all stood still till candles were brought, in old rummaged-up candlesticks.

Lord Coleridge - (the cross-examiner in the same case, with his famous 'Would you be surprised to hear?') was also anecdotic.

"Dec. 18. Met at lunch or dinner Col. Mackenzie, Lady Shrewsbury, Hon. Mrs Barrington, Henry Irving, Arnold Morley, Mrs Adair, Hamilton Aidé, Terriss, and Grossmith. Talked a good deal to Lady Sh., Mrs A., and H. Aidé.

CHAPTER XXI.

Visits and intermittent writing.

1893. Aet. 52 - 53.

"Jan. 13. "The Fiddler of the Reels" (Short Story) posted to Messrs Scribner, New York.

"Feb. 16. Heard a curious account of a grave that was ordered (by telegraph?) at West Stafford, and dug. But no funeral ever came, the person who had ordered it being unknown; and the grave had to be filled up." This entry had probably arisen from Hardy's occupation during some days of this winter in designing his father's tombstone, of which he made complete drawings for the stonemason, [see on back]

⊕ and it was possibly his contact with the stonemason that made him think of that trade for his next hero, though in designing church-stonework as an architect's pupil he had of course met with many.

[see § next page.]

"Feb. 23. A story must be exceptional enough to justify its telling. We tale-tellers are all Ancient Mariners, and none of us is warranted in stopping Wedding Guests (in other words, the hurrying public) unless he has something more unusual to relate than the ordinary experience of every average man and woman.

"The whole secret of fiction and the drama - in the constructional part - lies in the adjustment of things unusual to things eternal and universal. The writer who knows exactly how exceptional, and how non-exceptional, his events should be made, possesses the key to the art.

"April. I note that A clever thrush, and a stupid nightingale, sing very much alike." [see on back]

In London this spring they again met many people, the popularity of Hardy as an author now making him welcome anywhere. For the first time they took a whole house, 70 Hamilton Terrace, and brought up their own servants, and found themselves much more comfortable under this arrangement than they had been before.

While getting into the house, however, Hardy stayed with their friends the Jeunes, and met there among many others, "the Bancrofts, Miss Mary Moore, Mr Goschen, Lord and Lady Wimborne, Miss Julia Peel, Lady Louisa Loder, Lady Hilda Brodrick and her husband, Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, Lord Sudeley, and Mr Peel." During a large party one evening "M. J. remembered she had promised friends to be at theirs early; but three of her with about four guests stayed and stayed as if they would never go. At length the last one did leave, and we rushed off to Lord Stanhope's in Grosvenor Place, arrived about half-past twelve, had a charming hob-and-nob time, everybody but four being gone, and reached bed about two o'clock."

§ "Feb 22. There cannot be equity in one kind. Assuming e.g. that the possession of £1,000,000 sterling or 10,000 acres of land be the coveted ideal, all cannot possess £1,000,000 or 10,000 acres of land. But there is a practicable equity possible: that the happiness which one man derives from one thing shall be equalled by what another man derives from another thing. Freedom from care, for instance, is a counterpoise to the lack of great possessions, though he who enjoys that freedom may not think so.

[return to preceding page]

※ "Am told that Nat C.'s good-for-nothing grandson has turned 'ranter', i.e. street-preacher — & meeting a girl he used to carry on with the following dialogue ensued: —

He. 'Do you read your bible for your spiritual good?'

She. 'Ho-ho! Git along wi' thee!'

He. 'But do you, my dear young woman?'

She. 'Haw-haw! Not this morning!'

He. 'Do you read your bible, I implore?'

She. (tongue out) 'No, nor you neither. Come, you can't act in that show, Natty! You han't the guts to carry it off.'

The discussion was ended by their going off to Came Plantation."

At such crushes, luncheons, and dinners the Hardys made or renewed acquaintance also with Mrs R.Chamberlain, Mr Charles Wyndham, Mr Goschen, and met the Duke, Duchess, and Princess May of Teck — afterwards Queen Mary. — "Lady Winifred Gardner whispered to me that meeting the Royal Family always reminded her of family prayers. The Duke confused the lady who introduced me to him by saying it was unnecessary, as he had known me for years, adding privately when she was gone, 'That's good enough for her: of course I meant I had known you spiritually.' I sat opposite Princess May at table: she is not a bad-looking girl, and a man might marry a worse. She has nice eyes, as have so many of the Royal family. The Duke was vexed that he had been put next to the Countess of ---. Lady Dorothy Nevill, Sir H. James, and Mr Justice Hawkins also present.

"13. Whibley dined with me at the Savile, and I afterwards went with him to the Trocadero Music Hall. Saw the great men — the famous performers at the Halls — drinking at the bar in long coats before going on: upon their faces an expression of not wishing in the least to emphasize their importance to the world.

"14. Dined with Charles Whibley at Millbank Street, a quaint place: I wonder how he found it out. Met there W.E. Henley, Bob Stevenson, and Pennell. An enjoyable evening.

"15. Dined with Ray Lankester at the Savile, and met James Knowles, Sir H. Thompson, Dr Lauder Brunton, and others."

"April 19. Thought while dressing, and seeing people go by to their offices, how strange it is that we should talk so glibly of 'this cold world which shows no sympathy', when this is

1682

the feeling of so many components of the same world - probably a majority - and nearly every one's neighbour is waiting to give and receive sympathy."

"25.※ [see on back]

"27. A great lack of tact in A.J.B., who was in the chair at the Royal Literary Fund dinner which I attended last night. The purpose of the dinner was of course to raise funds for poor authors, largely from the pockets of the more successful ones who were present with the other guests. Yet he dwelt with much emphasis on the decline of the literary art, and on his opinion that there were no writers of high rank living in these days. We hid our diminshed heads, and buttoned our pockets. What he said may have been true enough, but alas for saying it then!"

"28. At Academy Private View. Find that there is a very good painting here of Woolbridge Manor-House under the (erroneous) title of 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles' ancestral home'. Also one entitled 'In Hardy's Country, Egdon Heath.'

"The worst of taking a furnished house is that the articles in the rooms are saturated with the thoughts and glances of others.

"May 10. Spent a scientific evening at the conversazione of the Royal Society, where I talked on the exhibits to Sir R. Quain, Dr Clifford Allbutt, Humphry Ward, Bosworth Smith, Sir J. Crichton Browne, ~~F.~~ and G.Macmillan, Ray Lankester, and others, without (I flatter myself) betraying excessive ignorance in respect of the points in the show."

"May 18. Left Euston by 9 o'clock morning train with E.

⁂ Courage has been idealized — why not Fear? — which is a higher consciousness, and based on a deeper insight."

for LLandudno, en route for Dublin. After arrival at Llandudno drove round Great Orme's Head. Magnificent deep purple-grey mountains, the fine colour being on account of an approaching storm.

"19. Went on to Holyhead and Kingstown. Met on board John Morley the Chief Secretary, and Sir John Pender ~~[illegible]~~ were awaited at Dublin by conveyance from Vice-Regal Lodge as promised, this invitation being one renewed from last year, when I was obliged to postpone my visit on account of my father's death. We were received by Mrs Arthur Henniker, the Lord-Lieutenant's sister. A charming, intuitive woman apparently. Lord Houghton came in shortly after.

"Our bedroom-windows face the Phoenix Park and the Wicklow Mountains. The Lodge appears to have been built some time in the last century. A roomy building with many corridors.

"20. To Dublin Castle, Christ Church, etc., conducted by Mr Trevelyan, Em having gone with Mrs Henniker, Mrs Greer, and Miss Beresford to a Bazaar. Next day (Sunday) she went to Christ Church with them, and Trevelyan and I, after depositing them at the church door, went on to Bray, where we found the Chief Secretary and the Lord Chancellor at the grey hotel by the shore, 'making magistrates by the dozen' as Morley said.

22. Whit Monday. Several went to the races. Mr Lucy (who is also here) and I, however, went into Dublin, and viewed the public buildings and some comical drunken women dancing, I suppose because it was Whitsuntide. Afterwards drove with Em to the Castle, which we had a good look over, returning afterwards

to Phoenix Park.

"A larger party at dinner, including General Milman and daughter. Mr Dundas, an A.D.C., played banjo and sang: Mrs Henniker the zithern.

"23. Em went to races with Mrs Greer, Miss Beresford and others. Morley came to lunch. In afternoon I went with H.Lucy to the scene of the Phoenix Park murders.

"24. Queen's birthday review. Troops and carriages at door at ½ past 11. The Aides - of whom there are about a dozen- are transformed by superb accoutrements into warriors - Mr St John Meyrick into a Gordon Highlander [he was killed in the South African war], Mr Dundas into a dashing hussar. Went in one of the carriages of the procession with E. and the rest. A romantic scene, pathetically gay, especially as to the horses in the gallop past. "Yes: very pretty!" Mr Dundas said, as one who knew the real thing.

"At lunch Lord Wolseley told me interesting things about ~~the~~ war. On the other side of me was a young lieu son of Lady de Ros, who recalled the Napoleonic wa Wolseley's invitation I visited him at the Militar Thence drove to Mrs Lyttleton's to tea at the Chie Lodge (which she rented). She showed me the rooms bodies of Lord F.Cavendish and Mr Burke were placed some gruesome details of the discovery of a roll of bloody clothes under the sofa after the entry of the succeeding Secretary. The room had not been cleaned out since the murders.

"We dined this evening at the Private Secretary's Lodge with Mrs Jekyll. Met Maharry there, a rattling, amusing talker, and others. Went back to the Viceregal Lodge soon enough to join the state diners in the

t lacks a single big principle fails the imagination. The present m be such a time.

their ability to govern. As at presen tuted, the Persian Parliament is com 135 members, drawn from 26 divisio true census of the country has nev taken: the Parliamentary areas have fore, been worked out on the roughest mates; nevertheless, manhood suffrag joyed by a people the vast majority can scarcely read. Half the electora vote at all, and only a small propo members ever attend regularly. Inde have been many occasions when the ment has been unable to get even a q

to Phoenix Park.

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This George graphe promin He hel of the career Frederi sooner than S to Irel went, his ha Secreta a win beneat stained body murde

drawing room. Talked to several of the Viceroy. Very funny altogether, this little Court.

"25. Went over Guinness's Brewery, with Mrs Henniker and several of the Viceregal guests, in the morning. Mr Guinness conducted us. On the miniature railway we all got splashed with porter, or possibly (Water Dirty), spoiling Em's & Mrs Henniker's clothes. E. and I left the Lodge after lunch and proceeded by 3 o'clock train to Killarney, Lord Houghton having given me a copy of his poems. Put up at the Great Southern Railway Hotel.

"26. Drove in car round Middle Lake, first driving to Ross Castle. Walked in afternoon about Killarney town, where the cows stand about the streets like people.

"27. Started in wagonette for the Gap of Dunloe. Just below Kate Kearney's house Em. mounted a pony and I proceeded more leisurely on foot by the path. The scenery of the Black Valley is deeply impressive. Here are beauties of Nature to delight man, and to degrade him by attracting all the vagabonds in the country. Boats met us at the head of the Upper Lake, and we were rowed through the three to Ross Castle, whence we drove back to Killarney Town."

On the following Sunday they left and passed through Dublin, sleeping at the Marine Hotel at Kingstown, and early the next morning took the boat to Holyhead. "Found on board General Milman and Miss Milman, Sir Eyre Shaw, Mrs Henniker, and others.

Reached London the same evening."

Next day Hardy attended a rehearsal at Terry's Theatre of his one-act play called "The Three Wayfarers" - a dramatization of his story "The Three Strangers". On the 3rd. June the play was produced with one equally short by Mr J.M.Barrie, and another or two. The Hardys went with Lady Jeune and some more friends, and found that the little piece was well received.

During the week he saw Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" and "Romersholme", in which Miss Elizabeth Robins played. The former he had already seen, but was again impressed by it, as well as by the latter. Hardy could not at all understand the attitude of the English press towards these tragic productions - the culminating evidence of our blinkered insular taste being afforded by the nickname of "the Ibscene drama" which they received.

On the eighth he met for the first time (it is believed) that brilliant woman Mrs Craigie; and about this date various other people, including Mr Hamilton Aidé, an old friend of Sir Arthur Blomfield's. In the week he still followed up Ibsen, going to "The Master Builder" with Sir Gerald and Lady Fitzgerald and her sister Mrs Henniker, who said afterwards that she was so excited by the play as not to be able to sleep all night; and on Friday lunched with General Milman at the Tower, inspecting "Little-ease", and other rooms not generally shown at that time. In the evening he took Mrs Hardy and Miss Milman to Barrie's play "Walker, London", going behind the scenes with Barrie, and making the acquaintance of J.L.Toole, who said he could not go on even now on a first night without almost breaking down with nervousness.

Some ten days later Hardy was at Oxford. It was during the Encaenia, with the Christ-Church and other college balls, garden parties, and suchlike bright functions, but Hardy did not make himself known, his object being to view the proceedings entirely as a stranger. It may be mentioned that the recipients of Honorary Degrees this year included Lord Rosebery, the Bishop of Oxford, Dr Liddell, and Sir Charles Euan Smith, a friend of his own. It is believed that he viewed the Commemoration proceedings from the undergraduates' gallery of the Sheldonian, his quarters while at Oxford being at the Wilberforce Temperance Hotel.

The remainder of their season in London this year was of the usual sort. A little dinner at Lady Shrewsbury's, a public one at the Mansion House, a memorial service to Admiral Tryon, a view of the marriage procession of the Duke of York and Princess May from the Club window, performances by Eleanora Duse and Ada Rehan in their respective theatres, with other dinners and luncheons, brought on the end of their term in Hamilton Terrace, and they returned to Dorchester. A note he made this month runs as follows:

"I often think that women, even those who consider themselves experienced in sexual strategy, do not know how to manage an <u>honest</u> man."

In the latter part of July Hardy had to go up to Town again for a few days, when he took occasion to attend a lecture by Stepniak on Tolstoi, to visit city churches, and to go with Lady

Jeune and her daughters to a farewell performance by Irving. At Mrs Arthur ~~Stannard~~ Kennard's he met Lady Harcourt and the widowed Lady Mayo, and at Lady Shrewsbury's her bright brisk-thoughted daughter Lady Gwendolen Little - elsewhere becoming acquainted with Lady Powis, Mrs Patrick Campbell, Lady Charles Beresford, Lord Rowton, and renewing acquaintance with Mr J. Chamberlain. His last call this summer was on Lady Londonderry, who ~~he~~ remained his friend through the ensuing years. "A beautiful woman still," he says of her; "and very glad to see me, which beautiful women are not always. The Duchess of Manchester [Consuelo] called while I was there, and Lady Jeune. All four of us talked of the marriage-laws, a conversation which they started, not I; also of the difficulties of separation, ~~and~~ of terminable marriages where there are children, and of the nervous strain of living with a man when you know he can throw you over at any moment."

It may be mentioned here that after the Duchess of Manchester's death a good many years later, Hardy described her as having been when he first knew her "a warm-~~hearted~~ natured woman, laughing-eyed, and bubbling with impulses, in temperament ~~something~~ very much like "Julie-Jane" in one of his poems."

[At Dorchester. - "July 31st. "Mrs R.Eliot lunched. Her story of the twins, 'May' and 'June'. May was born between 11 and 12 on the 31st May, and June between 12 and 1 on June the 1st."

"August 4. I feel very guilty this morning. A lady I much respect writes that she wept so much over the last volume of "Tess" that her husband or brother said with vexation he would leave her to read it by herself. When finished she said to him

that a man (meaning me) ought not to give readers so much pain. I have apologized. Truly, whatever romance-writers feel about being greater, they may feel that they are crueller than they know." This month, in reply to an enquiry by the editors of the Parisian paper L'Ermitage: he wrote:

"I consider a social system based on individual spontaneity to promise better for happiness than a curbed and uniform one under which all temperaments are bound to shape themselves to a single pattern of living. To this end I would have society divided into groups of temperaments, with a different code of observances, for each group."

It is doubtful if this Utopian scheme possessed Hardy's fancy for any long time.

In the middle of August Hardy and his wife accepted an invitation to visit the Milnes-Gaskells at Wenlock Abbey, on their way thither calling at Hereford to see the Cathedral, Hardy always making a point of not missing such achievements in architecture, even if familiar. Lady Catherine and her daughter met them at the station. "Lady C. is as sweet as ever, and occasionally shows a quizzical wit." They were interested to find their bedroom in the Norman part of the building, Hardy saying he felt quite mouldy at sleeping within walls of such high antiquity.

Their time at the Abbey appears to have been very pleasant. They idled about in the shade of the ruins. Hardy discussed social problems with Lady C, and was her father-confessor on a

"wicked, wanton" flirtation she had once indulged in, which had pricked her conscience ever since; and Milnes-Gaskell told an amusing story of a congratulatory dinner by fellow-townsmen to a burgher who had just obtained a divorce from his wife, where the mayor made a speech beginning, "On this auspicious occasion". During their stay they went with him to Stokesay Castle and Shrewsbury. Lady Wenlock came one day; and on Sunday Hardy and Lady C. walked till they were tired, when they "sat down on the edge of a lonely sand-pit and talked of suicide, pessimism, whether life was worth living, and kindred dismal subjects till we were quite miserable. After dinner all sat round a lantern in the court under the stars - where Lady C. told stories in the Devonshire dialect, while moths flew about the lantern as in In Memoriam. She also defined the difference between coquetting and flirting, considering the latter a grosser form of the first, and alluded to Zola's phrase, 'a woman whose presence was like a caress,' saying that some women could not help it being so, even if they wished it otherwise. I doubted it, considering it but their excuse for carrying on."

On their way back the Hardys went to Ludlow Castle and deplored the wanton treatment which had led to the roofless ness of the historic pile where "Comus" was first performed and "Hudibras" partly written. Hardy thought that even now a millionaire might be able to reroof it and make it his residence.

On a flying visit to London at the end of this month, dining at the Conservative Club with Sir George Douglas, he had "an interesting scientific conversation" with Sir James Crichton

Browne. "A woman's brain, according to him, is as large in proportion to her body as a man's. The most passionate women are not those selected in civilized society to breed from, as in a state of nature, but the colder; the former often going on the streets (I am sceptical about this). The doctrines of Darwin require readjusting largely; for instance, the survival of the fittest in the struggle for life. There is an altruism and coalescence between cells as well as an antagonism. Certain cells destroy certain cells; but others assist and combine.— Well, I can't say."

"September 13. At Max Gate. A striated crimson sunset; opposite it I sit in the study writing by the light of a shaded lamp, which looks primrose against the red." This was Hardy's old study facing west (now altered) in which he wrote "Tess of the d'Urbervilles", before he removed into his subsequent one looking East, where he wrote "The Dynasts" and all his later poetry, and which is still unchanged.

"Sept. 14. Drove with Em. to the Sheridans, Frampton. Tea on lawn. Mrs Mildmay, young Harcourt, Lord Dufferin, &c. On our return all walked with us as far as the first park-gate. May [afterwards Lady Stracey] looked remarkably well, and Sophy [afterwards ~~Mrs Hall-Walker~~ Lady Wavertree] middling pretty."

"Sept. 17. At Bockhampton heard a story about eels that was almost gruesome - how they jumped out of a bucket at night, crawled all over the house and halfway up the stairs, their tails being heard swishing in the dark, and were ultimately

found in the garden; and when water was put to them to wash off the gravel and earth they became lively and leapt about."

At the end of the month Hardy and his wife went on a visit to Sir Francis and Lady Jeune at Arlington Manor, finding the house when they arrived as cheerful as the Jeunes' house always was in those days, Hardy saying that there ~~never~~ was never another house like it for cheerfulness. Among the other house-guests were Mrs Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") Lewis Morris, Mr Stephen (a director of the North-western railway) Hubert Howard son of Lord Carlisle, &c. - On Sunday morning Hardy took a two hours walk with Mrs Craigie on the moor, when she explained to him her reasons for joining the Roman Catholic Church, a step which had vexed him somewhat. Apparently he did not consider her reasons satisfactory, but their friendship remained unbroken. While staying there they went to Shaw House, an intact Elizabethan mansion, and to a picnic in Savernake Forest, "where Lady Jeune cooked luncheon in a great saucepan, with her sleeves rolled up and an apron on."

"Oct. 7 - 10. Wrote a song." (Which of his songs is not mentioned.)

"Nov. 11. Met Lady Cynthia Graham. In appearance she is something like my idea of 'Tess', though I did not know her when the novel was written.

"Nov. 23. Poem. 'The Glass-stainer' (published later on).

Nov. 28. Poem. 'He views himself as an automaton'(published).

"December. Found and touched up a short story called 'An

Imaginative Woman' "

"In London with a slight cold in the head. Dined at the Dss. of Manchester's. Most of the guests had bad colds, and our hostess herself a hacking cough. A lively dinner all the same. As some people had not been able to come I dined with her again a few days later, as did also George [afterwards Lord] Curzon. Lady Londonderry told me that her mother's grand-mother was Spanish, whence the name of Theresa. There were also present the Duke of Devonshire, Arthur Balfour, and Mr and Mrs Lyttleton. When I saw the Duchess again two or three days later she asked me how I liked her relation the Duke. I said not much; he was too heavy for one thing. 'That's because he's so shy!' she urged. 'I assure you he is quite different when it wears off'. I looked as if I did not believe much in the shyness. However ~~perhaps~~ I'll assume it was so".

After looking at a picture of Grindlewald and the Wetterhorn at somebody's house he writes: "I could argue thus: 'There is no real interest or beauty in this mountain, which appeals only to the childish taste for colour or size. The little houses at the foot are the real interest of the scene.'" Hardy never did argue so, nor intend to, nor quite believe the argument; but one understands what he means.

Finishing his London engagements (which included the final revision with the Hon. Florence Henniker of a weird story in which they had collaborated, entitled "The Spectre of the Real") he spent Christmas at Max Gate as usual, receiving the carol-singers there on Christmas-eve, where "though quite modern, with a harmonium, they made a charming picture with their lanterns under the trees, the rays

diminishing away in the winter mist." On New Year's Eve it was calm, and they stood outside the door listening to the muffled peal from the tower of Fordington St George.

CHAPTER XXII.

Another novel finished, mutilated, and restored.

1894 - 1895. Aet 53 - 55.

"Feb. 4. 1894. - Curious scene encountered this (Sunday) evening as I was walking back to Dorchester from Bockhampton very late - nearly 12 o'clock. A girl almost in white on the top of Stinsford Hill, beating a tambourine and dancing. She looked like one of the 'angelic quire,' who had tumbled down out of the sky, and I could hardly believe my eyes. Not a soul there or near but her and myself. Was told she belonged to the ~~same~~ Salvation Army, who beat tambourines devotionally." The scene was afterwards put into verse.

One day this month he spent in Stinsford Churchyard with his brother, superintending the erection of their father's tombstone.

Hardy passed the first half of March in ~~Town~~ London, again seeing a good many people, some of whom were old and some new friends, among them being Lady Pembroke, Sir Edward Lawson, who told Hardy interesting points in his history, Princess Christian and

her daughter Victoria, ~~Princess Mary and~~ the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Mrs Lyttleton, Lord Rowton, and Lord Herschell the Lord Chancellor, who told Hardy some of his odd legal experiences. At Londonderry House the subject arose of social blunders. The hostess related some amusing ones of hers; but Sir ~~R--- R---~~ Redvers Buller capped everybody by describing what he called a "double-barrelled" one of his own. He inquired of a lady next him at dinner who a certain ~~man~~ gentleman was, "like a hippopotamus," sitting opposite them. He was the lady's husband; and Sir R--- was so depressed by the disaster that had befallen him that he could not get it off his mind; hence at a dinner the next evening he sought the condolences of an elderly lady, to whom he related his misfortune; and remembered when he had told the story that his listener was the gentleman's mother.

At a very interesting luncheon at the Bachelor's Club given by ~~Mr~~ his friend George ~~[Earl]~~ Curzon he made the acquaintance of Mr F.C. Selous the mighty hunter, with the nature of whose fame he was not however quite in sympathy, wondering how such a seemingly humane man could live for killing; and also of Lord Roberts and Lord Lansdowne. Elsewhere he met at this time Lord Randolph Churchill and the humorous Lord Morris.

After these cheerful doings he returned to ~~Max~~ Gate for awhile, but when in London again, to look for a house for the spring and summer, he occasionally visited a friend he ~~already knew~~ had earlier known by correspondence, Lord Pembroke, author of "The Earl and the Doctor", a fellow ~~&~~ Wessex man as he called himself, for whom Hardy acquired a very warm feeling. He was now ill at a nursing home in London, and an amusing incident occurred while his visitor was sitting by his bedside one afternoon, thinking

her daughter Victoria, ~~[illegible]~~ the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Mrs Lyttleton, Lord Rowton, and Lord Herschell the Lord Chancellor, who told Hardy some of his odd legal experiences. At Londonderry House the subject arose of social blunders. The hostess related some amusing ones of hers; but Sir ~~R--- R---~~ Redvers Buller capped everybody by describing what he called a "double-barrelled" one of his own. He inquired of a lady next him at dinner who a certain ~~man~~ gentleman was, "like a hippopotamus," sitting opposite them. He was the lady's husband; and Sir R--- was so depressed by the disaster that had befallen him that he could not get it off his mind; hence at a dinner the next evening he sought the condolences of an elderly lady, to whom he related his misfortune; and remembered when he had told the story that his listener was the gentleman's mother.

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On Hardy's next visit to his friend ~~[illegible]~~ Pembroke said with the faintest reproach: "you go to the fashionable house in front, and you might come round to the back to see me." The nursing home was at the back of Lady Londonderry's. They never met again, and when he heard of Pembroke's unexpected death Hardy remembered the words and grieved

what havoc of good material it was that such a fine and handsome man should be prostrated. He whispered to Hardy that there was a "Tess" in the establishment, who always came if he rang at that time of the day, and that he would do so then that Hardy might see her. He accordingly rang, whereupon Tess's chronicler was much disappointed at the result; but endeavoured to discern personal beauty in the very indifferent figure who responded, and at last persuaded himself that he could do so. When she had gone the patient apologized, saying that for the first time since he had lain there a stranger had attended to his summons.

¶ [see on back]

This year they found a house at South Kensington, and moved into it with servants brought from the country, to be surprised a little later by the great attention their house received from butchers' and bakers' young men, postmen, and other passers-by; when they found their innocent country servants to have set up flirtations with all these in a bold style which the London servant was far too cautious to adopt.

At the end of April he paid a visit to George Meredith at his house near Box Hill, and had an interesting and friendly evening there, his son and daughter-in-law being present. "Meredith" he said, "is a shade artificial in manner at first, but not unpleasantly so, and he soon forgets to maintain it, so that it goes off quite."

At a dinner at the Grand Hotel given by Mr Astor to his contributors in May, Hardy had a talk with Lord Roberts, who spoke most modestly of his achievements. It was "an artistic and luxuriant banquet, with beds of roses on the tables, electric lights

⁂ "April 7. Wrote to Harpers, asking to be allowed to cancel the agreement to supply a serial story to Harpers' Magazine." This agreement was the cause of a good deal of difficulty afterwards (the story being "Jude the Obscure"), as will be seen.

shining up like glow-worms through their leaves and the petals, [an arrangement somewhat of a novelty then] and a band playing behind the palms."

This month he spared two or three days from London to go to Aldeburgh in Suffolk, where at the house of Mr Edward Clodd his host he met Grant Allen and Whymper the mountaineer, who told of the tragedy on the Matterhorn in 1865 in which he was the only survivor of the four Englishmen present - a reminiscence which impressed Hardy from the fact that he remembered the particular day, thirty years before, of the arrival of the news in this country. He had walked from his lodgings in Westbourne-Park Villas to Harrow that afternoon, and on entering the place was surprised to notice people standing at the doors discussing something with a serious lock. It turned out to be the catastrophe, two of the victims being residents of Harrow. The event lost nothing by Whymper's relation of it. He afterwards marked for Hardy on a sketch of the Matterhorn a red line showing the track of the adventurers to the top, - and the spot of the accident - a sketch which is still at Max Gate with his signature.

On a day in the week following he was at the Women Writers' Club - probably its first anniversary meeting - and, knowing what women writers mostly had to put up with, was surprised to find himself in a group of fashionably dressed youngish ladies instead of struggling dowdy females, the Princess Christian being present with other women of rank. "Dear me - are women-writers like this!" he said with changed views.

"May 23. Dined at Mary Jeune's. Talked to people till my throat was tired [his throat was always weak] - namely Lady Brownlow, Mrs Adair, young Harcourt, Lady Charles Beresford, Lady Yarborough, Lady Wantage, Lord C. Beresford, Lord Wantage, Lord Wimborne. Took Lady Wimborne in to dinner.

Afterwards went on to Lady Lewis's dinner to pick up Es. Met also a good many people there."

During the same week they fulfilled likewise day or night invitations to Lady Carnarvon's, Mrs Pitt-Rivers's, and other houses. At Lady Malmesbury's one of her green linnets escaped from its cage, and he caught it, - reluctantly, but feeling that a green linnet at large in London would be in a worse predicament than as a prisoner. At the Countess of ----'s, a woman very rich and very pretty, [Marcia, Lady Yarborough] she informed him mournfully in tête-à-tête that people snubbed her, which so surprised him that he could hardly believe it, and frankly told her it was her own imagination. [see on back ※] And at an evening party at her house later he found her in a state of nerves, lest a sudden downpour of rain which had occurred should prevent people coming, and spoil her grand gathering. However, when the worst of the thunderstorm was over they duly streamed in. (and she touched him pathetically on the shoulder & said, "You've conjured them!") "My entertainer's sister Lady P---- was the most beautiful ~~prettiest~~ woman there. On coming away there were no cabs to be got [on account of a strike, it seems] and I returned to S.K. on the top of a'bus. No sooner was I up there than the rain began again. A girl who had scrambled up after me asked for the shelter of my umbrella, and I gave it, - when she startled me by holding on tight to my arm and bestowing on me many kisses for

⁂ She was the lady of the "Pretty pink frock" poem, though it should be stated that the deceased was not her husband, but an uncle

the trivial kindness. She told me she had been to 'the Pav', and was tired, and was going home. She had not been drinking. I descended at the South Kensington Station and watched the 'bus bearing her away. An affectionate nature wasted on the streets! It was a strange contrast to the scene I had just left."

Early in June they were at the first performance of a play by Mrs Craigie at Daly's Theatre, and did some entertaining at their own house, after which Mrs Hardy was unwell, and went to Hastings for a change of air, Hardy going to Dorchester to look at some alterations he was making in his Max Gate house. At the end of a week he fetched his wife from Hastings, and after more dinners and luncheons he went to a melodrama at the Adelphi, which was said to be based without acknowledgement on "Tess of the d'Urbervilles". He had received many requests for a dramatic version of the novel, but he found that nothing could be done with it among London actor-managers, all of them in their notorious timidity being afraid of the censure from a conventional ~~public~~ critics that had resisted Ibsen; and he abandoned all idea of producing it, one prominent actor telling him frankly that he could not play such a dubious character as Angel Clare (which would have suited him precisely) "because I have my name to make, and it would risk my reputation with the public if I played anything but a heroic character without spot." Hardy thought of the limited artistic sense of even a leading English actor. Yet before and after this time Hardy received letters or oral messages from almost every actress of note in Europe asking for an opportunity of appearing in the part of "Tess" - among them

being Mrs Patrick Campbell, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, and Eleanora Duse.

During July Hardy met Mrs Asquith for the first time; and at another house he had an interesting conversation with Dr W.H. Russell on the battles in the Franco-Prussian war, where Russell had been correspondent for The Times, and was blamed by some readers for putting too much realism into his accounts. Russell told Hardy a distressing story of a horse with no under jaw, laying its head upon his thigh in a dumb appeal for sympathy, two or three days after the battle of Gravelotte, when he was riding over the field; and other such sickening experiences.

Whether because he was assumed to have written a notorious novel or not Hardy could not say, but he found himself continually invited hither and thither to see famous beauties of the time - some of whom disappointed him; but some he owned to be very beautiful, such as Lady Powis, Lady Yarborough, Lady de Grey, - "handsome, tall, glance-giving, arch, friendly - ", the Duchess of Montrose, Mrs John Hanbury, Lady Cynthia Graham, Amélie Rives, and ~~some~~ many others. A crush at Lady Spencer's at the Admiralty was one of the last of the parties they attended this season. But he mostly was compelled to slip away as soon as he could from these gatherings, finding that they exhausted him both of strength and ideas, few of the latter being given him in return for his own, either because the fashionable throng would not part ~~with~~ from those it possessed, or did not possess any.

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On the day of their giving up their house at South Kensington a curious mishap befell ~~Hardy~~ him. He had dispatched the servants and luggage in the morning; Mrs Hardy also had driven off to the station, leaving him, as they had arranged, to look over the house, see all was right, and await the caretaker, when he and his portmanteau would follow the rest to Dorchester. He was coming down the stairs of the silent house dragging the portmanteau behind him when his back gave way, and there he had to sit till the woman arrived to help him. In the course of the afternoon he was better and managed to get off, the acute pain turning out to be rheumatism aggravated by lifting the portmanteau.

"August 1 - 7. Dorchester: Seedy: back got better by degrees.

"October 16. To London to meet Henry Harper on business."

"October 20. Dined at the Guards' Mess, St James's, with Major Henniker. After dinner went round with him to the sentrys with a lantern."

"October 23. Dining at the Savile last Sunday with Ray Lankester we talked of hypnotism, will, etc. He did not believe in silent influence, such as making a person turn round by force of will without communication. But of willing, for example, certain types of women by speech to do as you desire - such as 'You shall, or you are to, marry me', he seemed to have not much doubt. - If true it seems to open up unpleasant possibilities.

"November. Painful story. Old P---, who narrowly escaped

hanging for arson about 1830, returned after his imprisonment, died at West-Stafford his native village, and was buried there. His widow long after died in Fordington, having saved £5 to be buried with her husband. The rector of the village made no objection, and the grave was dug. Meanwhile the daughter had come home, and said the money was not enough to pay for carrying the body of her mother out there in the country; so the grave was filled in, and the woman buried where she died.

"Nov. 11. Old song heard:-

'And then she arose,
And put on her best clothes,
And went off to the north with the Blues.'

"Another:

'Come ashore, Jolly Tar, with your trousers on.'

"Another, (sung at J.D.'s wedding):

----------'Somebody here has been....
Or else some charming shepherdess
That wears the gown of green.'

In December he ran up to London alone on publishing business, and stayed at a temporary room off Piccadilly, to be near his club; when there seems to have occurred, according to remarks of his later, some incident of the kind possibly adumbrated in the verses called "At Mayfair Lodgings", in "Moments of Vision."

In March of the next year(1895) Hardy was going about the neighbourhood of Dorchester and other places in Wessex with Mr Macbeth Raeburn the well-known etcher, who had been commissioned

by the publishers to make sketches on the spot for frontispieces to the Wessex novels. To those scenes which Hardy could not visit himself he sent the artist alone, one of which places was extremely difficult of access, the owner jealously guarding ingress upon her estate, and particularly to her park and house. Raeburn came back in the evening full of his adventures. Reaching the outer park-gate he found it locked, but the lodge-keeper opened it on his saying he had important business at the house. He then reached the second park-gate, which was unfastened to him on the same representation of urgency, but more dubiously. He then got to the front door of the mansion, rang, and asked permission to sketch the house. "Good God!" said the butler, "you don't know what you are asking. You had better be off before the mis'ess sees you, or the bailiff comes across you!" He started away discomfited, but thought he would make an attempt at a sketch behind the shadow of a tree. Whilst doing this he heard a voice shouting, and beheld a man running up to him - the redoubtable bailiff - who promptly ordered him out of the park. Raeburn as he moved off thought he detected something familiar in the accent of the bailiff, and turning said, "Surely you come from my country?" - "An' faith man, it may be so!" the bailiff suddenly replied, whereon they compared notes, and found they had grown up in the same Scotch village. Then matters changed. "Draw where you like and what you like, on'y don't let her see you from the winders at a'. She's a queer auld body, not bad at bottom, though its rather far down. Draw as ye weel, an' if I see her coming I'll hauld up my hand." Mr Raeburn finished his

sketch in peace and comfort, and it stands to this day at the beginning of one of the novels as evidence of the same.

During the spring they paid a visit of a few days to the Jeunes at Arlington Manor, where they also found Sir H. Drummond Wolff, home from Madrid, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Sir Henry Thompson and other friends; and in May entered a flat at Ashley Gardens, Westminster, for the season. While here a portrait of Hardy was painted by Miss Winifred Thomson. A somewhat new feature in their doings this summer was going to teas on the terrace of the House of Commons - in those days a newly fashionable form of entertainment. Hardy was not a bit of a politician, but he attended several of these, and of course met many members there.

In the same year at the flat the Hardys themselves entertained more than usual, one of which gatherings, noted in an old diary of Mrs Hardy's, is enough to mention:

"June 25. Had a large lunch-party, including Lord Houghton [Crewe], Lady Jeune and Madeleine [later Countess of Midleton], Lady Lewis, Mr and ~~Mrs~~ Lady Margaret Watney, the Hon. Mrs Henniker, General Milman and his daughter Lena, Mrs Craigie and Mr Richards, Mr McIlvaine, Mr and Mrs Maurice Macmillan, Hon. F. Wallop, Mr Forbes Robertson, Mr Julian Sturgis. Several stayed till five o'clock"

On June 29, Hardy attended the laying of the foundation-stone of the Westminster Cathedral, possibly because the site was close to the flat he occupied, for he had no leanings to Roman Catholicism, while his wife was an old-fashioned Evangelical like her mother. However there he was, and deeply impressed by the scene. In July he visited St Saviour's, Southwark, by

arrangement with Sir Arthur Blomfield, to see how he was getting on with the restoration. Dinners and theatres carried them through the month, in which he also paid a visit to Burford Bridge, to dine at the hotel with the Omar Kayyam Club and meet George Meredith, where the latter made a speech, and Hardy likewise, said to be the first and last ever made by either of them; at any rate it was the first, and last but one or two, by Hardy.

Hardy's entries of his doings were always of a fitful and irregular kind, and now there occurs a hiatus which cannot be filled. But it is clear that at the end of the summer ~~[illegible]~~ at Max Gate he was "restoring the MS. of 'Jude the Obscure' to its original state" - on which process he sets down an undated remark, probably about the end of August, when he sent off the restored copy to the publishers:-

"On account of the labour of altering 'Jude the Obscure' to suit the magazine, and then having to alter it back, I have lost energy for revising and improving the original as I meant to do".

In September they paid a week's visit to General and Mrs Pitt-Rivers at Rushmore, and much enjoyed the time. It was on the occasion of the annual sports at the Larmer Tree, and a full moon and clear sky favouring, the dancing on the green was a great success. The local paper gives more than a readable description of the festivity for this particular year:

"After nightfall the scene was one of extraordinary picturesqueness and poetry, its great features being the

illumination of the grounds by thousands of Vauxhall lamps, and the dancing of hundreds of couples under these lights and the mellow radiance of the full moon. For the dancing a space was especially enclosed, the figures chosen being mostly the polka-mazurka and schottische, though some country-dances were started by the house-party, and led off by the beautiful Mrs Grove, the daughter of General Pitt-Rivers, and her charming sister-in-law Mrs Pitt. Probably at no other spot in England could such a spectacle have been witnessed at any time. One could hardly believe that one was not in a suburb of Paris, instead of a corner in old-fashioned Wiltshire, nearly ten miles from a railway-station in any direction."

It may be worth mentioning that, passionately fond of dancing as Hardy had been from earliest childhood, this was the last occasion on which he ever trod a measure, according to his own recollection; at any rate on the greensward, which is by no means so springy to the foot as it looks, and left him stiff in the knees for some succeeding days. It was he who started the country dances, his partner being the above-mentioned Mrs (afterwards Lady) Grove.

A garden-party of their own at Max Gate finished the summer doings of the Hardys this year; and a very different atmosphere from that of dancing on the green soon succeeded for him, of the coming of which, by a strange divination, he must have had a suspicion, else why should he have made the following note beforehand? --

" 'Never retract. Never explain. Get it done and let them howl.' Words said to Jowett by a very practical friend."

On the 1st. November "Jude the Obscure" was published.

A week after, on the 8th, he enters a note: "The Reviews begin to howl at Jude". But other subjects drew off his attention from the book, for on the same day he ~~notes~~ sets down:

"England seventy years ago. - I have heard of a girl, now a very old woman, who in her youth was seen following a goose about the common all the afternoon to get a quill from the bird, with which the parish-clerk could write for her a letter to her lover. Such a first-hand method of getting a quill-pen for important letters was not infrequent at that date." It may be added that Hardy himself had written such love-letters, and read the answers to them: but this was after the use of the quill had been largely abandoned for that of the steel pen, though old people still stuck to quills, and Hardy himself had to practise his earliest lessons in writing with a quill.

However, the boeings at "Jude the Obscure" drew him back again to the subject of that volume, and his notes during the two or three ensuing months ~~-~~ have more or less bearing upon it, though in after years he destroyed the great bulk of them, which at first he had intended to embody in an article of reply to the strictures. The ~~disquietude~~ clamour is not worth reviving in detail at this distance of time; nevertheless he was called by the most opprobious names, ~~and there were several points in~~ the criticisms being ~~that were~~ outrageously personal, unfair, and untrue; for

instance, the charge in Blackwood brought by a fellow-novelist that Hardy had published the story in a magazine-version and in a volume-version to make a "shameless" double profit out of it; when the truth was that, having entered into an arrangement with the editor of the magazine before he had written the story, and having found on going thoroughly into the plot that it might not suit a family magazine, he had asked to be allowed to withdraw from the contract; as is proved by the following extract from his letter to the editor some months before the story began in Harper's Magazine:

"I have some misgivings as to whether my story will suit the magazine ..... Unfortunately novels will take shapes of their own as the work goes on, almost independently of the writer's wish."

And the following to the publishers:

"I am quite unable to assure myself that the novel will be suited to the pages of your magazine. I therefore, to avoid any awkward contingency in respect of the magazine, will ask you to release me from the agreement entered into concerning it."

To which they replied that such a step would seriously embarrass them because there was no time to get a substitute, the serial fiction in the magazine being arranged far long in advance. Hence he had decided to make laborious changes and fulfil his engagement.

The onslaught started by the vituperative section of the press — unequalled in violence since the publication of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" thirty years before — was taken up by the anonymous writers of libellous letters and post-cards and other such gentry. It spread to America and Australia,

whence among other appreciations he received a letter containing a packet of ashes, which the virtuous writer stated to be those of his wicked novel.

Thus, though Hardy with his quick sense of humour could not help seeing a ludicrous side to it all, and was well enough aware that the evil complained of was what these "nice minds with nasty ideas" had read into his book, and not what he had put there, he underwent the strange experience of beholding a sinister lay figure of himself constructed by them, which had no sort of resemblance to him as he was, and which he and those who know him well would not have recognized as being meant for himself if it had not been called by his name. Macaulay's remark in his essay on Byron was well illustrated by Thomas Hardy's experience at this time: "We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality."

In contrast to all this it is worth while to quote what Swinburne wrote to Hardy after reading "Jude the Obscure":-

"The tragedy - if I may venture an opinion - is equally beautiful and terrible in its pathos. The beauty, the terror, and the truth, are all yours and yours alone. But (if I may say so) how cruel you are! Only the great and awful father of 'Pierrette' and 'L'Enfant Maudit' was ever so merciless to his children. I think it would hardly be seemly to enlarge on all that I admire in your work - or on half of it - The man who can do such work can hardly care about criticism or praise, but I

will risk saying how thankful we should be (I know that I may speak for other admirers as cordial as myself) for another admission into an English paradise 'under the greenwood tree', But if you prefer to be - or to remain - ποιητῶν τραγικώτατος* no doubt you may; for Balzac is dead, and there has been no such tragedy in fiction - on anything like the same lines - since he died.

"Yours most sincerely

"A C. Swinburne."

[footnote] *(The most tragic of authors).

Hardy's letter to the editor of The Animals' Friend in the middle of this month shows that his mind had been running on quite other subjects than the "obscenity" asserted of him by the reviewers:

"Sir,

"During the writing of a recent novel of mine it occurred to me that one of the scenes might be made useful in teaching mercy in the slaughtering of animals for the meat-market - the cruelties involved in that business having been a great grief to me for years. The story is now published, and I send herewith a proof of the scene alluded to - which I offer you gratuitously the right of publishing in The Animals' Friend or elsewhere.

"I am, sir,

"Yours faithfully

"Thomas Hardy."

¶ In London in December they met some interesting people - Sir Donald M.Wallace, Lady Wynford, T.P. and Mrs O'Connor, Mrs Stratford Dugdale, and others, and went to see Forbes Robertson and Mrs Patrick Campbell as Romeo and Juliet, supping with them afterwards at Willis's Rooms, a building Hardy had known many years earlier, when it was still a ball-room unaltered in appearance from that of its famous days as "Almack's" - indeed, he had himself danced on the old floors shortly after his first arrival in London in 1862, as has been mentioned.

When they got back to Dorchester during December Hardy had plenty of time to read the reviews of "Jude" that continued to pour out. Some paragraphists knowingly assured the public that the book was an honest autobiography, and Hardy did not take the trouble to deny it till more than twenty years later, when he wrote to an inquirer with whom the superstition still lingered that no book he had ever written contained less of his own life - which of course had been known to his friends from the beginning. Some of the incidents were real in so far as that he had heard of them, or come in contact with them when they were occurring to people he knew; but no more. It is interesting to mention that (on his way to school) he did once meet with a youth like Jude who drove ~~a~~ the bread-cart (of a widow a baker) like Mrs Fawley ~~Jude~~, and carried on his studies at the same time, to the serious risk of other drivers in the lanes; which youth asked him to lend him his Latin grammar. But Hardy lost sight of this featful student, and never knew if he profited by his plan.

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Hardy makes a remark on one or two of the reviews:-

"Tragedy may be created by an opposing environment either of things inherent in the universe, or of human institutions. If the former be the means exhibited and deplored, the writer is regarded as impious; if the latter, as subversive and dangerous; when all the while he may never have questioned the necessity or urged the non-necessity of either. . . . . .

"The dear old marionettes that critics love, and the dear old waxen hero, and the heroine with the glued-on hair! This cowardly time can stand no other." . . . . . .

During this year 1895, and before and after, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" went through Europe in translations- German, French, Russian, Dutch, Italian, and other tongues, Hardy as a rule stipulating that the translation should be complete and unabridged, on a guarantee of which he would make no charge. Some of the renderings, however, were much hacked about in spite of him.

"It is curious to conjecture what must be the sensations of critics like the writers of these personalities in their times of loneliness, sickness, affliction, and old age, when equally with the criticized they have to pause and ask themselves: What have I been trying to do for so many years? Surely they must say, 'I withered the buds before they were blown, and turned back the feet of the morning.' Pheu, pheu! So it is and will be!"

T.O.

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~~[illegible]~~ The Russian translation appears to have been read and approved by Tolstoi during its twelvemonth's career in a Moscow monthly periodical.

In December he replied to Mr W.T.Stead, editor of The Review of Reviews :-

"I am unable to answer your inquiry as to 'Hymns that have helped me'.

"But the undermentioned have always been familiar and favourite hymns of mine as poetry:-

" 1. 'Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust.' Ps. XC. v. 3,4,5,6 (Tate and Brady.)

"2. 'Awake,my soul, and with the sun' (Morning Hymn, Ken.)

"3. 'Lead, kindly Light.' (Newman').

So ended the year 1895.

CHAPTER XXIII.

More on "Jude", and issue of "The Well Beloved."

1896 - 1897. Aet. 55 - 57.

Hardy found that the newspaper comments on "Jude the Obscure" were producing ~~xxxxxxx~~ phenomena among his country friends which were extensive and peculiar, they having a pathetic reverence for press opinions. However, on returning to London in the spring he discovered somewhat to his surprise that people there seemed not to be at all concerned at his having been excommunicated by the press, or by at least a noisy section of it, and received him just the same as ever; so that he and his wife passed this season much as usual, going to Lady Malmesbury's wedding and also a little later to the wedding of Sir George Lewis's son at the Jewish Synagogue; renewing acquaintance with the beautiful Duchess of Montrose and Lady Londonderry, also attending a most amusing masked ball at his friends Mr and Mrs Montagu Crackanthorpe's, where he and Henry James were the only two not in dominos, and were recklessly flirted with by the women in consequence; meeting at dinner here and there Mr and Mrs J. Chamberlain, Mr and Mrs Goschen, the Speaker and Mrs Gully, the Russian Ambassador and Mme de Stael, Mr and Mrs Barrie, Lady Henry Somerset, Mr Astor, the Poet-Laureate, and others; being guests, too, at a literary lunch at Mrs Arthur Henniker's, where there gathered William Watson, Mrs Cragie, "Lucas Malet", Rhoda Broughton, Anstey

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Guthrie, Mr and Mrs Labouchere, Lord Crewe, Sir Wemyss Reid, and possibly more.

But though the comments on "Jude" had not much effect on "Society", they had an unfortunate ~~effect~~ result of a practical nature on the dependents of Society - Theatre-managers. The popularity of "Tess" had led, as has been mentioned, to Hardy receiving numerous requests from leading actresses to turn the novel into a play, as they saw great possibilities for themselves in the character. These included, in addition to English tragediennes, Bernhardt, and Duse, who had probably read the French and Italian translations of the story. There had also been surreptitious dramatizations; and at last Hardy was led to try his hand on a stage version. He had offered it to Mr Frederick Harrison & Mr Forbes Robertson for the Haymarket Theatre. They now finally refused it, the clamour against "Jude" possibly intimidating them. Hardy was not greatly concerned, and took the play no further, for though he sometimes considered the dramatization of novels to be not much more than "an exercise in ingenious carpentry", he would admit that once in a while a novel might make a good play, just as history might, even if it could not be enough to reckon ~~on~~ upon. So the play remained in a drawer till about thirty years later, when at the request of the Dorchester amateurs Hardy hunted it up for them, as will be seen.

This year they took again the house in South Kensington they had occupied two years earlier, and gave

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some little parties there. But it being a cold damp spring Hardy caught a chill by some means, and was laid up with a rheumatic attack for several days, in May suffering from a relapse. He was advised to go to the seaside for a change of air, and leaving the London house in the charge of the servants went with Mrs Hardy to lodgings at Brighton.

While there he received a request from the Members of the Glasgow University Liberal Club to stand as their candidate in the election of a Lord Rector for the University: the objection to Mr Joseph Chamberlain, who had been nominated, being that he was not a man of letters. Hardy's reply to the Honorary Secretary was as under:

"Brighton, May 16: 1896.

"Dear Sir:

"Your letter has just reached me here, where I am staying for a few days for change of air after an illness.

"In reply let me assure you that I am deeply sensible of the honour of having been asked by the members of the Glasgow University Liberal Club to stand as their candidate for the Lord Rectorship.

"In other circumstances I might have rejoiced at the opportunity. But personal reasons which it would be tedious to detail prevent my entertaining the idea of coming forward for the office, and I can only therefore request you to convey to the Club my regrets that such should be the case; and my sincere

thanks for ~~this~~ their generous opinion of my worthiness.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
Thomas Hardy.

There they stayed about a week and, finding little improvement effected, returned to South Kensington. By degrees he recovered, and they resumed going out as usual, and doing as much themselves to entertain people as they could accomplish in a house not their own, which mostly took a form ~~wh~~ then in vogue, one very convenient for literary persons, of having afternoon parties, to the invitations to which their friends of every rank as readily responded as they had done in former years, notwithstanding the fact that at the very height of the season the Bishop of Wakefield ~~advertised in~~ announced in a letter to the papers that he had thrown Hardy's novel into the fire. Knowing the difficulty of burning a thick book even in a good fire, and the infrequency of fires of any sort in summer, Hardy was mildly sceptical of the literal truth of the bishop's story; but remembering that Milton, Shelley, and many others of the illustrious reaching all the way back to the days of Protagoras, had undergone the same sort of indignity at the hands of bigotry and intolerance, he thought it a pity in the interests of his own reputation to disturb the ~~bishop's~~ episcopal narrative of adventures with "Jude". However, it appeared that, further, - to quote the testimony in the Bishop's Life - the scandalized prelate was not ashamed to deal a blow under the belt, but "took an envelope out of his paper-stand and addressed it to W.F.D.Smith, Esq. M.P. The result was the quiet withdrawal of the book from the library, and an assurance that any other

books by the same author would be carefully examined before they were allowed to be circulated." Of this precious conspiracy Hardy knew nothing, or it might have moved a mind which the burning could not stir to say a word on literary garrotting. In his ignorance of it he remained silent, being fully aware of one thing, that the ethical teaching of the novel, even if somewhat crudely put, was as high as that of any of the bishop's sermons - (indeed, Hardy was afterwards reproached for its being "too much of a sermon"). And thus feeling quite calm on the ultimate verdict of Time he merely reflected on the shallowness of the episcopal view of the case, and of morals generally, which brought to his memory a witty remark he had once read in a Times leading article, to the effect that the qualities which enabled a man to become a bishop were often the very reverse of those which made a good bishop when he became one.

The only sad feature in the matter to Hardy was that if the bishop could have known him as he was, he would have found a man whose personal conduct, views of morality, and of the vital facts of religion, hardly differed from his own. - that is, to be sure, if he were sincere, which was by no means proven.

The unkindest cut of all, however, seemed to him at the time to come from his acquaintance and fellow-novelist Mrs Oliphant, who after abusing him shamelessly in Blackwood as aforesaid, wrote to the bishop commending his action. And yet shortly before this, on hearing that she was ill, Hardy had wasted an afternoon at Windsor in finding her house and seeing

her. Now he, no doubt, thought how these novelists love one another!

Possibly soured by all this he wrote a little while after his birthday:-

"Every man's birthday is a first of April for him; and he who lives to be fifty and won't own it is a rogue or a fool, hypocrite or simpleton."

At a party at Sir Charles Tennant's to which Hardy and his wife were invited to meet the Eighty Club, Lord Rosebery took occasion in a conversation on the amusing subject of the bishop's doings, to inquire "why Hardy had called Oxford "Christminster". Hardy assured him that he had not done anything of the sort, "Christminster" being a city of ~~[illegible]~~ learning that was certainly suggested ~~only~~ by Oxford, but in its entirety existed nowhere else in the world but between the covers of the novel under discussion. The answer was not so flippant as it seemed, for Hardy's idea had been, as he often explained, to use the difficulty of a poor man's acquiring learning at that date merely as the "tragic mischief" (among others) of a dramatic story, for which purpose an old-fashioned University at the very door of the poor man was the most striking method; and though the architecture and scenery of Oxford were the best in England adapted for this, he did not slavishly copy them; indeed in some details he departed considerably from whatever of the city he took as a general model. It is hardly necessary to add that he had no feeling in the matter, and used Jude's difficulties of study as he would have used war, fire, or shipwreck for bringing about a catastrophe.

It has been remarked above that Hardy with his ~~keen~~ quick sense of humour could not help seeing a ludicrous side to his troubles over "Jude," and an instance to that effect now occurred. The New York World had been among those papers that fell foul of the book in the strongest terms, the critic being a maiden lady who expressed herself thus:

" What has happened to Thomas Hardy?.....I am shocked, appalled by this story..... It is almost the worst book I ever read.....I thought that "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was bad enough, but that is milk for babes compared to this....It is the handling of it that is the horror of it!.....I do not believe that there is a newspaper in England or America that would print this story of Thomas Hardy's as it stands in the book. Aside from its immorality there is coarseness which is beyond belief..... When I finished the ~~se~~ story I opened the windows and let in the fresh air, and I turned to my bookshelves and ~~said~~ I said: Thank God for Kipling and Stevenson, Barrie and Mrs Humphrey Ward. Here are four great writers who have never trailed their talents in the dirt."

It was therefore with some amazement that in the summer after reading the above and other exclamations grossly maligning the book and the character of its author, ~~the writer~~, to show that she would not touch him with a pair of tongs, he received a letter from the writer herself. She

It has been remarked above that Hardy with his keen sense of humour could not help seeing a humorous side to his troubles over Jude, and an instance to that effect now occurred. The New York World had been among those papers that fell foul of the book in the strongest terms, the critic being a medical lady who expressed herself thus:

" What has happened to Thomas Hardy?.....I am startled, appalled by this story..... It is against the worst book I ever read.. .I thought that "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was bad enough, but that is milk for babes compared to this.....Is the humiliating of it that is the horror of it.....I do not believe that there is a newspaper in England or America that would print this story of Thomas Hardy's as it stands in the book. Aside from its immorality there is coarseness which is beyond belief..... When I finished the story I opened the windows and let in fresh air, and I turned to my bookshelves and ~~said~~ I said: Thank God for Stevenson and Stevenson, Barrie and Kipling and Kingsley and. There are four great writers who have never trailed their talents in the dirt."

It was therefore with some surprise that in the summer after reading the above and other excoriations (usually satirical) the book and the character of the writer, he received a letter from the writer herself. She

~~was much surprised to receive a letter from the reviewer of "Jude the Obscure" in the New York World, which review had grossly maligned the book and the character of the author; she~~

was in London, and requested him to let her interview him "to get your side of the argument." He answered:-

"Savile Club.

"July 16. 1896.

"My dear Madam:

"I have to inform you in answer to your letter that ever since the publication of 'Jude the Obscure' I have declined to be interviewed on the subject of that book; and you must make allowance for human nature when I tell you that I do not feel disposed to depart from this rule in favour of the author of the review of the novel in the New York World.

"I am aware that the outcry against it in America was only an echo of its misrepresentation here by one or two scurrilous papers which got the start of the more sober press, and that dumb public opinion was never with these writers. But the fact remains that such a meeting would be painful to me and, I think, a disappointment to you.

"Moreover, my respect for my own writings ~~is~~ and reputation is so very slight that I care little about ~~t~~ what happens to either, so that the ~~justi~~ rectification of judgments, &c., and the way in which my books are interpreted , do not ~~make~~ much interest me. Those readers who, like yourself, could not see that 'Jude'

(though a book quite without a 'purpose' as it is called) makes for morality more than any other book I have written, are not likely to be made to do so by a newspaper article, even from your attractive pen.

"At the same time I cannot but be touched by your kindly wish to set right any misapprehension you may have caused about the story. Such a wish will always be cherished in my recollection, and it removes from my vision of you some obviously unjust characteristics I had given it in my mind. This is, at any rate on my part, a pleasant gain from your letter, whilst I am 'never the worse for a touch or two on my speckled hide' as the consequence of your review.

"Believe me, dear Madam,
"Yours sincerely,
"Thomas Hardy."

To Miss Jeannette Gilder.

It may be interesting to give Miss Gilder's reply to this:

"Hotel Cecil.
"July 17.'98.

"Dear Mr Hardy,

"I knew that you were a great man, but I did not appreciate your goodness until I received your letter this morning.

"Sincerely yours,

"Jeannette L.Gilder."

Hardy must indeed have shown some magnanimity in condescending to answer the writer of a review containing such contumelious misrepresentations as hers had contained. But, as he said, she

(—one of the sex that makes up for lack of justice by excess of generosity— and she was a woman, after all,) ~~[illegible]~~ had screamed so grotesquely loud in her article that Hardy's sense of the comicality of it had saved his feelings from being much hurt by the outrageous slurs. She evidently had not perceived the ~~[illegible]~~ sarcasm that lurked in his letter.

Here, he thought, the matter had ended. But make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the ~~*~~ casement. The amusing sequel to the episode was that the unsuspecting Hardy was invited to an evening party a few days later by an American lady resident in London, and though he knew her but slightly he went, having nothing better to do. While talking to his hostess on the sofa a strange lady drew up her chair rather near them, and listened to the conversation, but did not join in it. It was not till afterwards that he discovered that this silent person had been his reviewer, who was an acquaintance of his entertainer, and that the whole thing had been carefully schemed.

More teas on the Terrace at Westminster, dinners, and luncheons, took them into and through July; Hardy's chief pleasure however being none of these, but a pretty regular attendance with his wife on this (as in other summers) at the Imperial Institute not far from their house, where they would sit and listen to the famous bands of Europe that were engaged year after year by the management, but were not, to Hardy's regret, sufficiently appreciated by the London public. Here one evening they met their friends Lady Queensberry and the beautiful Mrs, afterwards Lady, Grove; and the "Blue Danube" Waltz being started, Hardy and the

latter lady danced two or three turns to it among the promenaders who eyed them with a mild surmise as to whether they had been drinking or not. In such wise the London season drew to a close and was wound up, as far as they were concerned, with the wedding of one of Lady Jeune's daughters, Miss Dorothy Stanley, at St. George's Hanover Square, to Mr Henry Allhusen.

When he reached Dorchester he paid a visit to his mother, on whom he remarks that she was well, but that "her face looked smaller".

On the 12th. August they left Dorchester for Malvern, where they put up at the Foley Arms, climbed the Beacon, Hardy on foot, Mrs Hardy on a mule; drove round the hills, visited the Priory Church, and thence went on to Worcester to see the Cathedral and Porcelain Works; after which they proceeded to Warwick and Kenilworth, stopping to correct proofs at the former place, and to go over the castle and church. A strange reminder of the transitoriness of life was given to Hardy in the church, where, looking through a slit by chance he saw the coffin of the then recent Lord Warwick, who, a most kindly man, some while ~~a few years~~ before, on meeting him ~~Hardy~~ in London, had invited him to Warwick Castle, an invitation which he ~~Hardy~~ had been unable to accept at the time, though he had promised to do so later. "Here I am at last," he ~~mentally~~ said to the coffin as he looked; "and here are you to receive me!" It made an impression on Hardy which he never forgot.

They took lodgings for a week at Stratford-on-Avon, and visited the usual spots associated with Shakespeare's name; going on to Coventry and to Reading, a town which had come into

the life of Hardy's paternal grandmother who had lived here awhile; after which they went to Dover; where Mrs Hardy, having brought her bicycle with her, was knocked off it by a young man learning to ride, and was laid up for some days by the accident. Hardy the while read "King Lear", which was begun at Stratford, and he makes the following observation on the play:

"Sept. 6. Finished reading 'King Lear'. The grand scale of the tragedy, scenically, strikes one, and also the large ~~[illegible]~~ scheme of the plot. The play rises from and after the beginning of the third act, and Lear's dignity with it. Shakespeare did not quite reach his intention in the King's character; and the splitting of the tragic interest between him and Gloucester does not, to my mind, enhance its intensity, although commentators assert that it does."

"September 8. Why true conclusions are not reached, notwithstanding everlasting palaver: Men endeavour to hold to a mathematical consistency in things, instead of recognizing that certain things may both be good and mutually antagonistic: e.g. patrictism and universal humanity; unbelief and happiness.

"There are certain questions which are made unimportant by their very magnitude. For example the question whether we are moving in Space this way or that; the existence of a God, etc."
[The meaning of this does not seem quite clear.]

Having remained at Dover about a fortnight and recovered, Mrs Hardy from her accident, and her husband ~~Hardy~~ from a bad cold, they crossed to Ostend in the middle of September and went on to Bruges. He

always thought the railway station of this town the only satisfactory one in architectural design that he knew. It was the custom at this date to admire the brick buildings of Flanders, and Hardy himself had written a prize essay as a young man on Brick and Terra-Cotta architecture; but he held then, as always, that nothing can really compensate in architecture for the lack of stone, and would say on this point - with perhaps some intentional exaggeration - that the ashlar back-yards of Bath had more dignity than any brick-front in Europe. From Bruges they went on to Brussels, Namur, and Dinant, through scenes to become synonymous with desolation in the war of after years.

"Sept. 23. At dinner at the public table [of the hotel] met a man possessed of the veritable gambling fever. He has been playing many days at the Casino (Roulette and Tronte-et-quarante). He believes thoroughly in his 'system', and yet, inconsistently, believes in luck: e.g., 36 came into his head as he was walking down the street towards the Casino today; and it made him back it, and he won. He plays all the afternoon and all the evening.

"His system appears to be that of watching for numbers which have not turned up for a long time; but I am not sure.

"He is a little man; military looking; large iron-grey moustache standing out detached; iron-grey hair; fresh crimson skin. Produces the book, ruled in vertical columns, in which he records results. Discusses his system incessantly with the big grey-bearded man near. Can talk of nothing else...Has lost today 4,500 francs. Has won back some - is going to play to-night

till he has won it all back, and if he can profit a enough to pay the expenses of his trip on the Continent he will be satisfied. His friend with the beard, who seems to live in the hotel permanently, commends him by a nod and a word now and then, but not emphatically."

"Sept. 24. After breakfast unexpectedly saw the gambler standing outside the hotel-entrance without a hat, looking wild, and by comparison with the previous night like a tree that has suddenly lost its leaves. He came up to me; said he had had no luck on the previous night; had plunged, and lost heavily. He had ~~only~~ not enough money left to take him home third class. Is going to Monte Carlo in November with £2000 to retrieve his losses.....

"We left between 12 and 1. The gambler left at the same time by a train going in the opposite direction, and was carefully put into a third-class carriage by his friend of the hotel, who bought his ticket. He wore a green-grey suit and felt hat, looking bleak-faced and absent, and seemed passive in the other's hands. His friend is apparently a decoy from the Casino".

Mrs Hardy, not being a good walker, had brought her bicycle, as many people did just now, bicycling being ~~very~~ wildly popular at the time, and Flanders being level. After they had paid 24 francs duty at Ostend for importing it, it had several adventures in its transit from place to place, was always getting lost, and miraculously turned up again when they were just enjoying the relief of finding themselves free of it. At Liège it really did seem gone, Hardy having watched the transfer of all the luggage

at a previous junction, and the bicycle not being among it. Having given up thinking of it they were hailed by an official, who took them with a mysterious manner to a store room some way off, unlocked it and with a leer said, to Hardy's dismay; "Le veloze!" How it had ~~f~~ got there they did not know.

At Spa they drove to the various fountains, examined the old gaming-house in the Rue Vauxhall where those wer that were now cold skeletons had burnt hot with the excitement of play, thought of the town's associations in fact and fiction, of the crowned heads of all the countries of Europe who had found their pleasure and cure at this Mother of Watering-places - now shrunk small like any other ancient matron.

Getting back to Brussels they put up for association's sake at the same hotel they had patronized 20 years before, but found it had altered for the worse since those bright days. Hardy again went out to Waterloo, which had been his chief reason for stopping at the Belgian capital, and no doubt made some more observations with a view to "The Dynasts", to which he at this time had given the provisional name of "Europe in Throes". All he writes thereon in his pocket-book while in Brussels is:-

"Europe in Throes."

"Three Parts. Five Acts each."

"Characters: Burke, Pitt, Napoleon, George III, Wellington, ...and many others.

But he set down more copious notes for the drama elsewhere. It

is believed he gave time to further conjectures as to the scene of the Duchess's Ball, which he had considered when here before, and on which it may be remembered there is a note in "The Dynasts", ending, "The event happened less than a century ago, but the spot is almost as phantasmal in its elusive mystery as towered Camelot, the Palace of Priam, or the Hill of Calvary."

Concerning the scene of the battle itself he writes:

"October 2. To Field of Waterloo. Walked alone from the English line along the Charleroi Road to 'La Belle Alliance'. Struck with the nearness of the French and English lines to each other. Shepherds with their flocks and dogs, men ploughing, two cats, and myself, the only living creatures on the field."

Returning homeward through Ostend a little later they found the hotels and shops closed and boarded up, and the Digue empty, Mrs Hardy being the single woman bicyclist where there had been so many.

"Max Gate. October 17. A novel, good, microscopic touch in Crabbe [which would strike one trained in architecture]. He gives surface without outline, describing his church by telling the colour of the lichens."

"Poetry. Perhaps I can express more fully in verse ideas and emotions which run counter to the inert crystallized opinion - hard as a rock - which the vast body of men have vested interests in supporting. To cry out in a passionate poem that (for instance) the Supreme Mover, or Movers, the ~~or~~ Prime Force, or Forces, must be either

limited in power, unknowing, or cruel - which is obvious enough and has been for centuries will cause them merely a shake of the head; but to put it in argumentative prose will make them sneer, or foam, and set all the literary contortionists jumping upon me a harmless agnostic, as if I were a clamorous atheist, in their crass illiteracy they seem to think is the same thing. which ~~as that harmless person an agnostic~~.....If Galileo had said in verse that the world moved, the Inquisition might have let him alone."

" 1897. January 27. To-day has length, ~~&c~~ breadth, thickness, colour, smell, voice. As soon as it becomes yesterday it is a thin layer among many layers, without substance, colour, or articulate sound.

"Jan. 30. Somebody says that the final dictum of the 'Ion' of Plato is 'inspiration, not art' (- θεῖον καὶ μὴ τεχνικόν. ~~But~~ The passage is ~~and~~ And what is really meant by ~~the passage~~ it is, I think, more nearly expressed by the words 'inspiration, not technicality' - 'art' being too comprehensive ~~a word~~ in English to use here.

"Feb. 4. Title: 'Wessex Poems: With Sketches of their Scenes by the Author.'

"Feb. 10. In spite of myself I cannot help noticing countenances & tempers in objects of scenery: e.g., trees, hills, houses.

"Feb. 21. My mother's grandfather Swetman - a descendant of the Christopher Swetman of 1631 mentioned in the History of the County as a small landed proprietor ~~o~~ in the parish - used to have an old black oak bedstead, with the twelve apostles on it in carved figures - each about one foot six inches high. Some of them got loose, and the children played with them as dolls. What became of that bedstead?"

"March 1. Make a lyric of the speech of Hyllus at the close of the Trachiniae." (It does not appear that this was ever carried out.)

1897 - Aet. 56-57

At the beginning of March a dramatization of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles was produced in America by Mr and Mrs Fiske with much success. About the same date Hardy went with Sir Francis Jeune to a banquet at the Mansion House in honour of Mr Bayard the American Ambassador on his leaving England, which Hardy described as a "brilliant gathering", though the night was so drenching and tempestuous as to blow off house-roofs and flood cellars. In the middle of the month a revised form of a novel of his which had been published serially in 1892 as "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved: A Sketch of a Temperament", was issued in volume form as "The Well-Beloved". The theory on which this fantastic tale of a subjective idea was constructed is explained in the Preface to the novel, and again exemplified in a poem bearing the same name, written about this time and published with "Poems of the Past and the Present," in 1901 - the theory that the real is not the ideal beloved one, who only exists in the lover - as exemplified also by Proust, many years later. The amazing consequence of the publication of the book was that certain papers affected to find unmentionable moral atrocities in its pages - quite bewildering to the author as to what could be meant by such statements about so fancifully philosophic a story, till it was explained to him that some oblique meaning had been ingeniously foisted into the novel as a peg whereon to hang a predetermined attack, which was a purely personal one. It made him say, naturally enough, "What foul cess-pits some men's minds must be, and what a Night-cart would be required to empty them!"

Altogether it was a remarkable instance of what intolerance can do when it loses all sense of truth and honour. But being review-proof by this time, and feeling the person deserving "two years hard" (as some print put it) to be a lay figure not himself, also remembering the epithet "swine-born" which Swinburne endured from the press, he was almost if not quite

indifferent to these things, and did not answer any of the charges further than by defining in a letter to a literary periodical the scheme of the story somewhat more fully than he had done in the preface:

"Not only was it published serially five years ago but it was sketched many years before that date, when I was comparatively a young man, and interested in the Platonic Idea, which, considering its charm and its poetry one could well wish to be interested in always .... There is, of course, underlying the fantasy followed by the visionary artist the truth that all men are pursuing a shadow, the Unattainable, and I venture to hope that this may redeem the tragi-comedy from the charge of frivolity..... 'Avice' is an old name common in the county, and 'Caro' (like all the other surnames) is an imitation of a local name.....this particular modification having been adopted because of its resemblance to the Italian for 'dear'."

Such were the odd effects of Hardy's introduction of the subjective theory of love into modern fiction, and so ended his prose contributions to literature (beyond two or three short sketches to fulfil engagements) his experiences of the few preceding years having killed all his interest in this form of imaginative work, which had ever been secondary to his interest in verse.

In reply to an inquiry from an editor he wrote:-
"No: I do not intend to answer the article on 'The Well-Beloved'. Personal abuse best answers itself. What struck me, next to its mendacious malice, was its maladroitness, as if the writer were blinded by malignity.... Upon those who have read the book the review must have produced the amazed risibility I remember feeling at Wilding's assertions when as a youth I saw Foote's comedy of 'The Liar'.... There is more fleshliness in 'The Loves of the Triangles' than in this story - at least to me. To be sure there is one explanation which should not be overlooked: a reviewer himself afflicted with 'sex-mania' might review so."

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A letter from him to Swinburne was written about this time, in which he says:—

"I must thank you for your kind note about my fantastic little tale [The Well Beloved] which, if it can make, in its better parts, any faint claim to imaginative feeling, will owe something of such feeling to you, for I often thought of lines of yours during the writing; and indeed, was not able to resist the quotation of your words now and then.

"And this reminds me that one day, when examining several English imitations of a well-known fragment of Sappho, I interested myself in trying to strike out a better equivalent for it than the commonplace "Thou, too, shalt die" &c. which all the translators had used during the last hundred years. I then stumbled upon your "Thee, too, the years shall cover", and all my spirit for poetic pains died out of me. Those few words present, I think, the finest drama of Death and Oblivion, so to speak, in our tongue. ~~[illegible]~~

. . . . . .

"Believe me to be

Yours very sincerely,

(~~signed~~) Thomas Hardy."

"P.S.

I should have added that "The Well Beloved" is a fanciful exhibition of the artistic nature, and has, I think, some little foundation in fact. I have been much surprised, and even grieved, by a ferocious review attributing an immoral quality to the tale. The writer's meaning is beyond me. T.H."

Part Vl.

Verse, to the end of The Dynasts.

Chapter XXIV.

Collecting old poems and making new.

1897 - 1898. Aet. 57 - 58.

The misrepresentations of the last two or three years affected but little, if at all, the informed appreciation of Hardy's writings, being heeded almost entirely by those who had not read him; and turned out ultimately to be the best thing that could have happened; for they well-nigh compelled him, in his own judgment at any rate, if he wished to retain any shadow of self-respect, to abandon at once a form of literary art he had long intended to abandon at some indefinite time, and resume openly that form of it which had always been more instinctive

Part VI.

Verse, to the end of The Dynasts.

Chapter XIV.

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1897 - 1902. Aet. 57 - 62.

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with him, and which he had just been able to keep alive from his early years, half in secrecy, under the pressure of magazine-writing. He abandoned it with all the less reluctance in that the novel was, in his own words, "gradually losing artistic form with a beginning, middle & end, & becoming a spasmodic inventory of items, which has nothing to do with art."

The change, after all, was not so great as it seemed. It was not as if he had been a writer of novels proper, and as more specifically understood, that is, stories of modern ~~life society~~ artificial life and manners showing a certain ~~levity~~ smartness of treatment. He had mostly aimed, and mostly succeeded, to keep his narratives close to natural life, and as near to poetry in their subject as the conditions would allow, and had often regretted that those conditions would not let him keep them nearer still.

Nevertheless he had not known, whilst a writer of prose, whether he might not be driven to society novels, and hence, as has been seen, he had kept, at casual times, a record of his experiences in ~~fashionable~~ upper social life, though doing it had always been a drudgery to him. It was now with a sense of great comfort that he felt he might leave off further chronicles of that sort; and it will be found that from this point the writer of these pages has very little material of the kind available. But his thoughts on literature and life were often written down still, from which much of which follows has been abridged.

He had already for some time been getting together the poems which made up the first volume of verse that he was about to publish. In date they ranged from 1865 intermittently onwards, the middle period of his novelwriting producing very few or none, but of late years they had been added to with great rapidity, though at first with some consternation he had found ~~some~~ an awkardness in getting back to an easy expression in numbers after abandoning it for so

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Nevertheless he had not known, whilst a writer of prose, whether he might not be driven to society novels, and hence, as has been seen, he had kept, at casual times, a record of his experiences in fashionable life, though doing it had always been a drudgery to him. It was now with a sense of great comfort that he felt he might leave off further chronicles of that sort; and it will be found that from this point the writer of these pages has very little material of the kind available. But his thoughts on literature and life were often written down, still, from which much of what follows has been abridged.

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many years; but that soon wore off.

He and his wife went to London as usual this year (1897) but did not take a house there, After two or three weeks stay, during which, according to Mrs Hardy's diary, they went to a large dance at Londonderry House, given for Lady Helen Stewart, they adopted the plan of living some way out, and going up and down ~~or~~ every few days, the place they made their temporary ~~base~~ centre being Basingstoke. In this way they saw London friends, went to concerts at the Imperial Institute (the orchestra this season being the famous Vienna band under Edouard Strauss), saw one or two Ibsen plays, and the year's pictures. Being near they also went over the mournful relics of that city of the past, Silchester; till in the middle of June they started for Switzerland, thus entirely escaping the racket of the coming Diamond Jubilee, and the discomfort ~~of~~ it would bring upon people like them who had no residence of their own in London, and no invitation to any Jubilee function.

All the world, including the people of fashion habitually abroad, was in London or arriving there, and the charm of a lonely Continent impressed the twain much. The almost empty Channel steamer, the ease with which they crossed France from Havre by Paris, Dijon and Pontarlier to Neuchatel, the excellent rooms accorded them by obsequious hosts at the hotels in Switzerland usually frequented by English and American tourists, made them glad they had come. On the actual day, the 20th, they were at Berne, where they celebrated it by attending a Jubilee Concert in the Cathedral, with the few other of their fellow-countryfolk who remained in the town. At Interlaken the comparative solitude was just as refreshing, the rosy glow from the Jungfrau visible at three in the morning from Hardy's bedroom seeming an exhibition got up for themselves alone; and a pathetic procession of empty omnibuses went daily to and from each railway train between shops that looked like a banquet spread for people who delayed to come. They drove up the valley to Grindelwald, and having been conveyed to Scheidegg, walked thence to the Wengern Alps - overlooking the scene of "Manfred" - where a baby had just been born, and where Hardy was more impressed by the thundering rumble of unseen avalanches on the immense Jungfrau immediately facing than by the sight of the visible ones.

The next day, or the next following, The Times' account of the celebration in London of ~~the~~ Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee reached Hardy's hands, and he took it out and read it in the snowy presence of a greater Queen, the maiden-monarch that dominated the whole place.

It was either in the train as it approached Interlaken, or while there looking at the peak, that there passed through his mind the sentiments afterwards expressed in the lines called "The Schreckhorn, with thoughts of Leslie Stephen."

After a look at Lauterbrunnen, the Staubbach, the Lake and Castle of Thun, they stopped at the Hôtel Gibbon, Lausanne, Hardy not having that aversion from the historian of the "Decline and Fall" which Ruskin recommended. He found that, though not much might remain of the original condition of the building or the site, the remoter and sloping part of the garden, with its acacias and irregular contours, could not have been much changed from what it was when Gibbon haunted it, and finished his history. Accordingly his recaller sat out there till midnight on June 27., and imagined the historian closing his last page on the spot, as described in his ~~Memoirs~~ Autobiography:—

"It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th. of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains."

It is uncertain whether Hardy chose that particular evening for sitting out in the Garden because he knew that June 27th. was Gibbon's date of conclusion, or whether the coincidence of dates was accidental. The later author's imaginings took the form of the lines subjoined, which were printed in "Poems of the Past and the Present." -

"Lausanne

In Gibbon's old garden: 11-12 p.m.

June 27: 1897.

"A spirit seems to pass,
Formal in pose, but grave and grand withal:
He contemplates a volume in his hand,
And far lamps fleck him through the thin acacias.

" Anon the book is closed,
With "It is finished!" And at the alley's end
He turns, and when on me his glances bend
as from the Past comes speech - small, muted, yet composed.

" 'How ~~is~~ fares the Truth now? - Ill?
- Do pens but slily further her advance?
May one not speed her but in phrase askance?
Do scribes aver the Comic to be Reverend still?

" 'Still rule those minds on earth
At whom sage Milton's wormwood words were hurled:
Truth like a bastard comes into the world
Never without ill-fame to him who gives her birth.' ? " * [See on back]

From Lausanne making excursions to Ouchy, and by steamer to Territet, Chillon, Vevey and other places on the lake, they afterwards left for Zermatt, going along the valley of the Rhone amid intense heat till they gradually rose out of it beside the roaring torrent of the Visp. That night Hardy looked out of their bedroom window in the Hotel ~~Mt. Cervin~~ Mt. Cervin and, "Could see where the Matterhorn was by the absence of stars within its outline", it being too dark to see the

[footnote]
⁂ The quotation is from "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce", the passage running as follows: "Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam; though this ill hap wait on her nativity, that she never comes into the world, but like a bastard, to the ignominy of him that brought her forth; till Time, the midwife rather than the mother of Truth, have washed and salted the infant and declared her legitimate."

surface of the mountain itself although it stood facing him. He meant to make a poem of the strange feeling implanted by this black silhouette of the mountain on the pattern of the constellations; but never did so far as is known. However the mountain inspired him to begin one sonnet, finished some time after - that entitled "To the Matterhorn" - the terrible accident on whose summit thirty-two years before this date had so impressed him at the time of its occurrence.

While walking from Zermatt with a Russian gentleman to the Riffel-Alp Hotel, whither Mrs Hardy had preceded him on a pony, he met some English ladies, who informed him of the mysterious disappearance of an Englishman somewhere along the very path he had been following. Having lunched at the hotel and set his wife ~~on~~ upon the pony again he sent her on with the guide, and slowly searched all the way down the track for some clue to the missing man, afterwards writing a brief letter to the Times to say there was no sign visible of foul play anywhere on the ~~track~~ road. The exertion of the search, after walking up the mountain-path in the hot morning sun, so exhausted his strength that on arriving at Genova, whither they went after leaving Zermatt, he was taken so ill at the Hôtel de la Paix that he had to stay in bed. ~~Where~~ Here as he lay he listened to the plashing of a fountain night and day just outside his bedroom window, the casements of which were kept widely open on account of the heat. He used to say that he had a curious sense of impending tragedy during these days of illness. It was the fountain beside which the Austrian Empress was murdered shortly after by an Italian anarchist. His ~~chance~~ accidental nearness in time and place to the spot of her ~~fate~~ doom moved him much when he heard of it, since thereby hung a tale. she was a woman whose beauty, as shown in

her portraits had attracted him ~~much~~ greatly in his youthful years, and the same romantic passion having also produced the outline of a novel upon her, which he never developed, had inspired some of his early verses. ¶While he was recovering at Geneva, Mrs Hardy found by chance the tomb of an ancestor who had died there. But of Geneva, its lake, ~~and its~~ Diodati, Montalègre, Ferney, and the neighbourhood he merely remarks:-

"These haunts of the illustrious! Ah, but they are gone now, and care for their chosen nooks no more!"

Again in London he went with Lady Jeune to the Jubilee dinner of women, and "talked to Mrs Flora Steel, Elizabeth ~~Rebbin~~ Robins, Lady Battersea, and numerous others." He also expressed views on scenery in the following letter:-

"To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

"Sir: I am unable to reply to your inquiry on 'The Best Scenery I know'. A week or two ago I was looking at the inexorable faces of the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn: a few days later at the Lake of Geneva with all its soft associations. But, which is 'best' of things that do not compare at all, and hence cannot be reduced to a common denominator? At any given moment we like best what meets the mood of that moment.

"Not to be entirely negative, however, I may say that, in my own neighbourhood, the following scenes rarely or never fail to delight beholders:

'1. View from Castle Hill, Shaftesbury.

"2. View from Pilsdon Pen.

"3. New Forest vistas near Brockenhurst.

"4 The River Dart.

"5 The coast from Trebarwith Strand to Beeny Cliff, Cornwall."

From London he returned to Max Gate, and with Mrs Hardy wandered off to Wells Cathedral, and onwards to Frome and Longleat, whence after examining the library and the architecture he proceeded to Salisbury, a place in which he was never tired of sojourning, partly from personal associations and partly because its graceful cathedral pile was the most marked instance in England of an architectural intention carried out to the full.

"August 10. Salisbury: Went into the Close late at night. The moon was visible through both the north and south clerestory windows to me standing on the turf on the north side.....Walked to the west front, and watched the moonlight creep round upon the statuary of the facade - stroking tentatively and then more and more firmly the prophets, the martyrs, the bishops, the kings, and the queens....Upon the whole the Close of Salisbury, under the full summer moon on a windless midnight, is as beautiful a scene as any I know in England - or for the matter of that elsewhere.

"Colonel T.W.Higginson of the United States, who is staying at the same hotel as ourselves, introduced himself to us. An amiable well-read man whom I was glad to meet. He fought in the Civil War. Went with him to hunt up the spot of the execution of the Duke of Buckingham, whose spirit is said to haunt the King's House still."

After taking Mrs Hardy to Stonehenge, which she had never seen:-

"The misfortune of ruins - to be beheld nearly always at noonday by visitors, and not at twilight.

"I see in the papers that Bishop How of Wakefield died yesterday. It is painful to think that people should so recklessly and bitterly attack others who have the same objects in life as themselves, merely because of a difference of method. Apart from theological points I don't know that my ultimate object is far removed from that of the late bishop."

"August ~~11~~ 10. (continued)--- 'The day goeth away....the shadows of the evening are stretched out.....I set watchmen over you, saying, Hearken to the sound of the trumpet. But they said, We will not hearken. Therefore hear, ye nations.....To what purpose cometh there to me ~~insuence~~ incense from Sheba, and the sweet cane from a far country? Your burnt offerings are not acceptable, nor your sacrifices sweet unto me.' Passages from the first lesson (Jer. VI.) at the Cathedral this afternoon. E. and I present. A beautiful chapter, beautifully read by the old Canon."

"August 13

"All tragedy is grotesque - if you allow yourself to see it as such. A risky indulgence for any who have an aspiration towards a little goodness or greatness of heart! Yet there are those who do."

"August 15. - It is so easy nowadays to call any force above or under the sky by the name of 'God' - and so pass as

orthodox cheaply, and fill the pocket!'

On August 21 they went to Arlington Manor, Berks, where a lively house-party gathered, including Lord Beauchamp (who walked about hatless) Lady Arthur Butler, Lady Henry Somerset's son and his wife Lady Catherine, Mr and Mrs Henry Allhusen and their baby, Sir Evelyn Wood, and the genial Colonel John Hay the American Ambassador, who appeared in the lightest of summer suits at dinner, his luggage having gone astray, and who reminded Hardy that they were not strangers as he seemed to suppose, but had met at the Rabelais Club years ago.

On August 26. Hardy went to Salisbury again, to meet Mlle. Madeleine Rolland of Paris, the charming and accomplished translator of some of his novels, and sister of M. Romain Rolland; ~~sh~~ she wished to consult him, and with her mother was passing ~~th~~ through the city to Oxford. Hardy used to say drily that Mdlle Rolland was the only lady, foreign or British, he ever remembered corresponding with whose letters were written in perfectly correct and graceful English. She afterwards visited at Max Gate.

In September he passed a few pleasant days in bicycling about the neighbourhood with Mr Rudyard Kipling, who had an idea just at that time that he would like to buy a house near Weymouth. They found a suitable house for sale at Rodwell, commanding a full view of Portland Roads, but difficulties arose when inquiries were made, and Mr Kipling abandoned the idea. though Hardy heard afterwards that the house was ultimately sold for the price Mr Kipling had offered.

Bicycling was now in full spirit with the Hardys - and indeed with everybody - and many were the places they visited by that means.

"Oct. 10th. Am told a singularly creepy story - absolutely true, I am assured - of a village girl near here who was ~~going~~ about to be married. A watch had been given her by a former lover, his own watch, just before their marriage was prevented by his unexpected death of consumption. ~~It~~ She ~~was~~ heard it ~~going~~ in her box at waking on the morning of the wedding with the second lover, though it had not been touched for years."

"Lizzy D --- [the monthly nurse who had attended at Hardy's birth] told my mother that she walked eighteen [?] miles the day after her own baby was born.....She was an excellent nurse, much in demand; of infinite kind-heartedness, humour, and quaintness, and as she lived in a cottage quite near our house at Bockhampton, she as it were kept an eye upon the Hardy family always, and being her neighbour gave my mother the preference in clashing cases. She used to tell a story of a woman who came to her to consult her about the ghost of another woman she declared she had seen & who "troubled her" - the deceased wife of the man who was courting her.

" 'How long hev' the woman been dead?' I said.

"'Many years!'

" 'Oh, that were no ghost. Now if she'd only been dead a month or two, and you were making her husband your fancy-man, there might have been something in your story. But Lord, much can she care about him after years and years in better company!' "

It may not be inappropriate to mention here that but for

this estimable woman's commonsense T.H. might never have walked the earth. At his birth he was thrown aside as dead till rescued by her as she exclaimed to the surgeon, "Dead! Stop a minute: he's alive enough, sure!"

※ [see on back]

"1898. Feb. 5. ~~[illegible]~~ - Write a prayer, or hymn, to One not Omnipotent, but hampered; striving for our good, but unable to achieve it except occasionally." [This idea of a limited God, often dwelt on by Hardy, was expounded ably & at length in MacTaggart's "Some Dogmas of Religion" several years later, and led to a friendship which ended only with the latter's death]

[white line]

As the spring drew on they entered upon their yearly residence of a ~~flat~~ few months in London - this time taking a flat in Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington. Hardy did ~~not see~~ some reading at the British Museum with a view to "The Dynasts", and incidentally stumbled upon some details that suggested to him the Waterloo episode embodied in a piece called "The Peasant's Confession". ~~Hardy~~ He went to the Conversazione of the Royal Society as in other years, and followed up the concerts at the Imperial Institute mostly neglected by Londoners. One visit gave him occasion for the following note, the orchestra this year being from the Scala, Milan:-

"Scene at the Imperial Institute this afternoon. Rain floating down in wayward drops. Not a soul except myself having tea in the gardens. The west sky begins to brighten. The red, blue, and white fairy lamps are like rubies, sapphires, turquoises, and pearls in the wet. The leaves of the trees, not yet of full size, are dripping, and the waiting-maids stand in a group with

To return to 1897.)

X (Nothing more of much account occurred to Hardy during its lapse, though it may be mentioned that "Jude", of which only a mutilated version could be printed as a serial in England or America, appeared as a literal translation in Germany, running through several months of a periodical in Berlin and Stuttgart, without a word of abridgment.

nothing to do. Band playing a 'Contemplazione' by Luzzi."

At a dinner ~~with~~ at Sir Henry Thompson's he continued his past conversation with Sir W. Russell on his war experiences, and next morning learnt that Mr Gladstone had just died.

Back in Dorset in July he resumed cycling more vigorously than ever, and during the summer went upon that useful wheel to Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Sherborne, Poole, Weymouth, and many other places - sometimes with Mrs Hardy, sometimes with his brother.

In the middle of December "Wessex Poems" was published; and verse being a new mode of expression with him in print he sent copies to friends, among them one to Leslie Stephen, who said:

"It gave me a real pleasure. I am glad to think that you remember me as a friend....I am always pleased to remember that 'Far from the Madding Crowd' came out under my command. I then admired the poetry which was diffused through the prose; and can recognize the same note in the versified form....I will not try to criticise or distinguish, but will simply say that they have pleased me and reminded me vividly of the old time. I have, as you probably know, gone through much since then....."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Wessex Poems" and others.

1899 - 1900. Aet. 58 - 60.

In the early weeks of this year the poems were reviewed in the customary periodicals - mostly in a friendly tone, even in a tone of respect, and with praise for many pieces in the volume; though by some critics not without umbrage at Hardy's having taken the liberty to adopt another vehicle of expression than prose-fiction without consulting them. It was probably these reviews that suggested to Hardy several reflections on poetry and criticism about this time, and the following gleanings of his opinions are from the rough entries he made thereon. Some no doubt were jotted down hastily, ~~as~~ and might have been afterwards revised.

He observes that he had been under no delusion about the coldness and even opposition he would have to encounter - at any rate from some voices - in openly issuing verse after printing nothing (with trifling exceptions) but prose for so many years.

That his reviewers should choose not only the subjects but also the methods in which he should exercise his pen; not that he should choose them, their own business being limited to pronouncing if or not he had achieved what he aimed at; was to these, as it still is to such, a canon of criticism. There were, however, many worthy exceptions.

Almost all the fault-finding was, in fact, based on the one great antecedent conclusion that an author who has published prose first and that largely, must necessarily express himself badly in verse, no reservation being added to except cases in which he may have published prose for temporary or compulsory reasons, or prose of a poetical kind, or have written verse first of all, or for a long time intermediately.

But there was really a valid excuse for the short-sighted belittlement of Hardy's art by these minor men wherever it occurred, even had his art been of the best, which perhaps he did not perceive so quickly as he might have perceived. By no fault of their own the power of looking clearly and responsively into his poetry as form and as content, — meeting the mood of the poet half-way, as it were, — was denied to critics in Hardy's case (except those of distinctly acute vision, few of whom would have been set by editors to waste their powers on a poet's first volume.) They could not look clearly into it, by reason of the aforesaid obsession of the idea that novel-writing was Hardy's trade, and no other. There were those prose works standing in a row in front, catching the eye at every attempt to see the poetry, and forming an almost

impenetrable screen.

Perhaps, had those ~~Had the critic-asters~~ who were baffled into an antecedent conclusion by this screen been minds of any great power in judgment, they would have perceived that there might be an obvious trap for their intelligence in his order of publication. Theirs was so cheap a criticism that they ~~would~~ might have guarded against it, and have been more inclined to exaggerate the other way, to show their insight.

In criticism generally, the fact that the date of publication is but an accident in the life of a ~~mental~~ literary creation, that the printing of a book is the least individual occurrence in the history of its contents, is often overlooked. In its visible history the publication is what counts, and that alone. It is then that the contents start into being for the outside public. In the present case, although it was shown that many of the verses had been written before their author ~~turned to~~ dreamt of novels, ~~and many more verses thought of their~~ the critics' view was little affected that he had "at the ~~a~~ eleventh hour", as they untruly put it, taken up a hitherto uncared for art.

It may be observed that in the ~~Had they been acquainted with~~ art-history ~~even if only that of the moment~~ of the century there was an example staring them in the face of a similar modulation from one style into another by a great artist. Verdi was the instance, "that amazing old man", as he was called. Some one of insight wrote concerning him = "From the ashes of his early popularity, from 'Il Trovatore' and its

kind, there arose on a sudden a sort of phoenix Verdi. Had he died at Mozart's death-age he would now be practically unknown". And another: "With long life enough Verdi might have done almost anything; but the trouble with him was that he had only just arrived at maturity at the age of threescore and ten or thereabouts, so that to complete his life he ought to have lived a hundred and fifty years."

But probably few literary critics discern the solidarity of all the arts. Curiously enough Hardy himself dwelt upon it in a poem that seems to have been little understood, though the subject is of such interest. It is called "Rome: The Vatican: Sala delle Muse"; in which a sort of composite Muse addresses him:

"Be not perturbed," said she. "Though apart in fame,
I and my sisters are one."

He amused himself by conjecturing that what had probably passed through the adverse section of the Fleet-Street mind - and perhaps did in many cases, not inexcusably, owing to the baffling obstacle mentioned - was reasoning of this sort, which he more than once expressed:-

"It must perforce be prosy, for has he not been long a writer of prose?

"It must perforce be harsh and clumsy in form, for how can a writer of prose have any inner acquaintance with the music of verse?"

He would drily go on to trace the logic of those who reasoned thus:

"To prove the truth of my conclusion above stated - that a writer who publishes prose a long while before he publishes verse cannot be a true poet - I will pick out the prosy lines that can be found in his volume, and pillory them in my review, and convince readers by the following syllogism:

"This book of verse contains the above expressions.

"These expressions are not poetry.

"Therefore this book is not poetry."

That this syllogism, Hardy would add, exhibited - designedly or not - the familiar fallacy known as the Undistributed Middle, did not prevent it being employed - usually merrily employed - in dozens of reviews of his poems at this time and for many years later, almost indeed down to the end of his writing. The fact that all the poets of all the ages could be rejected by the same argument did not apparently strike its advancers at all.

Some famous bygone exemplars of this notorious fallacy were of course Gifford, Lockhart, and Macaulay. Looked at dispassionately it seems strange that it still lives on in reviewing practice. "If a valuer should pick out all the blasted and mildewed grains from a sack of a farmer's corn, put them together, and exhibit them as a sample of such corn, we should call him a rascal; but when a reviewer picks out the bad lines from a whole volume and quotes them alone as samples of the poet's work, he is

considered a critic of honest insight." Such treatment was dealt out to Hardy by some smart hands - happily not nearly by all.

In short this was a particular of the general and rather appalling conclusion to which he came - had indeed known before - that a volume of poetry, by clever manipulation, can be made to support any a priori theory about its quality. Presuppose its outstanding feature to be the defects aforesaid; instances can be found. Presuppose, as here was done, that it is overloaded with derivations from the Latin or Greek when really below the average in such words; they can be found. Presuppose that Wordsworth is unorthodox: instances can be found; that Byron is devout; instances can also be found. [The foregoing paragraphs are abridged from memoranda which Hardy set down apparently for publication; though he never published them].

A point he realized more fully somewhat later was that he had flown in the face of his chances of a welcome by not being imitative. The only absolutely safe method of winning a hearty reception is that of shadowing and developing the philosophy, manner, and theology of some eminent poet who has lived shortly before the writer's date. There were Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning: he had only to copy one of them to win commendation - or at any rate toleration, since the fact of having once written prose might prevent more. But no, he did not adopt that royal road.

He wrote somewhere: "There is no new poetry; but the new poet - if he carry the flame on further (and if not he is no new poet) - comes with a new note. And that new note it is that troubles the critical waters."

"Poetry is emotion put into measure. The emotion must come by nature, but the measure can be acquired by art."

One smart paragraphist said that he was nearly deluded into a belief in Hardy's verses after reading them one night; but he saved his critical credit by getting up on a cold wet morning and reading them again on an empty stomach. It happily cured his weakness. It was an apt illustration of the vicious practice of those who, in Henry James's words, prepare beforehand to limit their surrender to the book under review.

In the reception of this and later volumes of Hardy's poems there was, he said, as regards form, the inevitable ascription to ignorance of what was really choice after full knowledge. That the author loved the art of concealing art was undiscerned. For instance, as to rhythm. Years earlier he had decided that too regular a beat was bad art. He had fortified himself in his opinion by thinking of the analogy of architecture, between which art and that of poetry he had discovered, to use his own words, that there existed a close and curious parallel, each art, unlike some others, having to carry a rational content inside its artistic form. He knew that in architecture cunning irregularity is of enormous worth. [see on back] He shaped his poetry accordingly, introducing metrical pauses, and reversed beats; and found for his trouble that some particular line of a poem exemplifying this principle was greeted by one of those terrible persons, the funny man of the critical press, with a jocular remark that such a line "did not make for immortality," the writer being probably a journalist who had never heard of pauses or beats of any kind. The same critic might have gone to one of

※ and it is obvious that he carried on into his verse, perhaps, unconsciously, the Gothic art-principle in which he had been trained — the principle of spontaneity found in mouldings, tracery, and such like — resulting in the "unforeseen" (as it has been called) character of his metres & stanzas — that of stress rather than of syllable, poetic texture rather than poetic decoration, the latter kind of thing, under the name of "constructed ornament" being what he, in common with every Gothic student, had been taught to avoid as the plague. [return to previous page]

our cathedrals (to follow up the analogy of architecture), and on discovering that the carved leafage of some capital or spandrel in the best period of Gothic art strayed freakishly out of its bounds over the moulding, where by rule it had no business to be, or that the enrichments of a string-course were not accurately spaced; or that there was a sudden blank in a wall where a window was to be expected from formal measurement, have declared with equally merry conviction, "This does not make for immortality!"

~~The~~ One case of the kind, in which the poem "On Sturminster foot-bridge" was quoted with the remark that one could make as good music as that out of a milk-cart, betrayed the reviewer's ignorance of any perception that the metre was intended to be onomatopoeic, ~~plainly as it was shown~~ resembling the flapping of liquid; and another in the same tone disclosed ~~the~~ that the reviewer had tried to scan the author's sapphics as heroics, having probably never heard of the other measure.

If any proof were wanted that Hardy was not ~~a~~ at this time and later the apprentice at verse that he was supposed to be, it could be found in an examination of his studies over many years. Among his papers were quantities of notes on rhythm and metre: with outlines and experiments in innumerable original measures, some of which he adopted from time to time. These verse-~~[illegible]~~ skeletons were mostly blank, and only designated by the usual marks for long and short syllables, accentuations, &c., but they were occasionally made up of "nonsense verses" - such as, he said, were written when he was a boy by students of Latin prosody with the aid of

our cathedrals (to follow up the analogy of architecture), and on discovering that the naived images of some capital or sculpture in the best period of Gothic art strayed irreasonably out of its bounds over the moulding, where by rule it had no business to be, or that the entablatures of a sixteen-columns were not accurately spaced; or that there was a sudden blank in a wall where a window was to be expected from formal reasonement, have dealated with equally merry convolution. "This does not make for immortality."

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If any proof were wanted that verse was not - at this time and later the appreciation at verse that he was supposed to be, it could be found in an examination of his stuff as poor many years. Among his papers were quantities of notes on rhythm and metre: with outlines and examples of innumerable original measures, some of which he adopted from time to time. Much free-verse sketches were mostly designated by the medal metre for long and short syllables, accentuations, &c., but they were occasionally made up of "nonsense verses" - such as, on Mars, were written when he was a boy by students of Latin, taught with the aid of

a "Gradus".

He could not discern, he said, in reviewers of the rank and file, that they had any sense of comparative values in literature, though this was of the essence of a good judgment. If a new poet were to arise in the future, to whose personality they had some objection in the role of a poet, they might as above stated devote a whole article to a few awkward phrases or imperfect rhymes picked out here and there from his volume, though it should contain the greatest ideas or strongest emotions of the century, on which endowment - the thing that would chiefly matter - they might say nothing.

Another obvious remark of these judges was : This man was a writer of novels and stories; therefore many of these poems are novels and stories in verse, which sufficiently condemns them. But when some of Browning's best poems, and Wordsworth's, and Chaucer's, and the immortal old balladists', are stories - not to mention all metrical plays - criticism is not helped by the remark.

Lastly, Hardy had a born sense of humour, even a too keen sense occasionally: but his poetry was in general placed by editors in the hands of reviewers well-meaning enough, yet who had not a spark of that quality. Even if they were accustomed to Dickensian humour they were not to Swiftian. Hence it unfortunately happened that verses of a satirical, dry, caustic, or farcical cast were regarded by them with the deepest seriousness. In one case the tragic nature of his verse was instanced by the ballad

a "Otaku".

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called "The Bride-night fire, or the fire at Tranter Sweatley's", the ~~the~~ criticism being ~~many years later~~ by an accomplished old friend of his own, Frederic Harrison, who deplored the painful nature of the bride-groom's end in leaving only a bone behind him. This piece of work Hardy had written and published when quite a young man, and had hesitated to reprint because of its too pronounced obviousness as a jest.

But he had looked the before-mentioned obstacles in the face, and their consideration did not move him much. He had written his poems entirely because he liked doing them, without

T.O.

called "The Pride-night Fire, or the Fire at Fructuoso Swastio's", the artistic work [illegible] by an accomplished old friend of his own, Frederic Harrison, who designed the pastoral nature of the pride-groom's and in leaving only a [illegible] behind him. This piece of work Hardy had written and published when quite a young man, and had hesitated to republish because of its too pronounced obtrusiveness as a jest.

But he had looked the [illegible] obstacles in the face, and their opinion did not move him. He had written his poems entirely because he liked doing them, without

any ulterior thought; because he wanted to say the things they contained and would contain — mainly the philosophy of life afterwards developed in "The Dynasts"; and so little did he expect from the press after his bitter experience of its caprices, so much less did he expect than he got, that he offered his publishers to take on his own shoulders the risk of ~~[illegible]~~ producing the volume, so that if nobody bought it they should not be out of pocket. They were kind enough to refuse this offer, and took the risk on themselves; and fortunately they did not suffer.

A more serious meditation of Hardy's at this time than ~~on~~ that on critics was the following:

"January (1899) - No man's poetry can be truly judged till its last line is written. What is the last line? The death of the poet. And hence there is this quaint consolation to any writer of verse - that it may be imperishable for all that anybody can tell him to the contrary; and that if worthless he can never know it, unless he be a greater adept at self-criticism than poets ~~generally~~ usually are."

Writing to Hardy in March about her late husband's tastes in literature Mrs Coventry Patmore observes:

"..... It shows how ~~ea~~ constant he was to his loves. From 1875 [when he first met with the book - vide ante-] to 1896 he continually had 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' read aloud to him. Each time he felt the same shock of surprise and pleasure at its consummate art and pathos. In illness, when he asked for 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' one knew he was able to enjoy again."

A correspondence on another matter than literature may be alluded to here. Mr W.T. Stead had asked Hardy to express his

opinions on "A Crusade of Peace" in a periodical he was about to publish under the name of "War against War". In the course of his reply Hardy wrote:

"As a preliminary, all civilized nations might at least show their humanity by covenanting that no horses should be employed in battle except for transport. Soldiers, at worst, know what they are doing, but these animals are denied even the poor possibilities of glory and reward as a compensation ~~ge~~ for their sufferings."

His reply brought upon Hardy, naturally, scoffs at his impracticable tenderheartedness from the fire-eating swashbuckler class, and on the other hand, strong expressions of agreement from those who saw eye to eye with him.

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In the following April (1899) the Hardys were again in London, where as in the previous year they took a flat in Wynnstay Gardens, though not the same one. They saw their friends as usual, on one of whom Hardy makes this observation after a call from him:

"When a person has gone, though his or her presence was not much desired, we regret the withdrawal of the grain of value in him, and overlook the mass of chaff that spoilt it. We realize that the essence of his personality was a human heart, though the form was uninviting."

[white line]

"It would be an amusing fact, if it were not one that leads to such bitter strife, that the conception of a First Cause which

the theist calls 'God', and the conception of the same that the so-styled atheist calls 'no-God', are nowadays almost exactly identical. So that only a minor literary question of terminology prevents their shaking hands in agreement, and dwelling together in unity ever after."

At the beginning of June Hardy was staying at a country-house not many miles from London, and among the guests was the ~~[illegible]~~ young Duchess of M——, a lady of great beauty, who asked him if he would conduct her to the grave of the poet Gray, which was within a walk ~~near~~. Hardy did so and, standing half-balanced on one foot by the grave — ~~which~~, (as is well known, it was also that of Gray's mother) his friend recited in a soft voice the Elegy from the first word to the last in leisurely & lengthy clearness — without an error (which Hardy himself could not have done without some hitch in the order of the verses.) With startling suddenness, while duly commending her performance he seemed to have lived through the experience before. Then he realized what it was that had happened: in love of recitation, attitude, and poise, tone of voice, and readiness of memory, the fair lady ~~she~~ had been the duplicate of the handsome dairymaid who had insisted on his listening to her rehearsal of the long & tedious gospels, when he taught in the Sunday school as a youth of fifteen. "What a thin veneer is that of rank and education over the natural woman," he would remark ~~thought~~. ¶ On the 18th he met A.E. Housman (the "Shropshire Lad") for the first time probably, and on the 20th. he visited Swinburne at Putney, of which visit he too briefly speaks; observing, "Again much inclined to his engaging, fresh, frank, almost childlike manner. Showed me his interesting editions, and talked of the play he was writing. Promised to go again." He also went a day or two later, possibly

owing to his conversation with Swinburne, (though he had been there before) to St. Mildred's, Bread Street, with Sir George Douglas, where Shelley and Mary Godwin were married, and saw the register, with the signatures of Godwin and his wife as witnesses. The church was almost unaltered since the poet and Mary had knelt there, and the vestry absolutely so, not having even received a coat of paint as it seemed. Being probably in the calling mood he visited George Meredith just afterwards, and found him "looking ruddy and well in the upper part; quite cheerful, enthusiastic and warm. Would gladly see him oftener, and must try to do so." At the end of the month he rambled in Westminster Abbey at midnight by the light of a ~~candle~~ lantern, having with some friends been admitted by Miss Bradley through the Deanery.

The last week or two of their stay in London this year was spent in seeing other friends, (amongst them Hamilton Aidé, the earliest of his London acquaintance except Blomfield) and in attending the marriage of Mr (afterwards Lord) Harcourt.

Hardy had suffered from rather bad influenza this summer in town, and it left an affection of the eye behind it, which he had never known before; and though he hoped it might leave him on his return to Dorchester it followed him there. He was, indeed, seldom absolutely free from it afterwards.

In July he replied to a communication from the Rationalist Press Association of which his friend Leslie Stephen was an Honorary associate:

"Though I am interested in the Society I feel it to be one which would naturally compose itself rather of writers on philosophy, science, and history, than of writers of imaginative works, whose effect depends largely on detachment. By belonging to a

philosophic association ~~the author~~ imaginative writers place themselves in this difficulty, that they are misread as propagandist when they mean to be simply artistic and delineative."

The pleasures of bicycling were now at their highest appreciation, and many miles did Hardy and his wife, and other companions, cover during the latter part of this summer. He was not a long-distance cyclist, as was natural at 59, never exceeding 40 to 50 miles a day, but he kept vigorously going within the limit, this year and for several years after. His wife, though an indifferent ~~a feeble~~ walker, could almost equal him in cycle distances.

In October his sonnet on the departure of the troops for the Boer Wars which he witnessed at Southampton, appeared in the Daily Chronicle, and in November the very popular verses called "The Going of the Battery" were printed in The Graphic, the scene having been witnessed at Dorchester.

In December "The Dead Drummer" (afterwards called "Hodge the Drummer") appeared in Literature, and "A Christmas Ghost" in the Westminster Gazette". ¶ The latter months of this same year (1899) were saddened for him by the sudden death of Sir Arthur Blomfield, shortly before the date which had been fixed for a visit to him at Broadway by Hardy & his wife. This was snapped a friendship which had extended over 36 years.

Hardy's memoranda on his thoughts and movements - particularly the latter - which never reached the regularity of a diary - had of late grown more and more fitful, ~~(1899) that~~ and now (1900) that novels were past and done with, nearly ceased altogether, such notes on scenes and functions having been dictated by what he had thought practical necessity; so that it becomes difficult to ascertain what mainly occupied his mind, or what his social doings were. The poetic fantasy entitled "The Souls of the Slain" was published in The Cornhill in the April of this year, and he and his wife

His personal ambition in a worldly sense, which had always been weak, dwindled to nothing, & for some years after 1895 or 1896 he requested that no record of his life should be made, his verses being kept going from pleasure in them. However,

~~"April 15 Easter Sunday. Saw the male blackbird on a building sycamore, near enough to see his tongue, or brown colour of bill, perching and looking at the sun. He flew down pick up a stem of hay, and flew up in where he was building."~~

went to London this month according to custom, though instead of taking a flat or house as in former years they stayed on at the West Central Hotel in Southampton Row, whose proprietor, Mr Frederick Smith, Hardy had known almost from the time when Mr Smith was the esteemed secretary to the Band of Hope Temperance Society. Taking no great interest in fashion and rank as such, of which they had both seen a good deal during the previous twenty years, (though he much valued the friendships it sometimes brought) he possibly thought it advisable to economize, seeing that he had sacrificed so much of his yearly income by not producing more novels. When one considers that he might have made himself a man of affluence in a few years by taking the current of popularity as it served, writing "best sellers", and ringing changes upon the novels he had already written, his bias towards poetry must have been instinctive and disinterested.

For some reason he spent time while here in hunting up Latin hymns at the British Museum, and copies that he made of several have been found, of dates ranging from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, by Thomas of Celano, Adam of S.Victor, John Mauburn, Jacob Balde, etc. That English prosody might be enriched by adapting some of the verse-forms of these is not unlikely to have been his view.

When they left London this year is uncertain, but we find Hardy at the latter part of July bicycling about Dorset with his friend Mr (later Sir) Hamo Thornycroft, and in August entertaining Mr A.E.Housman, Mr Clodd, and Sir Frederick Pollock, bicycling from Max Gate to Portland Bill and back in one day with the

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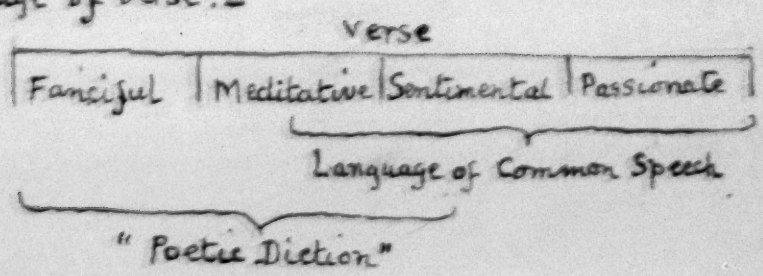

and the following note thereon:

"The confusion of thought to be observed in Wordsworth's teaching in his essay in the Appendix to "Lyrical Ballads" seems to arise chiefly out of his use of the word 'imagination'. He should have put the matter somewhat like this: In works of passion and sentiment (not 'imagination and sentiment') the language of verse is the language of prose. In works of fancy 'poetic diction' (of the real kind) is proper, and even necessary. The diagram illustrates my meaning."

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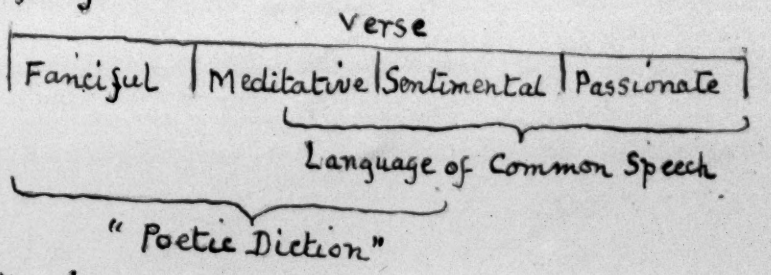

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last-named ~~latter~~, a performance whose chief onerousness lay in roughness of road-surface and steepness of gradient. Cycling went merrily ~~ale~~ along through August, September, and into October, mostly with Mrs Hardy and other ~~kinsfolks~~ companions, reaching to the outskirts of the county and into Somerset, Devon, and Hants. In October, declining to be interviewed by the representative of the American National Red-Cross Society, he wrote as a substitute:

"A society for the relief of suffering is entitled to every man's gratitude; and though, in the past century, material growth has been out of all proportion to moral growth, the existence of your Society leaves one not altogether without hope that during the next hundred years the relations between our inward and our outward progress may become less of a reproach to civilization."

~~During the~~ In the same month he replied to the Rev. J. Alexander Smith:

"On referring to the incident in 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles' to which you draw my attention I do not find there anything more than an opinion, or feeling, on lay baptism by a person who was nettled at having his clerical ministration of the rite repulsed. The truth or error of his opinion is ~~the~~ therefore immaterial. Nevertheless if it were worth while it might be plausibly ~~agreed~~ argued that to refuse clerical performance and substitute lay performance, not from necessity but from pure obstinacy, (as he held) might deprive that particular instance of lay baptism of its validity."

During the latter weeks of the year his wife was called from home to be with her sister, the widow of the Revd. Caddell

Holder, the former incumbent of St. Juliot, who was in her last illness, her death occurring in December. At the very close of the year Hardy's much admired poem on the ~~ensuing~~ Century's End, entitled "The Darkling Thrush", was published in a periodical.

[End of the Nineteenth Century.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

Poems of the Past and Present, and others.

1901 - 1903. Aet. 60 - 63.

May found them in London, and hearing music. At a Ysaye Concert at Queen's Hall a passage in the descriptive programme evidently struck him - whether with amusement at the personifications in the rhetoric, or admiration for it, is not mentioned - for he takes the trouble to copy it:

" 'The solo enters at the twelfth bar..... Later in the movement a new theme is heard - a brief epidode, the thematic material of the opening sufficing the composer's needs. In the Adagio the basses announce and develop a figure. Over this the soloists and first violins enter,' &c. (Bach's Concerto in E.) I see them: black headed, larkspurred fellows, marching in on five wires."

"May 11. Leslie Stephen says: 'The old ideals have become obsolete, and the new are not yet constructed.....We cannot write living poetry on the ancient model. The gods and heroes are too dead, and we cannot seriously sympathise with....the idealized prize-fighter.' "

On May 22. Hardy dined again with Sir Henry Thompson at one of his "octaves" in Wimpole Street, and at the end of the month, while staying at Aldeburgh, visited with others there the grave of Fitzgerald the translator of Omar Kayyham, in Boulge Churchyard, whereon was growing the rose-bush that had been raised from hips brought from Omar's grave in Persia.

On his return to London Hardy chronicles a feat of execution by Kubelik at a concert he attended at St. James's Hall - that of playing "pizzicato" on his violin the air of 'The Last Rose of Summer' with ~~Ernst's~~ Ernst's variations, and fingering and bowing a rapid accompaniment at the same time. At Mr Maurice Hewlett's Madame Sarah Bernhardt talked to him pensively on her consciousness that she was getting old, but on taking his wife a day or two later to see her as the Duc in M. Rostand's "L'Aiglon" she appeared youthful enough he said, "though unfortunately too melodramatically limelighted for naturalness."

At the end of the month the well-known literary and journalistic fraternity called the Whitefriars Club paid Hardy a visit at Max Gate, where they were entertained in a tent on the lawn. To diversify their journey from London they had travelled the last ten miles by road in open carriages, and the beautiful new summer dresses of the ladies were encrusted with dust. But nobody minded - except perhaps some of the ladies themselves - and the visit was a most lively one, though the part of the country they had driven through was not the most picturesque part.

In a letter on Rationalism written about this time, but apparently not sent, he remarks:

"My own interest lies largely in non-rationalistic subjects, since non-rationality seems, so far as one can perceive, to be the principle of the Universe. By which I do not mean foolishness, but rather a principle for which there is no exact name, lying at the indifference-point between rationality and irrationality."

[see on back]

To Dr Arnaldo Cervesato of Rome:

June 20: 1901.

"I do not think that there will be any permanent revival of the old transcendental ideals; but I think there may gradually be developed an Idealism of Fancy; that is, an idealism in which fancy is no longer tricked out and made to masquerade as belief, but is frankly and honestly accepted as an imaginative solace in the lack of any substantial solace to be found in life."

"July 8, Pictures. My weakness has always been to prefer the large intention of an unskilful artist to the trivial intention of an accomplished one: in other words I am more interested in the high ideas of a feeble executant than in the high execution of a feeble thinker."

During the seven weeks ensuing he was preparing for the press a number of lyrics and other verses which had accumulated since "Wessex Poems" appeared, and sent off the manuscript to the publishers at the end of August. It was published in the middle of November under the title of "Poems of the Past and the Present".

X [insert at back]

White line

In reply to the letter of an inquirer as to the preservation of the prospect from Richmond Hill he wrote 10th June 1901:

"I have always been in love with Richmond Hill – the Lass included – and though I think I could produce a few specimens from this part of the country that would be fairly even with it, or ~~them~~ her, in point of beauty, I am grieved to hear that the world-famed view is in danger of disfigurement. I cannot believe that any such foolish local policy will be persevered in."

He seems to have taken no notice of the reception accorded to the book by the press, though it might have flattered him to find that some characteristic ideas in this volume, which he never tried to make consistent - such as in the pieces entitled "The Sleepworker", "The Lacking Sense", "Doom and She", and others - ideas that were further elaborated in "The Dynasts" and which reviewers in general passed over in silence, found their way into many prose writings after this date.

On the last day of the year he makes the following reflection: "After reading various philosophic systems, and being struck with their contradictions and futilities, I have come to this:- Let every man make a philosophy for himself out of his own experience. He will not be able to escape using terms and phraseology from earlier philosophers, but let him ~~remember~~ avoid adopting their theories if he values his ~~own~~ own mental life. Let him remember the fate of Coleridge, and save years of labour by working out his own views as given him by his surroundings."

"Jan. 1. (1902) A Pessimist's apology. - Pessimism (or rather what is called such) is, in brief, playing the sure game. You cannot lose at it; you may gain. It is the only view of life in which you can never be disappointed. Having reckoned what to do in the worst possible circumstances, when better arises, as they may, life becomes child's play."

In reply this month to a writer in the Parisian "Revue Bleue" he gave it as his opinion that the effect of the South African War on English literature had been

"A vast multiplication of books on the war itself, and the issue of large quantities of warlike and patriotic poetry. These works naturally throw into the shade works that breathe a more quiet and philosophic spirit; a curious minor feature in the case among a certain class of writers being the disguise under Christian terminology of principles not necessarily wrong from the point of view of international politics, but obviously anti-christian, because inexorable and masterful."

In London the same month he attended a meeting at the rooms of the Society of Authors, and with his wife was a guest at the wedding of Lady Helen Stewart and Lord Stavordale, afterwards Lord Ilchester.

In view of the approaching centenary of Victor Hugo's birth Hardy amongst other European men of letters was asked at this time by a Continental paper for a brief tribute to the genius of the poet; and he sent the following:

"His memory must endure. His works are the cathedrals of literary architecture, his imagination adding greatness to the colossal and charm to the small."

March. - "Poetry. - There is a latent music in the sincere utterance of deep emotion, however expressed, which fills the place of the actual word-music in rhythmic phraseology on thinner emotive subjects, or on subjects with next to none at all. And supposing a total poetic effect to be represented by a unit, its component fractions may be either, say:

"Emotion three-quarters, plus Expression one quarter, or

"Emotion one quarter plus Expression three-quarters.

"This suggested conception seems to me to be the only one which explains all cases, including those instances of verse that apparently infringe all rules, and yet bring unreasoned convictions that they are poetry."

In April of this year he was writing "A Trampwoman's Tragedy" - a ballad based on some local story of an event more or less resembling the incidents embodied, which took place between 1820 and 1830.

To Mr (afterwards Sir) Rider Haggard, who was investigating the conditions of Agriculture and Agricultural labourers, he gave the following information:

"March: 1902.

"My dear Haggard:

"As to your first question, my opinion on the past of the agricultural labourers in this county: I think, indeed know, that down to 1850 or 1855 their condition was in general one of great hardship. I say in general, for there have always been fancy-farms, resembling St Clair's in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' whereon they lived as smiling exceptions to those of their class all around them. I recall one such, the estate-owner being his own farmer, and ultimately ruining himself by his hobby. To go to the other extreme; as a child I knew ~~by sight~~ a sheep-keeping boy who to my horror shortly afterwards died of want - the contents of his stomach at the autopsy being raw turnip only.

His father's wages were six shillings a week, with about two pounds at harvest, a cottage rent free, and an allowance of thorn faggots from the hedges as fuel. Between these examples came the great bulk of farms - wages whereon ranged from seven to nine shillings a week, and perquisites being better in proportion.

"Secondly: as to the present. Things are of course widely different now. I am told that at the annual hiring-fair just past, the old positions were absolutely reversed, the farmers walking about and importuning the labourers to come and be hired, instead of, as formerly, the labourers anxiously entreating the stolid farmers to take them on at any pittance. Their present life is almost without exception one of comfort, if the most ordinary thrift be observed. I could take you to the a cottage of a shepherd not many miles from here that has a carpet and brass-rods to the staircase, and from the open door of which you hear a piano strumming within. Of course bicycles stand by the ~~f~~ doorway, while at night a large parrafin lamp throws out a perfect blaze of light upon the passer by.

"The son of another labourer I know takes dancing lessons at a quadrille-class in the neighbouring town. Well, why not?

"But changes at which we must all rejoice have brought other changes which are not so attractive. The labourers have become more and more migratory - the younger families in especial, who enjoy nothing so much as fresh scenery and new acquaintance. The consequences are curious and unexpected. For one thing, village tradition - a vast mass of unwritten folk-lore, local chronicle, local topography and nomenclature - is absolutely sinking, has nearly sunk, into eternal oblivion. I cannot recall

His fathers's wages were six shillings a week, with about two pounds at harvest, a cottage rent free, and an allowance of thorn faggots from the hedges as fuel. Between these examples came the great bulk of farms - wages somewhere ranged from seven to nine shillings a week, and perquisites being better in proportion.

"Secondly: as to the present. Things are of course vitally different now. I am told that at the annual plating-fair last year, the old positions were absolutely reversed: the farmers walking about and importuning the labourers to come and be hired, instead of, as formerly, the labourers anxiously entreating the stolid farmers to take them on at any pittance. Their present life is almost without exception one of a sort, if the most ordinary thrift be observed. I could take you to a cottage of a shepherd not many miles from here that has a carpet and grandfather's clock in the sitting-room, and from the open door of which you hear a piano strumming within. Of course bicycles stand by the front door-way, while at night a large petrolin lamp throws out a perfect blaze of light upon the passer by.

"The son of another labourer I know takes dancing lessons at a guarrille-class in the neighbouring town.

"But changes at which we must all rejoice have brought other changes which are not so attractive. The labourers have become more and more migratory - the younger families in consequence who enjoy nothing so much as fresh scenery and new associations. The consequences are curious and unexpected. For one thing, village tradition - a vast mass of unwritten folk-lore, local chronicle, local topography and nomenclature - is absolutely vanishing, has nearly such little eternal cohesion. I cannot recall

a single instance of a labourer who still lives on the farm where he was born, and I can only recall a few who have been five years on their present farms. Thus you see, there being no continuity of environment in their lives, there is no continuity of information, the names, stories, and relics of one place being speedily forgotten under the incoming facts of the next. For example, if you ask one of the workfolk (they always ~~ye~~ used to be called "workfolk" hereabout - "labourers" is an imported word) the names of surrounding hills, streams; the character and circumstances of people buried in particular graves: at what spots parish personages lie interred, questions on local fairies, ghosts, herbs, &c, they can give no answer: yet I can recollect the time when the places of burial even of the poor and tombless were all remembered, and the history of the parish and squire's family for 150 years back known. Such and such ballads appertained to such and such a locality, ghost tales were attached to particular sites, and nooks wherein wild herbs grew for the cure of divers maladies were pointed out readily.

"On the subject of the migration to the towns I think I have printed my opinions from time to time: so that I will only say a word or two about it here. In this ~~connection~~ consideration the case of the farm-labourers merges itself in that of rural cottagers generally, including jobbing labourers, artisans, and nondescripts of all sorts who go to make up the body of English villagery. That these people have removed to the towns of sheer choice during the last forty years it would be absurd to argue, except as to that percentage of young, adventurous, and

ambitious spirits among them which is found in all societies. The prime cause of the removal is, unquestionably, insecurity of tenure. If they do not escape this in the towns it is not fraught with such trying consequences there as in a village whence they may have to travel ten or twenty miles to find another house and other work. Moreover, if in a town lodging an honest man's daughter should have an illegitimate child, or his wife should take to drinking, he is not compelled by any squire to pack up his furniture and get his living elsewhere, as it is, or was lately, too often the case in the country. (I am neither attacking nor defending this order of things; I merely relate it: the landlord sometimes had reason on his side; sometimes not.)

"Now why such migrations to cities did not largely take place till within the last forty years or so is, I think (in respect of farm labourers) that they had neither the means nor the knowledge in old times that they have now. And owing to the then stability of villagers of the other class - such as mechanics and small traders, the backbone of village life - they had not the inclination. The tenure of these latter was, down to about fifty years ago, a fairly secure one, even if they were not in the possession of small freeholds. The custom of granting leaseholds for three lives, or other life-holding privileges, obtained largely in our villages, and though tenures by lifehold may not be ideally good or fair they did at least serve the purpose of keeping the native population at home. Villages in which there

is not now a single cottager other than a weekly tenant were formerly occupied almost entirely on the lifehold principle, the term extending over seventy or a hundred years; and the young man who knows that he is secure of his father's and grandfather's cottage for his own lifetime thinks twice and three times before he embarks on the uncertainties of a wandering career. Now though, as I have said, these cottagers were not often farm-labourers, their permanency reacted on the farm labourers, and made their lives with such comfortable associates better worth living.

"Thirdly: as to the future, the evils of instability, and the ultimate results from such a state of things, it hardly becomes me to attempt to prophesy here. That remedies exist for them and are easily applicable you will easily gather from what I have stated above."

"April 20th. - Vagg Hollow, on the way to Load Bridge (Somerset) is a place where 'things' used to be seen - usually taking the form of a wool-pack in the middle of the road. Teams and other horses always stopped on the brow of the hollow, and could only be made to go on by whipping. A waggoner once cut at the pack with his whip: it opened in two, and smoke and a hoofed figure rose out of it."

"May 1st. Life is what we make it as Whist is what we make it; but not as chess is what we make it; which ranks higher as a purely intellectual game than either Whist or Life."

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Letter sent to and printed in "The Academy & Literature", May 17 1902, concerning a review of Maeterlinck's "Apology for Nature".

White line

"Sir:

"In your review of M. Maeterlinck's book you quote with seeming approval his vindication of Nature's ways which is (as I understand it) to the effect that, though she does not appear to be just from our point of view, she may practise a scheme of morality unknown to us, in which she is just. Now, admit but the bare possibility of such a hidden morality, and she would go out of court without the slightest stain on her character, so certain should we feel that indifference to morality was beneath her greatness.

"Far be it from my wish to distrust any comforting fantasy, if it can be barely tenable. But alas, no profound reflection can be needed to detect the sophistry in M. Maeterlinck's argument, and to see that the original difficulty recognized by thinkers like Schopenhauer, Hartmann, Haeckel, etc., and by most of the persons called pessimists, remains unsurmounted.

"Pain has been, and pain is: no new sort of morals in Nature can remove pain from the past and make it pleasure for those who are its infallible estimators, the bearers thereof. And no injustice, however slight, can be atoned for by her future generosity, however ample, so long as we consider Nature to be, or to stand for, unlimited power. The exoneration of an omnipotent Mother by her retrospective justice becomes an absurdity when we ask, what made the

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foregone injustice necessary to her Omnipotence?

"So you cannot, I fear, save her good name except by assuming one of two things: that she is blind and not a judge of her actions, or that she is an automaton, and unable to control them: in either of which assumptions, though you have the chivalrous satisfaction of screening one of her sex, you only throw responsibility a stage further back.

"But the story is not new. It is true, nevertheless, that, as M. Maeterlinck contends, to dwell too long amid such reflections does no good, and that to model our conduct on Nature's apparent conduct, as Nietzsche would have taught, can only bring disaster to humanity.

"Yours truly,

"Thomas Hardy."

"Max Gate, Dorchester.

In June Hardy was engaged in a correspondence in the pages of the Dorset County Chronicle on ~~Edmund's~~ Edmund Kean's connection with Dorchester, which town he visited as a player before he became famous, putting up with his wife and child at an inn called "The Little Jockey" on Glyde Path Hill (standing in Hardy's time). His child died whilst here, and was buried in Trinity Churchyard near at hand. The entry in the Register runs as follows:

"Burials in the Parish of Holy Trinity in Dorchester in the County of ~~Dorchester~~ Dorset in the year 1813:

"Name, Howard son of Edmund and Mary Kean. Abode, Residing at Glyde Path Hill in this Parish. When buried, Nov. 24. Age 4. By whom the Ceremony was performed, Henry John Richman."

Readers of the Life of Kean will remember the heaviness of heart with which he noted his experience at Dorchester on this occasion - that it was a very wet night, that there was a small audience, unless we are mistaken, that the play was "Coriolanus" (fancy playing "Coriolanus" at ~~Dir~~ Dorchester now!), that he performed his part badly. Yet he was standing on the very brink of fame, for it was on this very a occasion, ~~unless we are mistaken,~~ that the emissary from old Drury — Arnold the stage-manager — witnessed his performance, and decided that he was the man for the London boards.

In his letters to the paper under the pseudonym of "History" Hardy observed:

"Your correspondent 'Dorset' who proposes to 'turn the hose' upon the natural interest of Dorchester people in Edmund Kean, should, I think, first turn the hose upon his own uncharitableness. His contention amounts to this, that because one of

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the greatest, if not the very greatest, of English tragedians was not without blemish in his morals, no admiration is to be felt for his histrionic achievements or regard for the details of his life. So, then, Lord Nelson should have no place in our sentiment, nor Burns, nor Byron - not even Shakespeare himself - nor unhappily many another great man whose flesh has been weak. With amusing maladroitness your correspondent calls himself by the name of the county which has lately commemorated King Charles the Second - a worthy who seduced scores or men's wives to Kean's one.

"Kean was, in truth, a sorely tried man, and it is no wonder that he may have succumbed. The illegitimate child of a struggling actress, the vicissitudes and hardships of his youth and young manhood left him without moral ballast when the fire of his genius brought him success and adulation. The usual result followed, and owing to the publicity of his life it has been his misfortune ever since to have, like Cassius in 'Julius Caesar',

'All his faults observed,
'Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,'

by people who show the Christian feeling of your correspondent."

The following week Hardy sent a supplementary note:

"One word as to the building [in Dorchester] in which Kean performed in 1813. There is little doubt that it was in the old theatre yet existing [though not as such], stage and all, at the back of Messrs Godwin's china shop; and for these among other reasons. A new theatre in North Square [Qy. Back West Street?]

built by Curme - was opened in February 1838, while there are still dwellers in Dorchester who have heard persons speak of seeing plays in the older theatre about 1821 or 1822, Kean's visit having been only a few years earlier."

During the latter half of this year 1902 Hardy was working more or less on the First Part of "The Dynasts", which was interrupted in August and September by bicycle trips, and in October by a short stay in Bath, where the cycling was continued. On one of these occasions having reached Bristol by road, and suddenly entered on the watered streets, he came off into the mud with a side-slip, and was rubbed down by a kindly coal-heaver with one of his sacks. In this condition he caught sight of some rare old volume in a lumber-shop; and looking him up and down when he asked the price the woman who kept the shop said; "Well, sixpence won't hurt ye, I suppose?" He used to state that if he had proposed threepence he would doubtless have got the volume.

In January (1903) he and his wife were at the wedding of Miss Madeleine Stanley and the Hon. St.John Brodrick, afterwards the Earl of Midleton, at St. George's Hanover Square, and through May and June in London continuously.

To a correspondent who was preparing a Report on Capital Punishment for the Department of Economics, Stanford University, California, and who asked for the expression of his opinion on the advisability of abolishing it in highly civilized communities, he replied about this time:

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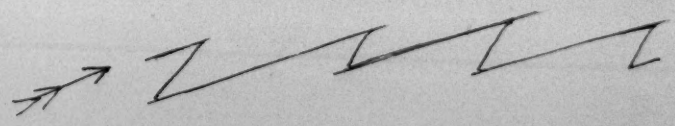
"As an acting magistrate I think that Capital Punishment operates as a deterrent from deliberate crimes against life to an extent that no other form of punishment can rival. But the question of the moral right of a community to inflict that punishment ~~can rival~~ is one I cannot enter into in this necessarily brief communication."

It may be observed that the writer describes himself as an "acting magistrate", yet he acted but little at sessions. He was not infrequently , however, on Grand Juries at the Assizes, where he would meet with capital offences.

Returning to the country in July he sat down to finish the First Part of "The Dynasts", the MS. of which was sent to the Messrs Macmillan at the end of September. He then corrected the proofs of "A Trampwoman's Tragedy." for the North American Review, in which pages it was published in November. When the ballad was read in England by the few good ~~critics~~ judges who met with it, they reproached Hardy with sending it out of the country for publication, not knowing that it was first offered to The Cornhill Magazine and declined by the editor on the ground of it not being a poem he could possibly print in a family periodical. That there was any impropriety in the verses had never struck ~~Hardy~~ the author at all, nor did it strike any readers, so far as he was aware.

In December he answered an inquiry addressed to him by the editor of L'Européen, an international journal published in Paris:

"I would say that I am not of opinion that France is in a decadent state. Her history seems to take the form of a serrated line, thus:



and a true judgment of her general tendency cannot be based on a momentary observation, but must extend over whole periods of e variation.

"What will sustain France as a nation is, I think, her unique accessibility to new ideas, and her ready power of emancipation from those which reveal themselves to be effete."

In the same month of December the first part of "The Dynasts" was published.

It was some time in this year that Hardy, in concurrence with his brother and sisters, erected in Stinsford Church a brass tablet to commemorate the connection of his father, grandfather, and uncle, with the musical services there in the early part of the previous century, the west gallery wherein their ministrations had covered altogether about forty years having been removed some sixty years before this date. The inscription on the brass runs as follows: –

> Memoriae · Sacrum · Thomae · Hardy · patris · Jacobi · et · Thomae
> filiorum · qui · olim · in · hac · Ecclesia · per · annos · quadraginta
> (MDCCCII – MDCCCXLI) · fidicinis · munere · sunt · perfuncti.
> Ponendum · curaverunt · Thomae · junioris · filii · et · filiae :
> Thomas : Henricus : Maria : Catherina · MDCCCCIII.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Part First of The Dynasts.

1904 - 1905. Aet. 63 - 65.

As "The Dynasts" contained ideas of some freshness, and was not a copy of something else, the course of a large number of critics was clear to them - not to consider it on its merits as a dramatic poem, but to save all trouble by treating it facetiously. This facetiousness was, to be sure, one form of censure, and presupposed the application of literary tests; though as a fact these were not applied as they should have been, primarily. The appraisement of the work was in truth, while nominally literary, at the core narrowly Philistine, and even theosophic. Its author had erroneously supposed that by writing a frank preface on his method - that the scheme of the drama was based on a tentative theory of things which seemed to accord with the mind of the age; but that whether such theory did or not so accord, and whether it were true or false, little affected his object, which was a poetical one wherein nothing more was necessary than that the theory should be plausible - a polemic handling of his book would be avoided. Briefly, that the

drama being ~~primarily~~ advanced not as a reasoned system of philosophy, nor as a new philosophy, but as a poem, with the discrepancies that are to be expected in an imaginative work, as such it would be read.

However, the latitude claimed was allowed but in few instances, and an invidious reception was pretty general, the substance of which was "On what grounds do you arrogate to yourself a right to express in poetry a philosophy which has never been expressed in poetry before?" This, of course, was not said directly, but veiled behind objections to other features of the production, in which the old game was played of describing the worst, and saying no word about the best. ⊕ [see on back]

Hardy replied to one of these criticisms in The Times Literary Supplement, (Times Lit. Sup. Feb 5 and Feb. 19, 1904), but did not make many private memoranda on the reviews. One memorandum is as follows:

"I suppose I have handicapped myself by expressing, both in this drama and previous verse, philosophies and feelings as yet not well-established or formally adopted into the general teaching; and by thus over-stepping the standard boundary set up for the thought of the age by the proctors of opinion, I have thrown back my chance of acceptance in poetry by many years. The very fact of my having tried to spread over art the latest illumination of the time has darkened counsel in respect of me." ⊗ [see on back]

His mind was however drawn away from the perils of attempting to express his age in poetry by a noticeable change in his mother's state of health. She was now in her 91st. year, and

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¶ Notwithstanding his hopes, he had had a suspicion that such might be the case, as we may gather from a note he had written:—

"The old theologies may or may not have worked for good in their time. But they will not bear stretching further in epic or dramatic art. The Greeks used up theirs: the Jews used up theirs; the Christians have used up theirs. So that one must make an independent plunge, embodying the real, if only temporary, thought of the age. But I expect that I shall catch it hot & strong for attempting it!"

※ ¶ "What the reviewers really assert is, not 'This is an untrue & unartistic view of life' but 'This is not the view of life that we people who thrive on conventions can permit to be painted.' – If, instead of the machinery I adopted, I had constructed a theory of a world directed by fairies, nobody would have objected, & the critics would probably have said, 'What a charming fancy of Mr Hardy's!' But having chosen a scheme which may or may not be a valid one, but is presumably much nearer reality than the fancy of a world ordered by fairies would be, they straightway lift their brows."

though she had long suffered from deafness was mentally as clear and alert as ever. She sank gradually, but it was not till two days before her death that she failed to comprehend his words to her. She died on Easter Sunday April 3rd, and was buried at Stinsford in the grave of her husband. She had been a woman with an extraordinary store of local memories reaching back to the days when the ancient ballads were everywhere heard at country feasts, in weaving shops, and at spinning-wheels; and her good taste in literature was expressed by the books she selected for her children in circumstances in which opportunities for selection were not numerous. The portraits ~~ea~~ of her which appeared in The Sphere, The Gentlewoman, The Book Monthly and other papers - the best being from a painting by her daughter Mary - show a face of dignity and judgment.

A month earlier he had sent a reply to the Revd. S. Whittell Key, who had inquired of him concerning "sport":

'I am not sufficiently acquainted with the many varieties of sport to pronounce which is, quantitatively, the most cruel.

'I can only say generally that the prevalence of those sports which consist in the pleasure of watching a fellow-creature, weaker or less favoured than ourselves, in its struggles by nature's poor resources only to escape the death-agony we mean to inflict by the treacherous contrivances of science, seems one of the many convincing proofs that we have not yet emerged from barbarism.

'In the present state of affairs there would appear to be no logical reason why the smaller children, say, of overcrowded families, should not be used for sporting purposes. Darwin has revealed that There would be no

difference in principle; moreover, these children would often escape lives intrinsically less happy than those of wild birds and other animals."

During May he was in London reading at the British Museum on various days - probably historic details that bore up on "The Dynasts" - and went to Sunday concerts at the Queen's Hall, and to afternoon services at St. Paul's whenever he happened to be near the Cathedral, a custom of his covering many years before and after. The only large party they attended this summer seems to have been at Stafford House, St. James's; but at teas on the Terrace of the House of ~~Commons~~ Lords and at small parties at Lady Londonderry's, Lady Windsor's, & Mrs Macmillan's, they renewed acquaintance with other friends.

On June 27 The Times published the following letter:

"Sir: I should like to be allowed space to express in the fewest words a view of Count Tolstoy's philosophic sermon on war, of which you print a translation in your impression of to-day, and a comment in your leading article.

"The sermon may show many of the extravagances of detail to which the world has grown accustomed in Count Tolstoy's later writings. It may exhibit, here and there, incoherence as a moral system. Many people may object to the second half of the dissertation - its special application to Russia in the present war (on which I can say nothing). Others may be unable to see advantage in the writer's use of theological terms for describing and illustrating the moral evolutions of past ages. But surely all these objectors should be hushed by his great argument, and every

defect in his particular reasonings hidden by the blaze of glory that shines from his masterly general indictment of war as a modern principle, with all its senseless and illogical crimes.

"Your obedient servant

"Thomas Hardy."

Again in the country in August, Hardy resumed his cycling tours, meeting by accident Mr William Watson, Mr Francis Coutts (Lord Latimer), and Mr John Lane at Glastonbury, and spending a romantic day or two there among the ruins.

In October Hardy learnt by letter from Madras of the death of Mrs Malcolm Nicolson - the gifted and impassioned poetess known as "Laurence Hope", whom he had met in London; and he wrote a brief obituary notice of her in the Athenaeum at the end of the month. But beyond this, and the aforesaid newspaper-letters, he appears to have printed very little during ~~this~~ the year. ~~1904~~ A German translation of "Life's Little Ironies" was published in Aus Fremden Zungen, in Berlin, and a French translation of "The Well-Beloved" undertaken.

His memoranda get more and more meagre as the years go on, until we are almost entirely dependent on letter-references, ~~and~~ reviews, and casual remarks of his taken down by the present writer. It is a curious reversal of what is usually found in lives, where notes and diaries grow more elaborate with maturity of years. But it accords with Hardy's frequent saying that he took little interest in himself as a person, and his absolute refusal at all times to write his reminiscences.

In January (1905) he served as Grand Juror at the winter Assizes, and in the latter part of the month met Dr Shipley, Mr

Asquith, Lord Monteagle, Sir Edgar Vincent and others at a dinner at the National Club given by Mr Gosse. At this time he was much interested in the paintings of Zurbaran, which he preferred to all others of the old Spanish School, venturing to think that they might some day be held in higher estimation than those of Velasquez, which were just then so much lauded.

About this time the romantic poem entitled "A noble Lady's Tale" was printed in the Cornhill Magazine.

The first week in April Hardy left Dorchester for London en route for Aberdeen, the ancient University of which city had offered him the honorary degree of LL.D. and in accepting which he remarked:

"I am impressed by its coming from Aberdeen, for though a stranger to that part of Scotland to a culpable extent I have always observed with admiration the exceptional characteristics of the Northern University, which in its fostering encouragement of mental effort seems to cast an eye over these islands that is unprejudiced, unbiassed and unsleeping."

It was a distance of near 700 miles by the route he would have to take — almost as far as to the Pyrenees — over the northern stage of which winter still lingered, but his journey there and back was an easy one, the section from Euston Square to the north being performed in a train of sleeping-cars which crunched through the snow as if it were January, the occasion coinciding with the opening of the new sculpture-gallery, a function that brought many visitors from London. Hardy was hospitably entertained at the Chanonry Lodge, Old Aberdeen, by Principal and Mrs Marshall Lang, which was the beginning of a friendship that

lasted till the death of the former. Among others who received the like honour at the same time were Professor Bury and Lord Reay.

In the evening there was a reception in the Mitchell Hall, Marischal College, made lively by Scotch Reels and bag-pipe~~r~~s; and the next day, after attending at the formal opening of the sculpture-gallery, he was a guest at the Corporation Dinner at ~~th~~ The Town Hall, where friends were warm, but draughts were ~~xx~~ keen, to one from a southern county, and speeches, though good, so long, that he and the Principal did not get back to Chanonry Lodge till one o'clock.

On Sunday morning Hardy visited spots in and about Aberdeen associated with Byron and others, and lunched at the Grand Hotel by the invitation of Mr (afterwards Sir) James Murray, dining at the same place with the same host, crossing hands in Auld Lang Syne with delightful people whom he had never seen before and, alas, never saw again. This was the "hearty way" (as it would be called in Wessex) in which they did things in the snowy north. To Hardy the whole episode of Aberdeen, he said, was of a most pleasant and unexpected kind, and it remained with him like a romantic dream.

Passing through London on his way south he breakfasted at the Athenaeum, where he was shocked to learn of the death of his friend Lord St. Helier (Sir Francis Jeune) who had been ailing more or less since the loss of his only son in the previous August, and whose sister was Mrs Hardy's aunt by marriage. Hardy on his way down to Dorset was led to think of the humorous stories connected with the Divorce Court that the genial judge sometimes had told him when they were walking in the woods of Arlington Manor in the

summer holidays; among them the tale of that worthy couple who wished to be divorced but disliked the idea of such an unpleasant person as a co-respondent being concerned in it, and so hit upon the pàan of doing without him. The husband, saying he was going to Liverpool for a day or two, got a private detective to watch his house; but, instead of leaving, stayed in London, and at the dead of night went to his own house in disguise, and gave a signal. His wife came down in her dressing-gown and let him in softly, letting him out again before it was light. When the husband enquired of the detective he was informed that there was ample evidence; and the divorce was duly obtained.

Hardy could not remember whether it was a story of the same couple or of another, in which Sir Francis had related that being divorced they grew very fond of each other, the former wife becoming the husband's mistress, and living happily with him ever after.

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As they had taken a flat at Hyde Park Mansions for this spring and summer Hardy did not stay long in Dorset, and they entered the flat the week before Easter. During April he followed up Tchaikowsky at the Queen's Hall Concerts, saying of the impetuous march-piece in the last part of the Pathetic Symphony that it was the only music he knew that was able to make him feel exactly as if he were in a battle.

"May 5. -- To the Lord Mayor's farewell banquet to Mr. Choate at the Mansion House. Thought of the continuity of the institution, and the teeming history of the spot. A graceful speech by Arthur Balfour: a less graceful but more humorous one

by Mr Choate. Spoke to many whom I know. Sat between Dr Butler, Master of Trinity, and Sir J. Ramsay. Came home with Sir F. Pollock."

"May 6. On opening the Times this morning we found that Emma's uncle [Dr. E.H.Gifford, sometime Archdeacon of London, Hon. Canon of Worcester], who married us 30 years ago, died yesterday under an operation." It was just a month after the death of his brother-in-law Lord St. Helier related above, and the two events threw a shadow over the Hardys' London sojourn this year.

"May 10. ~~14~~ Lunched at the House of Lords with Gosse. Dined with the Omar Khayyam Club and met Lord Windsor, S. Solomons, Aston Webb, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Brampton Gurdon, &c."

This month he was seeing Ben Johson's play, "The Silent Woman", Shaw's "John Bull's other Island", and "Man and Superman", and went to the Royal Society's Conversazione; though for some days confined to the house by a sore throat and cough. At a lunch given by Sidney Lee at the Garrick in June he talked about Shakespeare with Sir Henry Irving, ~~was~~ and was re-confirmed in his opinion that actors never see a play as a whole and in true perspective, but in a false perspective from the shifting point of their own part in it, Sir Henry having shied at Hardy's suggestion that he should take the part of Jacques.

In this ~~month~~ June, too, he paid a promised visit to Swinburne, and had a long talk with him; also with Mr Watts-Dunton.- "Swinburne's grey eyes are extraordinarily bright still - the brightness of stars that do not twinkle - planets namely. In spite of the nervous twitching of his feet he looked remarkably boyish and well, and rather impish. He told me he could walk twenty

twenty miles a day, and was only an old man in his hearing, his sight being as good as ever. He spoke with amusement of a paragraph he had seen in a Scotch paper: "Swinburne planteth, Hardy watereth, and Satan giveth the increase." He has had no honours offered him. Said that when he was nearly drowned his thought was, " My 'Bothwell' will never be finished!" That the secret reason for Lady Byron's dismissal of Lord Byron was undoubtedly his liaison with Augusta. His (Swinburne's) mother [Lady Jane, née Ashburnham] used to say that it was the talk of London at the time. That the last time he visited his friend Landor the latter said plaintively that as he wrote only in a dead language (Latin), and a dying language (English), he would soon be forgotten. Talking of poets he said that once Mrs Procter told him that Leigh Hunt on a visit to her father one day brought an unknown youth in his train and introduced him casually as Mr John Keats. (I think, by the way, that she also told me of the incident.) [We laughed & condoled with each other on having been the two most abused of living writers—he for 'Poems & Ballads' & I for 'Jude the Obscure'."

Later on in June he went to Mr Walter Tyndale's Exhibition of Wessex pictures, some of which Hardy had suggested, and during the remainder of their stay in London they did little more than entertain a few friends at Hyde Park Mansions, and dine and lunch with others.

"June 26. 1905. To the Hon. Sec. of the Shakespeare Memorial Committee:

"I fear that I shall have to leave town before the meeting of the Committee takes place.

"All I would say on the form of the Memorial is that one which embodies the calling of an important street or square

after Shakespeare would seem to be as effectual a means as any of keeping his name on the tongues of citizens, and his personality in their minds."

In July they went back to Dorset. Here, in the same month, a Nelson-and-Hardy exhibition was opened in Dorchester, the relics shown being mainly those of the Captain of the Victory, who had been born and lived near, & belonged to a branch of the Dorset Hardys, of whom the subject of this memoir belonged to another.

On September 1. Hardy received a visit from 200 members of the Institute of Journalists at their own suggestion, as they had arranged a driving tour through his part of the country. There was an understanding that no interviews should be printed, and to this they honourably adhered. Their idea had been a call on him only, but they were entertained at tea, for which purpose a tent 150 feet long had to be erected on Max Gate lawn. "The interior with the sun shining through formed a pretty scene when they were sitting down at the little tables," Mrs Hardy remarks in a diary. "They all drove off in four-in-hand brakes and other vehicles to Bockhampton, Puddletown, Bere Regis and Wool". After they had gone it came on to rain, and Hardy returning from Dorchester at 10 o'clock met the vehicles coming back in a procession, empty; "the horses tired and steaming after their journey of 30 miles, and their coats and harness shining with rain and perspiration in the light of the lamps."

In pursuance of the above allusion to interviewing it may be stated that there are interviewers and interviewers. It once happened that an interviewer came specially from London to Hardy to get his opinions for The Daily Mail. Hardy said positively

that he would not be interviewed on any subject. "Very well", ~~ea~~ said the interviewer, "Then back I go, my day and my expenses all wasted." Hardy felt sorry, his visitor seeming to be a gentlemanly and educated man, and said he did not see why he should hurry off, if he would give his word not to write anything. This was promised, and the interviewer stayed, and had lunch, and a pleasant couple of hours conversation on all sorts of subjects that would have suited him admirably. Yet he honourably kept his promise, and not a word of his visit appeared anywhere ~~e~~ in the pages of the paper.

In the middle of this month the 150th. anniversary of the birth of the poet Crabbe at Aldeburgh in ~~Sug~~ Suffolk was celebrated in that town, and Hardy accepted the invitation of Mr Edward Clodd to be present. There were some very good tableaux vivants of scenes from the poems exhibited in the Jubilee Hall, some good lectures on the poet, and a sermon also in the parish church on his life and work, all of which Hardy attended, honouring Crabbe as an apostle of realism who practised it in English literature three-quarters of a century before the French realistic school had been heard of.

Returning to Max Gate he finished the second part of "The Dynasts" - that second part which the New York Tribune and other papers had been positive would never be heard of, so ridiculous was the first - and sent off the MS . to the Messrs Macmillan in the middle of October.

"First week in November. _ The order in which the leaves

fall this year is: Chestnuts; Sycamores; Limes; Hornbeams; Elm; Birch; Beech."

A letter written November 5th. of this year:

"All I know about my family history is that it is indubitably one of the several branches of the Dorset Hardys - having been hereabouts for centuries. But when or how it was connected with the branch to which Nelson's Hardy's people belonged - who have also been hereabouts for centuries - I cannot positively say. The branches are always asserted locally to be connected, and no doubt are, and there is a strong family likeness. I have never investigated the matter, though my great-uncle knew the ramifications. The Admiral left no descendants in the male line, as you may know.

As to your interesting remarks on honours for men of letters, I have always thought that any writer who has expressed unpalatable or possibly subversive views on society, religious dogma, current morals, and any other features of the existing order of things, and who wishes to be free and to express more if they occur to him, must feel hampered by accepting honours from any government, - which are different from academic honours offered for past attainments merely."

To Mr Israel Zangwill on November 10:

"It would be altogether presumptious in me - so entirely outside Jewish life - to express any positive opinion on the scheme embodied in the pamphlet you send to me. I can only say a word or two of the nature of a fancy. To found an autonomous Jewish state or Colony, under British suzeranity or not, wears the look of a good practical idea, and it is possibly all the

better for having no retrospective sentiment about it. But I cannot help saying that this retrospective sentiment among Jews is precisely the one I can best enter into.

"So that if I were a Jew I should be a rabid Zionist no doubt. I feel that the idea of ultimately getting to Palestine is the particular idea to make the imaginative among your people enthusiastic - 'like unto them that dream' - as one of you said in a lyric which is among the finest in any tongue, to judge from its power in a translation. You, I suppose, read it in the original; I wish I could. (This is a digression.)

"The only plan that seems to me to reconcile the traditional feeling with the practical is that of regarding the proposed Jewish state on virgin soil as a stepping-stone to Palestine. A Jewish colony united and strong and grown wealthy in, say, East Africa, could make a bid for Palestine (as a sort of annexe) - say 100 years hence - with far greater effect than the race as scattered all over the globe can ever do; and who knows if by that time altruism may not have made such progress that the then ruler or rulers of Palestine, whoever they may be, may even hand it over to the expectant race, and gladly assist them, or part of them, to establish themselves there.

"This expectation, nursed throughout the formation and development of the new territory, would at any rate be serviceable as an ultimate ideal to stimulate action. With such an idea lying behind the immediate one, perhaps the Zionists would reunite and co-operate with the New Territorialists.

"I have written, as I said, only a fancy. But, as I think you know, nobody outside Jewry can take a deeper interest than I do in a people of such extraordinary character and history; who brought forth, moreover, a young reformer who, though only in the humblest walk of life, became the most famous personage the world has ever known."

At the end of 1905 a letter reached him from a correspondent in the ~~Philli~~ Philippine Islands telling him that to its writer he was "like some terrible old prophet crying in the wilderness".

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Remainder of The Dynasts.

1906 - 1908. Aet. 65-67.

"The Dynasts", Part II., was not published till the first week in February, 1906 and its reception by the reviewers was much more congratulatory than their reception of the First Part, an American critical paper going so far as to say, "Who knows that this work may not turn out to be a masterpiece?" Hardy makes no remark, however, upon its reception, unless the following may be considered one:-

"Critics.- The business of <u>knowing</u> is mostly carried on in the papers by those who don't know - and for the matter of that, everywhere."

This year they re-occupied the flat in Hyde Park Mansions that had been let to them by Lady Thompson the year before, and paid the customary visits to Private Views, Concerts, and plays that are usually paid to such by people full of vigour from the country. Of the Wagner concerts he says:

"I prefer late Wagner, as I prefer late Turner, to early, (which I suppose is all wrong in taste), the idiosyncrasies of each master being more strongly shown in ~~such~~ these strains. When a man not

contented with the grounds of his success goes on and on, and tries to achieve the impossible, then he gets profoundly interesting to me. Today it was early Wagner for the most part: fine music, but not so particularly his - no spectacle of the inside of a brain at work like the inside of a hive."

An attack of influenza, which he usually got while sojourning in London, passed off, and they entertained many friends at the flat as usual, [on back] and went out to various meetings and dinners, though he does not write them down in detail as when he thought he must. They included ~~including~~ one at Vernon Lushington's, where Hardy was interested in the portrait of his host's father, the Lushington of the Lady Byron mystery, who kept his secret honourably; also a luncheon in a historic room weighted with its antiquity, the dining-room of the Arch-Deaconry of Westminster, with Dr Wilberforce. It was this year that Hardy met Dr Grieg ~~th~~ the composer and his wife, and when, discussing Wagner music, he said to Grieg that the wind and rain through trees, iron railings, ~~&c.~~ and keyholes, fairly suggested Wagner music; to which the rival composer responded severely that he himself would sooner have the wind and rain.

On the 21st.May the following letter, in which Hardy gives a glimpse of himself as a young man in London, appeared in <u>The Times</u>:

"Sir, - This being the 100th anniversary of J.Stuart Mill's birth, and as writers like Carlyle, Leslie Stephen, and others have held that anything, however imperfect, which affords an idea of a human personage in his actual form and flesh, is of value in

※—among them, according to Mrs Hardy's diary, being Lady Queensberry, Count and Countess Lützow, Mr and Mrs Crackanthorpe, Lady Burghclere, Mr Ower Wister, Lady Grove, M. and Mme. Jacques Blanche, Miss Tobin of San Francisco, and others whom they were accustomed to see at these times—

respect of him, the few following words on how one of the profoundest thinkers of the last century appeared 40 years ago to the man in the street may be worth recording as a ~~fot~~ footnote to Mr Morley's admirable estimate of Mill's life and philosophy in your impression of Friday.

"It was a day in 1865, about 3 in the afternoon, during Mill's candidature for Westminster. The hustings had been erected in Covent-garden, near the front of St. Paul's Church; and when I - a young man living in London - drew near ~~the~~ to the spot, Mill was speaking. The appearance of the author of the treatise "On Liberty" (which we students of that date knew almost by heart) was so different from the look of persons who usually address crowds in the open air that it held the attention of people for whom such a gathering in itself had little interest. Yet it was, primarily, that of a man out of place. The religious sincerity of his speech was jarred on by his environment - a group on the hustings who, with few exceptions, did not care to understand him fully, and a crowd below who could not. He stood bareheaded, and his vast pale brow, so thin-skinned as to show the blue veins, sloped back like a stretching upland, and conveyed to the observer a curious sense of perilous exposure. The picture of him as personified earnestness surrounded for the most part by careless curiosity derived an added piquancy - if it can be called such - from the fact that the cameo clearness of his face chanced to be in relief against the blue shadow of a church which, on its transcendental side, his doctrines antagonized. But it would not be right to say that the throng was absolutely ~~unin-~~

unimpressed by his words; it felt that they were weighty, though it did not quite know why. Your obedient servant, Thomas Hardy.

"Hyde Park Mansions, May 30."

The same month Mrs Hardy makes the following note: "May 30. Returned to Max Gate for a day or two. I gardened a little, and had the first strange fainting-fit [I had known]. My heart seemed to stop; I fell, and after a while ~~the~~ a servant came to me."
(Mrs Hardy died of heart-failure six years after.)

During this summer in London M.Jaques Blanche the well-known French painter, who had a studio in Knightsbridge, painted Hardy's portrait in oils. And a paper called "Memories of Church Restoration", which he had written, was read in his enforced absence by Colonel Eustace Balfour at the annual meeting of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

At the end of the lecture great satisfaction was expressed by speakers that Hardy had laid special emphasis on the value of the human associations of ancient buildings, for instance, the pews of churches, since they were generally slighted in paying regard to artistic and architectural points only.

As the June month drew on Hardy seems to have been at the British Museum Library verifying some remaining details for the Dynasts, incidentally going to see the Daily Telegraph printed, and to meet a group of German editors on a visit to England. He returned with his wife to Dorset towards the latter part of July.

At the end of July he wrote to Pittsburgh, U.S.A. -

"The handsome invitation of the Trustees of the Pittsburgh Institute that I should attend the dedication with wife or

daughter, free of expense to us from the time we leave home till we return again, is a highly honouring and tempting one. But I am compelled to think of many ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ contingent matters that would stand in the way of my paying such a visit, and have concluded that I cannot undertake it.

"Please convey my thanks to Mr Carnegie and the trustees."

whiteline

"August 15. Have just read of the death of Mrs Craigie in the papers.....Her description of the artistic temperament is ~~good~~ clever; as being that which 'thinks more than there is to think, feels more than there is to feel, sees more than there is to see'. It reveals a bitterness of heart that was not shown on the surface by that brilliant woman."

On August 17 he started on a tour to some English Cathedrals with his brother, which included Lincoln, Ely, the Cambridge Colleges, and Canterbury; and finished out the summer with bicycling in Dorset and Somerset. He must have been working at the third part of "The Dynasts" at intervals this year, though there is apparently no record of his doing so.

1907.

The poem entitled "New Year's Eve", written in 1906, was issued in the January number of The Fortnightly Review, 1907, (afterwards reprinted in the volume called "Time's Laughingstocks"). Some time in the same month he made the following notes on kindred subjects:-

"An ephemeral article which might be written:

'The Hard Case of the Would-be-Religious.'

'By Sinceritas.'

"Synopsis. - Many millions of the most thoughtful people in England are prevented entering any church or chapel from year's end to year's end.

"The days of creeds are as dead and done with as the days of Pterodactyls.

"Required: services at which there are no affirmations and no supplications.

"Rationalists err as far in one direction as Revelationists or Mystics in the other; as far in the direction of logicality as their opponents away from it.

"'Religions', 'religion', is to be used in the article in its modern sense entirely, as being expressive of nobler feelings towards humanity and emotional goodness and greatness, the old meaning of the word ceremony, or ritual having perished or nearly.

"We enter church, and we have to say, 'We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep,' when what we want to say is, 'Why are we made to err and stray like lost sheep?' Then we have to sing, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord,' when what we want to sing is, 'O that my soul could find some Lord that it could magnify! Till it can, let us magnify good works, and develop all means of easing mortals' progress through a world not worthy of them.'

"Still, being present, we say the established words full of the historic sentiment only, mentally adding, 'How happy our ancestors were in repeating in all sincerity these articles of

faith!' But we ~~sense~~ perceive that none of the congregation recognizes that we repeat the words from an antiquarian interest in them, and in a historic sense, ~~and~~ solely in order to keep a church of some sort afoot - a thing indispensable; so that we are pretending what is not true; that we are believers. This must not be; we must leave. And if we do, we reluctantly go to the door, and creep out as it creaks complainingly behind us." ※ [see on back]

"February 8th. - E. goes to London to walk in the suffragist procession tomorrow."

In March occurred the death of a friend - the Revd.T.Perkins, rector of Turnworth, Dorset - with whom Hardy was in sympathy for his humane and disinterested views, and staunch support of the principle of justice for animals, in whose cause he made noble ~~annotation~~ sacrifices, and spent time and money that he could ill afford. On the 29th. of the month Hardy enters a memorandum;

"Eve of Good Friday. 11.30 p.m. Finished draft of Part III of 'The Dynasts'." He had probably been so far embittered by the supercilious reception of the First Part, and the doubtful reception of the second Part, as not to expect the change of view which was about to give to the Third Part and the whole production a warm verdict of success, or he would not have followed the entry by the addendum:

"Critics can never be made to ~~see~~ understand that the failure may be greater than the success. It is their particular duty to point this out; but the public points it out to them. To have strength to roll a stone weighing a hundredweight to the top of

X. Hardy, however, was not a controversialist in religion or anything else, and it should be added here that he sometimes took a more nebulous view, that may be called transmutative, as in a passage that he wrote some time later:-

"Christianity nowadays as expounded by Christian apologists has an entirely different meaning from that which it bore when I was a boy. If I understand, it now limits itself to the religion of emotional morality and altruism that was taught by Jesus Christ, or nearly so limits itself. But this teaching does not appertain especially to Christianity: other moral religions within whose sphere the name of Christ has never been heard, teach the same thing. Perhaps this is a mere question of terminology, and does not much matter. That the dogmatic superstitions read every Sunday are merely a commemorative recitation of old articles of faith held by our grandfathers, may not much matter either, as long as this is well understood. Still, it would be more honest to make these points clearer by re-casting the Liturgy, for their real meaning is often misapprehended. But there seems to be no sign of such a clearing up, and I fear that since the "Apology" [in "Late Lyrics"], in which I expressed as much some years ago, no advance whatever has been shown: rather indeed a childish back-current towards a belief in magic rites."

1.

the Mount is a success, and to have the strength to roll a stone of ten hundredweight only half-way up that mount, is a failure. But the latter is two or three times as strong a deed."

They again took the flat in Hyde Park Mansions for the spring and summer, and moved thither the third week in April, whence they made their usual descent on friends and acquaintances, picture-galleries, and concert-rooms. It was this year that they met Mr and Mrs Bernard Shaw - it is believed for the first time. They also received at the flat their customary old friends, including Mr and Mrs J.M.Barrie. Lady Stracey and daughters, Colonel and Mrs Mount-Batten, Sir Walter and Lady Grove, M. and Madame Jacques Blanche, Mrs Saxton Noble, and many others.

In May he was present at an informal but most interesting dinner at the house of his friend Dr Hagberg Wright, where he met M. and Mme. Maxim Gorky, Mr H.G. Wells, Mr Bernard Shaw, Mr Conrad, Mr Richard Whiteing, and others. A disconcerting but amusing accident was the difficulty of finding Mr Wright's flat, on account of which the guests arrived at intervals, and had their dinners in succession, the Gorkys coming last after driving two hours about London, including the purlieus of Whitechapel, which he had mistaken for 'Westminster.' Naturally it was a late hour when the party broke up.

June 2. Hardy's birthday, which he kept by dining at Lady St.Helier's.

"Hyde Park Mansions.

"June 2nd. 1907.

"To Edward Wright Esq.

"Dear Sir:

"Your interesting letter on the philosophy of 'The Dynasts' has reached me here. I will try to answer some of your inquiries.

"I quite agree with you in holding that the word 'Will' does not perfectly fit the idea to be conveyed - a vague thrusting or urging internal force in no predetermined direction. But it has become accepted in philosophy for want of a better, and is hardly likely to be supplanted by another, unless a highly appropriate one could be found, which I doubt. The word that you suggest - Impulse - seems to me to imply a driving power behind it; also a spasmodic movement unlike that of, say, the tendency of an ape to become a man and other such processes.

"In a dramatic epic - which I may perhaps assume ~~call~~ 'The Dynasts' to be - some philosophy of life was necessary, and I went on using that which I had denoted ~~shadowed out~~ in my previous volumes of verse (and to some extent prose) as being a generalized form of what the thinking world had gradually come to adopt, myself included. That the Unconscious Will of the Universe is growing aware of Itself I believe I may claim as my own idea solely - at which I arrived by reflecting that what we has already taken place in a fraction of the whole (i.e. so much of the world as has become conscious) is likely to take place in the mass; - and there being no Will out-

outside the mass - that is, the Universe - the whole Will becomes conscious thereby: and ultimately, it is to be hoped, sympathetic.

"I believe too, that the Prime Cause, this Will, has never before been called 'It,' in any poetical literature, English or foreign.

"This theory, too, seems to me to settle the question of Free-will v. Necessity. The will of a man is, according to it, neither wholly free nor wholly unfree. When swayed by the Universal Will (~~as~~ which he mostly must be as a subservient part of it) he is not individually free; but whenever it happens that all the rest of the Great Will is in equilibrium the minute portion called one person's will is free, just as a performer's fingers are free to go on playing the pianoforte of themselves when he talks or thinks of something else and the head does not rule them.

"In the first edition of a drama of the extent of 'The Dynasts' there may be, of course, accidental discrepancies and oversights which seem not quite to harmonize with these principles; but I hope they are not many.

"The third part will probably not be ready till the end of this or the beginning of next year; so that I have no proofs as yet. I do not think, however, that they would help you much in your proposed article. The First and Second Parts already published, and some of the Poems in "Poems of the Past and the Present" exhibit fairly enough the whole philosophy."

[white line]

On the 22nd. of June they were guests at King Edward's

¶ Concerning Hardy's remark in this letter on the Unconscious Will being an idea already current, though that its growing aware of Itself might be newer, & that there might be discrepancies in the Spirits' philosophy, it may be stated that he had felt such questions of priority & discrepancy to be immaterial where the work was offered as a poem & not as a system of thought.

Garden-Party at Windsor Castle, and a few days later at Mr Reginald Smith's met Sir Theodore Martin, then nearly 91, Hardy remembering when as a young man he had frequented the pit of Drury Lane to see Lady Martin - then Miss Helen Faucit - in Shakespeare characters. His term at Hyde-Park Mansions came to an end in the latter part of July, and they returned to Max Gate, though Hardy attended as the guest of Dr Macdonald a dinner a week later given by the Medico-Psychological Society, where he had scientific discussions with Sir James Crichton Browne and Sir Clifford Allbutt, and where one of the speakers interested Hardy by saying that all great things were done by men 'who were not at ease.'

To a Japanese correspondent.

"Mr K. Minoura, Vice-President, House of Representatives,
Tokio.

"August 13. 1907.

"Dear Sir:

"I am unable to express well-defined opinions on Japan and her people. I can only express a hope, which is that your nation may not become absorbed in material ambitions masked by threadbare conventions, like the European nations and America, but that it may develop to an enlightened spiritu~~al~~ality that shall become a shining example."

That autumn Sir Frederick and Lady Treves took a house near Max Gate, and Hardy frequently discussed with the Serjeant-surgeon

a question ~~that~~ which had drawn their attention for a long time, both being Dorset men; that of the "poor whites" in Barbadoes — where a connection of Hardy's had been a judge; — a degenerate decadent race, descendants of the Dorset and Somerset "rebels" who were banished there by Judge Jeffries, and one of whom had been a collateral ancestor of Hardy's on the maternal side.

He was now reaching a time of life when shadows were continually falling. His friend Pretor, Fellow of St.Catherine's College, Cambridge, wrote to tell him he was dying, and asked him for an epitaph. Hardy thought of an old one:

> "If a madness 'tis to weepe
> For a man that's fall'n asleepe,
> How much more for that we call
> Death - the sweetest sleepe of all!"

They still kept up a little bicycling this autumn, but he did some writing, finishing the Third Part of "The Dynasts" in September, and posting the MS. to the publishers shortly after.

In November he sent to the Dorsetshire Regiment in India, by request, an old tune of his grandfather's called "The Dorchester Hornpipe", for the fifes-and-drums, as a marching tune with the required local affinity, which he himself had fiddled at dances as a boy. He wound up the year by sending to the Wessex Society of Manchester, also at their request, a motto for the Society:

> "While new tongues call, and novel scenes unfold,
> Meet may it be to bear in mind the old....
> Vain dreams, indeed, are thoughts of heretofore;
> What then? Your instant lives are nothing more."

About the same time he forwarded "A Sunday Morning Tragedy"

to The English Review as wished, where it appeared shortly after; and also in fulfilment of a promise, sent the following old-fashioned psalm-tunes associated with Dorsetshire to the Society of Dorset Men in London, of which he was President elect for the ensuing year:

Frome: Wareham: Blandford: New Poole: Bridport: Lulworth: Rockborne: Mercy: Bridehead: Charmouth.

The concluding part of "The Dynasts" was published about six weeks later and was the cause of his receiving many enthusiastic letters from friends and strangers, among which the following from the far West of Australia may be given as a specimen:

"My thanks for your tremendous new statement in "The Dynasts" of the world-old problem of Freewill versus Necessity. You have carried me on to the mountain with Jesus of Nazareth, and, viewing with him the great conflict below, one chooses with him to side with the Spirit of the Pities, in the belief that they will ultimately triumph; and even if they do not we at least will do our little to add to the joy rather then to the woe of the world.....The Spirit of the Pities is indeed young in comparison with The Years, and so we must be patient.....Your conception of the Immanent Will - irresponsible, blind, but possibly growing into self-consciousness, was of great significance to me, from my knowledge of Dr Bucke's theory of the Cosmic Consciousness."

(white line)

In connection with this subject it may be here recalled in answer to writers who now and later were fond of charging Hardy with postulating a malignant and fiendish God, that he never held any views of the sort, merely surmising an indifferent and unconscious force at the back of things, "that neither good nor evil knows." His view is shown, in fact, to approximate to Spinoza's, and later Einstein's — that neither chance nor purpose govern's the universe, but necessity.

End of Part VI.

PART VII.

"Time's Laughingstocks" "Satires of Circumstance", and Moments of Vision.

Chapter XXIX.

Deaths of Swinburne and Meredith.

1908 - 1909. Aet. 67 - 69.

In March he finished preparing a book of selections from the poems of William Barnes, for the Clarendon Press, Oxford, with a critical preface and glossary.

In April Lady St Helier and a party motored from beyond Newbury to Max Gate and back, arriving within five minutes of the time specified, although the distance each way was 75 miles. It was considered a good performance in those days. At the end of the month he dined at the Royal Academy, but was in Dorchester at a performance by the local Dramatic Society of some scenes from "The Dynasts" - the first attempt to put on the stage a dramatic epic that was not intended for staging at all. X [See on back]

White line

The following letter to Mr Robert Donald in May explains itself:

"If I felt at all strongly, or indeed weakly, on the desirability of a memorial to Shakespeare in the shape of a theatre, I would join the Committee. But I do not think that Shakespeare appertains particularly to the theatrical world nowadays, if ever he did. His distinction as a minister to the theatre is infinitesimal

⁂ In May he sent his Presidential Address to the Society of Dorset Men in London, to be read by the Secretary, as he was always a victim to influenza & throat trouble if he read or spoke in London himself, & afterwards on request sent the original manascript. (By the way, the address never was read, so he might have saved himself the trouble of writing it. What became of the Manuscript is unknown.)

beside his distinction as a poet, man of letters, and seer of life, and that his expression of himself was cast in the form of words for actors and not in the form of books to be read was an accident of his social circumstances that he himself despised. I would, besides, hazard the guess that he, of all poets of high rank whose works have taken a stage direction, will some day cease altogether to be acted, and be simply studied.

"I therefore do not see the good of a memorial theatre, or for that matter any other material monument to him, and prefer not to join the Committee.

"Nevertheless I sincerely thank you for letting me know how the movement is progressing, and for your appreciative thought that my joining the promoters would be an advantage."

Hardy ~~He~~ afterwards modified the latter part of the above opinion in favour of a colossal statue in some public place.

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In July Hardy was again in London with Mrs Hardy, and was present at the unveiling by Lord Curzon of the memorial to his friend "John

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where he had the pleasure of hearing his writings cried down by a speaker, nobody knowing him to be present.

Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs Craigie) at University College, During some of these days he sat to Sir Hubert Herkomer for his portrait, kindly presented to him by the painter. He went on to Cambridge to the Milton Celebration, where at the house of his friend Sir Clifford Allbutt he met Mr Robert Bridges the poet-laureate for the first ~~and last~~ time, and made the acquaintance of Dr Peile the Master of Christ's College, Sir James ("Dictionary") Murray, and others. "Comus" was ~~pla~~ played at the theatre, in which performance young Rupert Brooke appeared as the attendant Spirit, but Hardy did not speak to him, to his after-regret.

This month he lunched at the House of Commons with Sir Benjamin Stone, renewing acquaintance with Arthur Balfour, T.P.O'Connor, Sir E. Poynter, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, and the Japanese Ambassador, afterwards going over Westminster School with Dr Gow.

The remainder of the month was spent in Dorset, where he took his wife as usual to local garden-parties, at one of which he met for the last time his friend Bosworth Smith, the long House-master at Harrow, who told him he was soon to undergo a severe surgical operation - under which operation he sank and died three months after. This was the fourth of his friends and relations that had sunk under the surgeon's knife in four years - leaving a blank that nothing could fill.

" August 18. The Poet takes note of nothing that he cannot feel emotively.

"If all hearts were open and all desires known - as they would be if people showed their souls - how many gapings, sighings, clenched fists, knotted brows, broad grins, and red eyes should we see in the market-place!"

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The autumn was filled by little ~~a~~ journeys to Cathedrals, Mrs Hardy having gone across the Channel with her niece for a few weeks; a visit to his sister at Swanage, whither she had gone for change of air, a visit from Francis Coutts [afterwards Lord Latymer] and Mr Ernest Coleridge, and in December by attending a dinner at the ~~Manchester~~- Mansion House to commemorate Milton, from which he returned in company with his friend Mr S. Butcher, walking up and down with him late that night in Russell Square, conversing on many matters as if they knew they would never meet again. Hardy had a great ~~friend~~ liking for him, and was drawn to him for the added reason that he and his family had been warm friends of Hardy's dead friend Horace Moule.

In the following January (1909) the University of Virginia invited him to attend the commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe, and in writing his thanks for the invitation Hardy adds these remarks: ~~concerning the poet:~~

"The University of Virginia does well to commemorate the birthday of this poet. Now that lapse of time has reduced the insignificance and petty details of his life to their true proportion beside the measure of his poetry, and softened the horror of the correct classes at his lack of respectability, that fantastic and romantic genius shows himself in all his rarity. His qualities, which would have been extraordinary ~~for the America~~ anywhere, are much more extraordinary for the America of his date.

"Why one who was in many ways disadvantageously circumstanced for the development of the art of poetry should have been the first to realize to the full the possibilities of the English language in rhyme and alliteration is not easily explicable.

"It is a matter ~~for~~ for curious conjecture whether his achievements in verse would have been the same if the five years of childhood spent in England had been extended to adult life. That 'unmerciful disaster' hindered those achievements from being carried further must be an endless regret to lovers of poetry."

At the beginning of this year Hardy was appointed by the Dorset Court of Quarter Sessions a Representative Governor of the Dorchester Grammar School, a position he filled till the end of 1925. He ~~knew~~ said he was not practical enough to make a good governor, but was influenced to accept the office by the fact that his namesake Thomas Hardy of Melcombe Regis who died in 1599 was the founder of the school. The latter ~~He~~ has a monument in St Peter's Church, Dorchester, (vide ante) and is believed to have been ~~a~~ of the same stock as ~~collateral ancestor of~~ the Thomas Hardy of this memoir.

In March came the last letter he was ever to receive from George Meredith, in which the elder writes:—

"The French review herewith comes to my address and is, as you see by the superscription, intended for you.

"I am reminded that you are among the kind souls ~~that~~ who thought of me on my 80th [birthday] and have not been thanked for their testimony of it.....The book [The Dynasts] was welcome all the more as being a sign that this big work was off your mind. How it may have been received I cannot say, but any book

on so large a scale has to suffer the fate of a Panorama, and must be visited again and again for a just impression of it to be taken. I saw that somewhere in your neighbourhood it was represented in action. That is the way to bring it more rapidly home to the mind. But the speaker of Josephine's last words would have to be a choice one."

The representation had been in Dorchester, and was limited to a few of the country scenes.

On the 10th. April he heard of the death of Swinburne, which was the occasion of his writing the following letter:

"Max Gate, April 12. 1909

"Dear ----

"For several reasons I could not bring myself to write on Swinburne immediately I heard that, to use his own words, 'Fate had undone the bondage of the gods' for him....

"No doubt the press will say some good words about him now he is dead and does not care whether it says them or no. Well, I remember what it said in 1866, when he did ~~not~~ care, though you do not remember it, and how it made the blood of some of us young men boil.

"Was there ever such a country - looking back at the life, work, and death of Swinburne - is there any other country in Europe whose attitude towards a deceased poet of his rank would have been so ignoring and almost contemptuous? I except The Times, which has the fairest estimate I have yet seen. But read The Academy and The Nation.

"The kindly cowardice of many papers is overwhelming him with such toleration, such theological judgments, hypocritical sympathy, and misdirected eulogy that, to use his own words again, 'it makes one sick in a corner' - or as we say down here in Wessex, 'it is enough to make every little dog run to mixen.'

"However, we are getting on in our appreciativeness of poets. One thinks of those other two lyricists, Burns and Shelley, at this time, for obvious reasons, and of how much harder it was with them. We know how Burns was treated at Dumfries, but by the time that Swinburne was a young man Burns had advanced so far as to be regarded as no worse than 'the glory and the shame of literature', (in the words of a critic of that date). As for Shelley, he was not tolerated at all in his lifetime. But Swinburne has been tolerated - at any rate since he has not written anything to speak of. And a few months ago, when old and enfeebled, he was honoured by a rumour that he had been offered a complimentary degree at Oxford. And Shelley too, in these latter days of our memory, has been favoured so far as to be considered no lower than an ineffectual angel beating his luminous wings in vain.....

"I was so late in getting my poetical barge under way, and he was so early with his flotilla - besides my being between 3 and 4 years younger, and being nominally an architect (an awful impostor at that, really) - that though I read him as he came out I did not personally know him till many years after the 'Poems and Ballads' year."....

[White line]

"Sincerely yours

"T.H"

"April 13. A genius for repartee is a gift for saying what a wise man thinks only."

"April 15. Day of Swinburne's funeral. Find I cannot go with this rheumatism, though it is but slight, the journey being so roundabout.

"Thought of some of Swinburne's lines: e.g.-

"On Shelley: 'O sole thing sweeter than thine own songs were.'

"On Newman and Carlyle: 'With all our hearts we praise you whom ye hate.'

"On Time: 'For time is as wind and as waves are we.'

"On Man: 'Save his own soul he hath no star.' " ※

In May Hardy was in London, and walking along Dover Street on his way to the Academy saw on a poster the announcement ~~the~~ of the death of Meredith, ~~and~~ After the shock he was reminded of the odd verdict of the Spectator many years before -- "Mr George Meredith is a clever man, without literary genius, taste, or judgment." He went on to the Athenaeum and wrote some memorial lines on his ~~old~~ friend, which were published a day or two later in The Times, and reprinted in "Time's Laughingstocks."

On the 22nd. he attended a memorial service to Meredith in Westminster Abbey - meeting there Maurice Hewlett, Henry James, Max Beerbohm, ~~Swinburne and~~ Alfred Austin, and other acquaintance; and returned to Dorchester the same afternoon.

※ [Footnote] But Isaiah had said before him: "Mine own arm brought salvation unto me."

In June he was asked to succeed Meredith as President of the Society of Authors; and wrote to ~~his friend~~ Mr Maurice Hewlett, who had brought the proposal before him: —

"I am moved more than I can say by learning that in the view of the council I should be offered the succession to the Presidentship. But I must nevertheless perform the disagreeable duty of acting upon my own conviction of what is for the Society's good, and tell you that I feel compelled to decline the honour. I have long had an opinion that although in the early years of the Society it may perhaps have been not unwise to have at its head men ~~like~~ who took no part in its management - indeed the mere names of Tennyson and Meredith were in themselves of use to the institution - the time has now come when the President should be one who takes an active part in the council's deliberations, and if possible one who lives in or near London, - briefly, that he should preside over its affairs. Now this I could never do. I will not go into the reasons why, as they are personal and unavoidable.....

"I may perhaps add that ~~as~~ if there should still be a preponderating opinion in the Council that an inactive President of the old kind is still desirable, the eminent name of Lord Morley suggests itself."

However the matter ended by the acceptance of the Presidency by Hardy on further representations by the council. His first diffidence had, in fact, arisen, as he stated, out of consideration for the Society's interests, for he remembered that the

Society included people of all sorts of views, and that since Swinburne's death there was no living English writer who had been so abused by sections of the press as he himself had been in previous years; "and who knows," he would ~~add~~ drily add, "that I may not be again?"

But, as said above, his objections were overruled.

As usual his stay in London had given him influenza, and he could not go to Aldeburgh as he had intended. About this time he wrote to a lady of New York in answer to an inquiry she made:

"The discovery of the law of evolution, which revealed that all organic creatures are of one family, shifted the centre of altruism from humanity to the whole conscious world collectively. Therefore the practice of vivisection, which might have been defended while the belief ruled that men and animals are essentially different, has been left by that discovery without any logical argument in its favour. And if the practice, to the extent merely of inflicting slight discomfort now and then, be defended [as I sometimes hold it may] on grounds of it being good policy for animals as well as men, it is nevertheless in strictness a wrong, and stands precisely in the same category as would stand ~~the~~ its practice on men themselves."

In July the influenza had nearly passed off , and he fulfilled his engagement to go to Aldeburgh - the air of which he always sought if possible after that malady, having found it a quicker restorative than that of any other place he knew.

In the second week of this month he was at rehearsals of

Baron F. d'Erlanger's opera "Tess" at Covent Garden, and on the 14th, was present with Mrs Hardy at the first performance. Though Italianized to such an extent that Hardy scarcely recognized it as his novel, it was a great success in a crowded house, Queen Alexandra being among the distinguished audience. Destinn's voice suited the title-character admirably; her appearance less so. But the fact that d'Erlanger the composer was also a Director of the Company went rather against his Opera; critics wished to show their independence.

In response to an invitation by Dr Max Dessoir, a Professor at the University of Berlin, who wished to have an epitome of the culture and thought of the time - the "Weltanschauung" of a few representative men in England and Germany, Hardy wrote the following during August this year:

"We call our age an age of Freedom. Yet Freedom, under her incubus of armaments, territorial ambitions smugly disguised as patriotism, superstitions, conventions of every sort, is of such stunted proportions in this her so-called time, that the human race is likely to be extinct before Freedom arrives at maturity."

In the meantime he had been putting together poems written between whiles, some of them already printed in periodicals - and in addition hunting up quite old ones dating from 1865, and overlooked in his earlier volumes, out of which he made a volume called "Time's Laughingstocks", and sent off the MS. to his publishers the first week in September.

In continuance of the visits to Cathedrals he went this autumn to Chichester, York, Edinburgh, and Durham; and on returning to Dorchester was at a rehearsal of a play by ~~Mr Arthur Evans,~~ the dramatist of the local Debating and Dramatic Society, based

on "Far from the Madding Crowd", which was performed there in the Corn Exchange, ~~and a few days later before the Society of Poets in London. Hardy heard the one of it Evidently most successful attempts at adaptation, and~~ Hardy had nothing to do with the adaptation, but thought it a neater achievement than the London version of 1882 by Mr Comyns Carr.

In December "Time's Laughingstocks" was published, and Hardy was in London, coming back as usual with a choking sore throat which confined him to his bed till the New Year, on the eve of which at 12 o'clock he crouched by the fire and heard in the silence of the night the ringing of the muffled peal down the chimney of his bedroom from the neighbouring church of St. George.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Freedom of the Borough.

1910 Aet. 69 - 70.

In March, being at Ventnor, Hardy visited Swinburne's grave at Bonchurch, and composed the poem entitled "A Singer Asleep". He must have seen some paragraph about the poet's life and ways to make him write the following, either now or a little later:-

"What a wretched spectacle the scribblers present who cringed for admission to Swinburne's house, and then went off to write satirical details about his appearance, manners, dinner, and beer-bottle! Surely the most contemptible of all trades is that of the common informer who eats a meal at a man's table, and then betrays his weaknesses to the highest bidder."

[White line]

"To the Secretary of the Humanitarian League.

"The Athenaeum, Pall Mall. S.W

"10th. April 1910

"Sir:

"I am glad to think that the Humanitarian League has attained the handsome age of twenty years - the Animals Defence Department particularly.

"Few people seem to perceive fully as yet that the most far-reaching consequence of the establishment of the common

origin of all species, is ethical; that it logically involved a re-adjustment of altruistic morals by enlarging as a necessity of rightness the application of what has been called 'The Golden Rule' beyond the area of mere mankind to that of the whole animal kingdom. Possibly Darwin himself did not wholly ~~believe~~ perceive it, though he alluded to it. While man was deemed to be a creation apart from all other creations, a secondary or tertiary morality was considered good enough towards the 'inferior' races; but no person who reasons nowadays can escape the trying conclusion that this is not maintainable. And though I myself do not at present see how the principle of equal justice all round is to be carried out in its entirety, I recognize that the League is grappling with the question." ~~I am, Sir,~~

(It will be seen that in substance this agrees with a letter written earlier, & no doubt the subject was much in his mind just now.) ~~"Your obedient servant, "Thomas Hardy."~~

About this time Hardy was asked by Mr H. Alden, the editor of Harper's Magazine, to publish his Reminiscences in the pages of that periodical month by month: H. replied:

"I could not appear in a better place. But it is absolutely unlikely that I shall ever change my present intention not to produce my reminiscences to the world."

In this same month of April he was looking for a flat again in London, and found one at Blomfield Court, Maida Vale, which he and his wife and servants entered in May. Looking out of the window while at breakfast on the morning after their arrival they

beheld ~~saw~~ placarded in the street an announcement of the death of King Edward.

Hardy saw from the Athenaeum Club the procession of the removal of the King's body to Westminster, and the procession of the funeral from Westminster three days later. On account of the suggestiveness of such events It must have been about this week that he wrote "A King's Soliloquy on the night of his Funeral". His own 70th. birthday a fortnight later reminded him that he was a year older than the monarch who had just died.

At the flat – the last one they were to take, as it happened – They received their usual friends as in previous years, and there were more performances of the "Tess" Opera; but in the middle of June they were compelled to cancel all engagements suddenly owing to Hardy's illness, including five dinner-parties for the immediate week. The illness was happily but brief, and in July he was able to go out again, and on the 19th. went to Marlborough House to be invested with the Order of Merit. The King received him pleasantly: "but afterwards I felt that I had failed in the accustomed formalities."

Back in the country at the end of the month they entertained some visitors at Max Gate during the autumn, among others, Mrs Hardy's cousin Charles Gifford, Paymaster-in-Chief to the Royal Navy, Mr Stephen Coleridge, Mr William Strang R.A., and Miss Dugdale, a literary friend of Mrs Hardy's at the Lyceum Club, whose paternal ancestors were Dorset people dwelling near the Hardys, and had intermarried with them some 130 years earlier. A brief visit to Aldburgh, where he met Professor Bury and Dr ~~afterwards~~ (afterwards Sir James) Frazer, and a few cycle rides, diversified the close of this summer.

In September he sat to Mr William Strang for a sketch-portrait which was required for hanging at Windsor Castle among those of other recipients of the Order of Merit; and on November 18 came the interesting occasion of the presentation of the freedom of Dorchester to Hardy, which appealed to his sentiment more perhaps than did many of those recognitions of his literary achievements that had come from the uttermost parts of the earth at a much earlier time. Among the very few speeches or lectures that he ever delivered, the one he made on this occasion was perhaps the most felicitious and personal:—

"Mr Mayor and Gentlemen of the Corporation:- This is an occasion that speaks for itself, and so, happily, does not demand many remarks from me. In simply expressing my sincere thanks for the high compliment paid me by having my name enrolled with those of the Honorary Freemen of this historic town, I may be allowed to confess that the freedom of the Borough of Dorchester did seem to me at first something that I had possessed a long while, had helped myself to, (to speak plainly), for when I consider the liberties I have taken with its ancient walls, streets, and precincts through the medium of the printing-press, I feel that I have treated its external features with the hand of freedom indeed. True, it might be urged that my Casterbridge (if I may mention seriously a name coined off-hand in a moment with no thought of its becoming established and localized) is not Dorchester - not even the Dorchester as it existed 60 years ago, but a dream-place that never was outside an irresponsible book. Nevertheless, when

somebody said to me that "Casterbridge" is a sort of essence of the town as it used to be, "a place more Dorchester than Dorchester itself," I could not absolutely contradict him, though I could not quite perceive it. At any rate, it is not a photograph in words, that inartistic species of literary produce, particularly in respect of personages. But let me say no more about my own doings. The chronicle of the town has vivid marks on it, Not to go back to events of National importance, lurid scenes have been enacted here within living memory, or not so many years beyond it, whippings in front of the town pump, hangings on the gaol roof. I myself saw a woman hanged not 100 yards from where we now stand, and I saw, too, a man in the stocks in the back part of this very building. Then, if one were to recount the election excitements, Free Trade riots, scenes of soldiers marching down the town to war, the proclamation of Sovereigns now crumbled to dust, it would be an interesting local story.

"Miss Burney, in her diary, speaks of its aspect when she drove through with the rest of King George's Court on her way to Weymouth. She says:- 'The houses have the most ancient appearance of any that are inhabited that I have happened to see.' This is not quite the case now, and though we may regret the disappearance of these old buildings, I cannot be blind to the difficulty of keeping a town in what may be called working order while retaining all its ancient features. Yet it must not be forgotten that these are its chief attractions for visitors, particularly American visitors. Old houses, in short, have a far larger commercial value than their owners always remember, and it is only

when they have been destroyed, and tourists who have come to see them vow in their disappointment that they will never visit the spot again, that this is realized. An American gentleman came to me the other day in quite a bad temper, saying that he had diverged from his direct route from London to Liverpool to see ancient Dorchester, only to discover that he knew a hundred towns in the United States more ancient-looking than this. (laughter). Well, we may be older than we look, ~~some~~- like some ladies; but if, for instance, the original All-Saints and Trinity Churches, with their square towers, the castle, the fine mansion of the Trenchards at the corner of Shirehall Lane, the old Three-Mariners Inn, the old Greyhound, the old Antelope, Lady Abingdon's house at the corner of Durngate Street, and other mediaval buildings were still in their places, more visitors of antiquarian tastes would probably haunt the town than haunt it now. Old All-Saints was, I believe, demolished because its buttresses projected too far into the pavement. What a reason for destroying a record of 500 years in stone! I knew the ~~one~~ architect who did it; a milder-mannered man never scuttled a sacred ~~edifice~~ edifice. Milton's well-known observation in his "Areopagitica" - "Almost as well kill a man as kill a good book" - applies not a little to a good old building, which is not only a book but a unique manuscript that has no fellow. But corporations as such cannot help these removals; they can only be prevented by the education of their owners or temporary trustees, or, in the case of churches, by Government guardianship.

"And when all has been said on the desirability of preserving as much as can be preserved, our power to preserve is largely an illusion. Where is the Dorchester of my early recollection — I mean the human Dorchester - the kernel - of which the houses were but the shell? Of the shops as I first recall them not a single owner remains; only in two or three instances does even the name remain. As a German author has slad, 'Nothing is permanent but change.' Here in Dorchester, as elsewhere, I see the streets and the turnings not far different from those of my schoolboy time; but the faces that used to be seen at the doors, the inhabitants, where are they? I turn up the Weymouth Road, cross the railway-bridge, enter an iron gate to 'a slope of green access', and there they are! There is the Dorchester that I know best; there are names on white stones one after the other, names that recall the voices, cheerful and sad, anxious and indifferent, that are missing from the dwellings and pavements. Those who are old enough to have had that experience may feel that after all the permanence or otherwise of inanimate Dorchester concerns but the permanence of what is minor and accessory.

"As to the future of the town, my impression is that its tendency is to become more and more a residential spot, and that the nature of its business will be mainly that of adminstering to the wants of 'private residents' as they are called. There are several reasons for supposing this. The dryness of its atmosphere and subsoil is unexcelled. It has the great advantage of standing near the coast without being on it, thus escaping the objections some people make to a winter residence close to

the sea; while the marine tincture in its breezes tempers the ~~knee~~ keenness which is felt in those of high and dry chalk slopes further inland. Dorchester's future will not be like its past; we may be sure of that. Like all other provincial towns, it will lose its individuality - has lost much of it already. We have become almost a London suburb owing to the quickened locomotion, and, though some of us may regret this, it has to be.

"I will detain you no longer from Mr Evans's comedy that is about to be played downstairs. Ruskin somewhere says that comedy is tragedy if you only look deep enough. Well, that is a thought to remember; but tonight, at any rate, we will all be young and not look too deeply."

After the presentation - which was witnessed by Mrs Hardy, by Mr (afterwards Sir Henry) Newbolt, by the writer of this memoir, and by other friends, the Dorchester Dramatic Society gave for the first time, at the hands of their own dramatist, an adaptation of "Under the Greenwood Tree" entitled "The Mellstock Quire" - the second title of the novel. Hardy himself doing no more than supplying the original carols formerly sung by the Quire of the parish outshadowed by the name "Mellstock" - the village of Stinsford a mile from the town.

In December the American fleet paid a visit to Portland Roads, and though the weather was bad while they were lying there Hardy went on board the battleship "Connecticut", where he met the captain, commander, and others; who with several more officers afterwards visited him and Mrs Hardy at Max Gate. On the

29th. they went on board the English "Dreadnought" - which was also lying there - and thence to a dance on board the United States Flagship "Louisiana", to which they were welcomed by Admiral Vreeland.

It seems to have been at the end of this year that Hardy published in a well-known review some verses entitles "God's Funeral". The alternative title he had submitted for the poem was "The Funeral of Jahveh" - the subject being the gradual decline and extinction in the human race of a belief in an anthropomorphic god of the King-of-Dahomey type - a fact recognized by all bodies of theologians for many years. But the editor, thinking the title clumsy and obscure, as in fact it was, chose the other, to which Hardy made no objection, supposing the meaning of his poem would be clear enough to readers. However what happened was that nobody seemed to read more of the poem than the title, the result of this and kindred lines of his being that the poet was grotesquely denounced as a blaspheming atheist by a "phrasemongering literary contortionist" (as Hardy used to call him), and rebuked by dogmatists, because he had turned into verse the views of the age.

Rata. They went on board the English "Treasonmount" - which was also lying there - and thence to a dance on board the United States flagship "Louisiana", to which they were welcomed by Admiral Vreeland.

It seems to have been at the end of this year that Hardy published in a well-known review some verses entitles "God's Funeral". The title he had intended for the poem was "The Funeral of Darwin" - the subject being the gradual decline and extinction in the human race of a belief in an anthropomorphic God of the kind of Darwin type - a fact recognized by all bodies of theologians for ~~so~~ many years. But the editor, thinking the title clumsy and obscure, as in fact it was, chose the other, to which Hardy made no objection, supposing the meaning of his poem would be clear enough to readers. However what happened was that nobody saw fit to read more of the poem than the title, the result of this and similar cases of his being that Hardy

verse

was.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Bereavement. 1911 - 1912. Aet. 70 - 72.

In March (1911) Hardy received a letter from M. Emile Bergerat of Paris asking him to let his name appear as one of the Committee for honouring Théophile Gautier on his approaching centenary, to which Hardy readily agreed. In the same month he visited Bristol Cathedral and Bath Abbey, and in April attended the funeral of the Mayor of Dorchester who had presented him with the freedom of the borough but a few months earlier. A sequence of verses by Hardy entitled "Satires of Circumstance", which were published in the "Fortnightly Review" at this juncture, met with much attention both here and in America, and the curiously blundering reception of the verses here was an amusing ~~ine~~ instance of English criticism. Unhappily for himself, Hardy was, in fact, (like the "stretch-mouth'd rascal" in The Winter's Tale) always supposed to "mean mischief" (against Church, State, or morals) when he was not understood. ~~They~~ The verses were imitated in Punch for two weeks in

succession by its accomplished editor, and people supposed that these mere imitations were clever satires of the poems; not perceiving, even with the title before their eyes, that the originals themselves were satires, which indeed the writer of the imitations had apparently not perceived himself.

In April he and his brother, in pursuance of a plan of seeing or re-seeing all the English cathedrals, visited Lichfield, Worcester and Hereford; he also looked at London flats, but did not take one; though he was in town at the dinner of the Royal Academy.

He makes only one note this spring, which is not very intelligible: "View the matrices rather than the moulds."

Hardy had been compelled to decline in February an invitation by the Earl Marshall to the Coronation in Westminster Abbey in the coming June, which found him on a tour ~~with his bro~~ ~~brother~~ in the Lake Country, including Carlisle Cathedral and Castle, where the dungeons were another reminder to him of how "evil men out of the evil treasure of their hearts have brought forth evil things." However the tour was pleasant enough despite the wet weather, and probably Hardy got more pleasure out of Coronation Day by spending it on Windermere than he would have done by spending it in a seat at the Abbey.

Of Grasmere Churchyard he says "Wordsworth's headstone and grave are looking very trim and new. A group of tourists who have never read a line of him sit near, addressing and sending off picture-postcards.... Wrote some verses." He visited Chester Cathedral coming homeward, called at Rugby, and went over the school and chapel; and returned to

Dorchester through London.

After his return he signed with many other well-known people a protest against the use of aerial vessels in war; appealing to all governments "to foster by any means in their power an international understanding which shall preserve the world from warfare in the air." A futile protest indeed!

In July Mrs Hardy accompanied by her friend Miss Florence Dugdale went to stay at Worthing, and on her return Hardy took his sister ~~a~~ Katherine on an excursion to North Somerset, stopping at Minehead, and going on by coach to Porlock and Lynmouth. Thence they went by steamer to Ilfracombe, intending to proceed through Exeter to South Devon. But the heat was so great that further travelling was abandoned, and after going over the Cathedral they returned home. A garden-party at Max Gate the first week in September wound up the summer weather, and about this time he became a life-member of the Council of Justice to Animals, and later one of the Vice-Presidents. * [see on back]

At the end of the month Mr Sydney Cockerell, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, called, (mainly to enquire about Hardy's old manuscripts,) which was the occasion of ~~Hardy's~~ his looking up those ~~of his old manuscripts~~ that he could find and handing them over to Mr Cockerell to distribute as he thought fit among any museums that would care to possess one, Hardy himself preferring to have no voice in the matter. In the course of October this was done by Mr Cockerell, the MSS. of "The Dynasts" and "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" being accepted by the British Museum, of "Time's Laughingstocks" and "Jude the Obscure" by the Fitzwilliam, and of "Wessex Poems", with illustrations by the author himself (the only volume he ever largely illustrated),

⁂ ¶ In the preceding month, it may be remarked, had died Mr. W. J. Last, A.M.I.C.E., Director of the Science Museum, South Kensington, who was a son of Hardy's old Dorchester schoolmaster, Isaac Glandfield Last. The obituary notices that appeared in The Times and other papers gave details of a life more successful than his father's — though not of higher intellectual ability than that by which it had been Hardy's good fortune to profit.

by Birmingham. Others were distributed from time to time by Mr Cockerell, to whom Hardy had sent all the MSS. ~~[illegible]~~ for him to do what he liked with, having insisted that "it would not be becoming for a writer to send his own MSS. to a museum on his own judgment". ~~[illegible] desirable~~.

It may be mentioned in passing that in these months Mr F. Saxelby of Birmingham, having been attracted to Hardy's works by finding in them a name which resembled his own, published "A Hardy Dictionary" - containing the names of persons and places in the author's novels and poems. Hardy had offered no objection to its being issued, but accepted no responsibility for its accuracy.

In November the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society gave another performance of plays from the Wessex novels. This time the selection was the short one-act piece that Hardy had dramatized himself many years before, from the story called "The Three Strangers", entitled "The Three Wayfarers"; and a rendering by Mr A.H.Evans of the tale of "The Distracted Preacher". The Hardys' friend, Mrs Arthur Henniker, came all the way from London to see it, and went with his wife and himself.

The curator of the Dorset County Museum having expressed a wish for a MS. of Hardy's, he sent this month the holograph of "The Mayor of Casterbridge."

Being interested at this time in the only Gothic style of architecture that can be called especially and exclusively English - the perpendicular style of the fifteenth century - Hardy made a journey to Gloucester to investigate its origin in that cathedral, which he ascertained to be in the screen between the south aisle

and the transept - a fact long known probably to other investigators, but only recently to him. He was so much impressed by the thought that the inventor's name, like the names of the authors of so many noble songs and ballads, was unknown, that on his return he composed a poem thereon, called "The Abbey Mason", which was published a little later in Harper's Magazine, and later still was ~~to be~~ included in a volume, with other poems ~~"Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries."~~

The illness of his elder sister Mary saddened the close of 1911; and it was during this year that his wife wrote the Reminiscences printed in the earlier ~~poem~~ pages of this book, as if she had premonitions that her end was not far off; though nobody else suspected it.

The year 1912, which was to advance and end in such gloom for Hardy, began serenely. In January he went to London for a day or two and witnessed the performance of "Aedipus" at Covent Garden. But in February he learnt of the death of his friend General Henniker, in March that of his neighbour Mrs Caledon Egerton, whom he had known from girlhood; and in April occurred the disaster to The Titanic steam-ship, upon which he wrote the poem called "The Convergence of the Twain", in aid of the Fund for the sufferers.

They dined with a few friends in London this season, but did not take a house, putting up at a hotel with which Hardy had long been familiar, the "West Central" in Southampton Row.

On June 1 at Max Gate they had a pleasant week-end visit from Henry Newbolt and W.B.Yeats, who had been deputed by the

Royal Society of Literature to present Hardy with the Society's gold medal, on hi seventy-second ~~bith~~ birthday. These two eminent men of letters were the only individuals entertained at Max Gate for the occasion; but everything was done as methodically as if there had been a large audience. Hardy says: "Newbolt wasted on the nearly empty room the best speech he ever made in his life, and Yeats wasted a very good one: mine in returning thanks was as usual a bad one, and the audience was quite properly limited."

In the middle of June he was in London at Lady St. Helier's, and went to the play of "Bunty pulls the strings" with her and Prince Albert of Schleswig -Holstein, meeting the heroine, Miss Moffat, at dinner next day; also his old friend Mrs Stuart Wortley (afterwards Lady Stuart). An amusing ~~incident~~ anticlimax to a story of the three-crow type occurred in connection with this or some other popular play ~~at this time~~ of the date. It was currently reported and credited that Mr Asquith had gone to see it eight times, and Mr Balfour sixteen. Taking Miss Balfour in to dinner and discussing the play, Hardy told her of the report, and she informed him that her brother had been only once. How few the visits of Mr Asquith were could not be ascertained. Probably he had not gone at all.

He was occasionally in Town during the remainder of the summer season, meeting Mr Gosse, Sir Edward Poynter, Sir J. Crichton Browne, Professor Herkomer, Sir George Frampton, and general friends; and coming to arrangements with his American publishers. Later on in the autumn a letter was addressed to

him on a gross abuse which was said to have occurred - that of publishing details of a lately deceased man's life under the guise of a novel, with assurances of truth scattered in the newspapers. In the course of his reply he said:

"What should certainly be protested against, in cases where there is no authorization, is the mixing of fact and fiction in unknown ~~quantities~~- proportions. Infinite mischief would lie in that. If any statements in the dress of fiction are covertly hinted to be fact, all must be fact, and nothing else but fact, for obvious reasons. The power of getting lies believed about people through that channel after they are dead, by stirring in a few truths, is a horror to contemplate." ※ [see on back]

Meanwhile in July he had returned to Max Gate just in time to be at a garden party on July 16 - the last his wife ever gave, ~~which happened~~ - which it would have grieved him much afterwards to have missed. The afternoon was sunny and the guests numerous on this final one of many occasions of such a gathering on the lawn there, nobody foreseeing the shadow that was so soon to fall on the house, Mrs Hardy being then apparently in her customary health and vigour. In the following month, August, she was at Weymouth for the last time; and Hardy took her and her niece to see the performance of "Bunty" at the Pavilion Theatre. It was her last play.

However, she was noticed to be weaker later on in the autumn, though not ill, and complained of her heart at times. Strangely enough, she one day suddenly sat down to the piano and played a long series of her favourite old tunes, saying at the end she would never play any more. The poem called "Her last performance" approximately describes this incident.

X ¶ "June. Here is a sentence from the Edinburgh Review of a short time back that I might have written myself. 'The division [of poems] into separate groups [ballad, lyrical, narrative, &c] is frequently a question of the preponderance, not of the exclusive possession, of certain aesthetic elements.'"

She went out up to the 22nd. November, when, though it was a damp, dark afternoon she motored to pay a visit six miles off. The next day she was distinctly unwell, and the day after that was her birthday, when she seemed depressed. On the 25th. two ladies called; and though she consulted with her husband whether or not to go downstairs to see them, and he suggested that she should not in her weak state, not to offend them she did go down. Unfortunately they stayed a very long time, and the strain obliged her to retire immediately they had left. She never went downstairs again.

The next day she agreed to see a doctor, who did not think her seriously ill, but weak from want of nourishment through indigestion. In the evening she assented quite willingly to Hardy's suggestion that he should go to a ~~dramatic~~ rehearsal in Dorchester of a play made by the local company, that he had promised to attend. When he got back at eleven o'clock all the house was in bed and he did not disturb her.

The next morning the maid told him in answer to his inquiry, that when she had as usual entered Mrs Hardy's room a little earlier she had said she was better, and would probably get up later on; but that she now seemed worse, ~~lying with her eyes~~ Hastening to her he was shocked to find her much worse, lying with her eyes closed and unconscious. The doctor came quite quickly, but before he arrived her breathing softened and ceased.

It was the day ~~fo~~ fixed for the performance of "The Trumpet Major" in Dorchester, and it being found impossible to put off

the play at such short notice, so many people having come from a distance for it, it was produced, an announcement of Mrs Hardy's unexpected death being made from the stage.

Mahy years earlier she had fancied that she would like to be buried at Plymouth, her native place; but on going there to the funeral of her father she found that during a "restoration" the family vault in Charles Churchyard, though it was not full, had been broken into, if not removed altogether, either to alter the entrance ~~either to~~ to the church, or ~~churchyard,~~ to erect steps; and on coming back she told her husband that this had quite destroyed her wish to be taken there, since she could not lie near her parents.

There was one nook, indeed, which in some respects was pre-eminently the place where she might have lain - the graveyard of St. Juliot, Cornwall - whose dilapidated old church had been the cause of their meeting, and in whose precincts the early ~~seneces~~ scenes of their romance had ~~their~~ a brief being. But circumstances ordered otherwise. Hardy did not favour the thought of her being carried to that lonely coast unless he could be carried thither likewise in due time; and on this point all was uncertain. The funeral was accordingly at Stinsford, a mile from Dorchester and Max Gate, where the Hardys had buried for many years.

She had not mentioned to her husband, or to anybody else so far as he could discover, that she had any anticipations of death before it occurred so suddenly. Yet on his discovery of the manuscript of her "Recollections" written only a year earlier, it seemed as if some kind of presentiment - perhaps dictated by the heart-pains to wh. she was subject - must have crossed her mind that she was not to be much longer in the world, & that if her brief memories were to be written it were best to write them quickly. This is, however, but conjecture.

~~PART IV.~~

~~Lyrics, Reveries, and Moments of Vision.~~

CHAPTER XXXII.

Revisitings, Second Marriage, and War-writings.

1913 - 1914. Aet. 72 - 74.

Many poems were written by Hardy at the end of the previous year and the early part of this, — more than he had ever written before in the same space of time — as can be seen by referring to their subjects, as well as to the dates attached to them. To adopt Walpole's words concerning Gray, Hardy was "in flower" in these days, and, like Gray's, his flower was sad-coloured.

On March 6th - almost to a day 43 years after his first journey to Cornwall - he started for St. Juliot, putting up at Boscastle; and visiting Pentargon Bay and Beeny Cliff, which he had not once set foot on in the long interval. It very unhappily chanced that his wife and he had arranged to go there this very year together, after postponing their intention for several years.

He found the rectory and other scenes with ~~to~~ which he had been so familiar changed a little, but not greatly, and returning by way of Plymouth arranged ~~went to a stonemason and selected materials~~ for a memorial tablet to Mrs Hardy ~~his wife~~ in the church with which she had been so closely associated before her marriage as organist, and in other ways. ~~Reaching home again he designed~~ The tablet was afterwards erected (to his own design, as was) ~~as~~ also the tomb in ~~for~~ Stinsford Churchyard -

in the preparation of which memorials he had to revive a species of work that he had been unaccustomed to since the years of his architectural pupilage.

In June he left for Cambridge to receive the Hon. degree of Litt. D., and lunched with the Master of Magdalene (also Vice-Chancellor) Dr Donaldson, and Lady Albinia Donaldson, — some for the first and last time — the Master of Trinity and Mrs Butler, John Sargent, Arthur Benson, Henry Jackson, Vice-Master of Trinity and the Regius Professor of Greek, Sir James Murray, and many others, The visit was full of interest for Hardy as being the sequel to his long indirect connection with the University in several ways, partly through the many graduates who were his friends, his frequent visits to the place, and his intention in the eighteen-sixties to go up himself for a pass-degree, which was abandoned mainly owing to his discovery that he could not conscientiously carry out his idea of entering the church. A few weeks later he was elected an Honorary Fellow of Magdalene, as will be seen.

In July he was in London once or twice, meeting Dr. Page the American Ambassador, Mr & Mrs Asquith, & others here & there. A German translation of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" under the title of "Der Bürgermeister" was begun as a serial in Germany at this time, and In the same month the gift of the MS. of his poem on Swinburne's death was acknowledged by the Newnes Librarian at Putney, an offer which had originated with Mr Sydney Cockerell. In response to a request from the Secretary of the General Blind Association he gave permission to put some of his books in prose and verse

into Braille type for the use of the blind, adding,

"I cannot very well suggest which, as I do not know the length you require.....If a full-length novel, I would suggest "The Trumpet Major". If verse, The Battle of Trafalgar scenes, or the Battle of Waterloo scenes, from "The Dynasts", or a selection from the Poems....I am assuming that you require scenes of action rather than those of reflection and analysis."

In August he was in Blandford with Mr John Lane searching about for facts and scenes that might illustrate the life of Alfred Stevens, the sculptor whose best known work is the Wellington monument in St. Pauls, and who was born and grew up in this town. Hardy had suggested that it ought to be written before it was too late, and Mr Lane had taken up the idea. The house of his birth was discovered, but not much material seems to have been gained. It was not till a year or two later that Hardy discovered that Stevens's father painted the Ten commandments in the church of Blandford St Mary, his name being in the corner:- "G. Stevens, Blandford, 1825." ~~A few motor drives around the country, and a picnic on "Egdon Heath" succeeded, and in the latter part of August the copy for the collected stories called "A Changed Man" was sent to the publishers.~~

"Sept. 15. Thoughts on the recent school of novel-writers. They forget in their insistence on life, and nothing but life, in a plain slice, that a story must be worth ~~[illegible]~~ that a good deal of life is not worth any such thing, the telling, and that they must not occupy a reader's time with what he can get at first hand anywhere around him."

The autumn glided on with its trifling incidents. ~~In the muddle of Hardy's~~ unmistressed housekeeping ~~[illegible]~~ animal pets of his late wife died, strayed or were killed, much to Hardy's regret;

short visits were paid by friends, including ~~Mr and Mrs Harold Palmer, and~~ Mr Frederic Harrison; ~~there was a cinema production of Tess of the d'Urbervilles by the Famous Players Film Company~~; and in November while staying with the Master of his College Hardy was admitted in chapel as Honorary Fellow. "The Ceremony, which consists of a Latin formula of admission before the Altar, and the handing-in of the new Fellow into his stall, was not unimpressive." said the Cambridge Review. Hardy had read the lessons in church in his young-manhood, besides having had much to do with churches in other ways, and the experience may have recalled the old ecclesiastical ~~days~~ times.

In the evening he dined in Hall, where "the Master proposed the health of him who was no longer a guest, but one of the Society, and the day's proceedings terminated happily," continued the Cambridge Review. It was an agreeable evening for Hardy, Mr A.E.Housman and Sir Clifford Allbutt being present as guests among other of his friends.

A good sketch-painting of him was made this autumn by Mr Fuller-Maitland for his friend Arthur Benson, to be hung with the other portraits in the hall of Magdalene College; and in the middle of November the Dorchester amateurs' version ~~an Evans's adaptation~~ of "The Woodlanders", adapted by themselves, was performed on the Dorchester stage; ~~for the first time~~ but Hardy was not present on the occasion, ~~though he attended its repetition at the Weymouth Pavilion Theatre a few weeks later.~~

In the December of this year M. Anatole France was entertained at a dinner in London by a committee of men of letters and of affairs. Hardy was much disappointed at being unable to

attend; and he wrote to express his regret, adding

"In these days when the literature of narrative and verse seems to be losing its qualities as an art, and to be assuming a structureless and conglomerate character, it is a privilege that we should have come into our midst a writer who is faithful to the principles that make for permanence, who never forgets the value of organic form and symmetry, the force of reserve, and the emphasis of understatement, even in his lighter works."

In February of the year following (1914) the subject of this memoir married the present writer, who had been for several years the friend of the first Mrs Hardy, and had accompanied her on the little excursions she had liked to make when her husband could not go. As previously stated there had been a marriage between the Hardy and Dugdale families in 177-, and very possibly earlier, seeing that for centuries they had lived within a few miles of each other in Dorset.

The wedding was of the quietest kind, at Enfield, the then residence of this branch of the Dugdales, taking place at eight o'clock in the old parish church; and though the morning was ~~and~~ exceptionally bright and sunny for February, and the church-door stood wide open to the street, not a ~~sound~~ soul among the passers-by entered the building.

In April died at Stoke, Plymouth, his late wife's cousin Florence Yolland, daughter of Lieutenant Yolland, R.N.

Hardy was at the ~~a~~ dinner of the Royal Academy this spring - the last given before the war; and at various hospitalities he and his wife saw several friends in London, including Sir Frederick and Lady Macmillan, Mr

and Mrs Edmund Gosse, Mr and Mrs G. and M. Macmillan, and Lady St. Helier. They went on to Cambridge, where they spent a pleasant week in visiting and meeting Mr Arthur Benson, Professor and Mrs Bury, Mr and Mrs Cockerell, Professor Quiller Couch, the Master of Jesus, Dr James, Provost of King's, Dr and Mrs Mc Taggart, and the oldest friend of Hardy's in Cambridge, or for that matter anywhere, Mr Charles Moule, President and formerly Tutor of Corpus, who had known him as a boy. A dinner at St. John's - the "Porte-Latin Feast" - with the mellow radiance of the dark mahogany tables, curling tobacco-smoke, and old red wine, charmed Hardy, in spite of his drinking very little, and not smoking at all. A visit to Girton and tea with Miss Jones and members of her staff ended the Cambridge week for them.

Although Hardy had no sort of anticipation of the restrictions that the war was so soon to bring on motoring, he went about in a car this early summer almost as if he foresaw what was coming, taking his wife to Exeter, Plymouth, and back across Dartmoor - all of them old scenes familiar to him, and interesting to her, as having been so often mentioned to her by her late friend and himself.

~~On his ensuing birthday he served~~ After serving as a Grand-Juror at the Assizes ~~and later in the month dined~~ he dined during June with the Royal Institute of British Architects, - a body ~~with~~ of which he had ~~kept in touch~~ never lost sight on account of his early associations with the profession, though nearly all the members he had known - except his old acquaintance the Vice-President, John Slater, and the Blomfields - had passed away. His wife and he put up in London ~~Birmingham~~ at Lady St Helier's and were often at Lady Macmillan's, and elsewhere, ~~and~~

friendships renewing with Mr and Mrs Humphry Ward, Mr and Mrs Winston Churchill, Mr and Mrs Stuart-Wortley, Lady Lewis, and others ~~brought this~~ before the war cloud burst brought pleasure visits to an end. ~~So the~~

A communication from men of letters and art in Germany who thought of honouring the memory of Friedrich Nietzsche on the seventieth anniversary of his birth, was the occasion of Hardy's writing at this date:

"It is a question whether Nietzsche's philosophy is sufficiently coherent to be of great ultimate value, and whether those views of his which seem so novel and striking appear thus ~~in~~ only because they have been rejected for so many centuries as inadmissible under humane rules.

"A continuity of consciousness through the human race would be the only justification of his proposed measures.

"He assumes throughout the great worth intrinsically of human masterfulness. The universe is to him a perfect machine which only requires thorough handling to work wonders. He forgets that the universe is an imperfect machine, and that to do good with an ill-working instrument requires endless adjustments and compromises."

There was nothing to tell of the convulsion of nations that was now imminent, and in Dorset they visited their friends the Lord Lieutenant and Mrs Mount-Batten, and stayed a week-end with Sir Henry and Lady Hoare at Stourhead (where they met as their fellow guests Mr and Mrs Charles Whibley, the latter of whom Hardy had long known, though they had not met for years). To

Hardy as to ordinary civilians the murder at Serajevo was a lurid & striking tragedy, but carried no indication that it would much affect English life. On July 28th. they were at a quiet little garden-party near Dorchester, and still there was no sign of the coming storm: the next day they lunched about five miles off with their friends the Brymers at Ilsington, and paid a call or two - this being the day on which war was declared by Austria ~~in~~ on Serbia. Hardy made a few entries just after this date:

"August 4. 11 p.m. - War declared with Germany."

On this day they were lunching with Mr de Lafontaine at Athelhampton Hall 6 miles off, where a telegram came announcing the rumour to be fact. A discussion arose about food, and there was almost a panic at the table, nobody having any stock. But the full dimensions of ~~and the fact of~~ what the English declaration meant were not ~~being~~ quite realized at once. ~~in its entirety~~. Their host disappeared to inquire into his stock of flour. The whole news and what it ~~meant~~ involved burst upon Hardy's mind next morning, for though most people were saying the war would be over by Christmas he felt it might be a matter of years and untold disaster.

"August 9 - 15. English Expeditionary Force crosses the Channel to assist France and Belgium.

"August onwards. War excitement. " 'Quicquid delirant reges, plectunur Achivi!'" It was the quotation Hardy had made at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war 44 years earlier, when he was quite a young man.

He had been completely at fault, as he often owned, on the coming so soon of such a convulsion as the war, though only three

or four months before it broke out he had printed a prophetic poem in the Fortnightly entitled "Channel Firing", whereof the theme,

"All nations striving strong to make
Red war yet redder,"

was, to say the least, a perception singularly coincident. (However, as stated, that it would really burst he doubted.) When the noisy crew of music-hall Jingoes said exultingly, years earlier, that Germany was as anxious for war as they were themselves, he had felt convinced that they were wrong. He had thought that the play "An Englishman's Home", which he witnessed by chance when it was produced, ought to have been suppressed as provocative, since it gave Germany, even if pacific in intention beforehand, a reason, or excuse, for directing her mind on a war with England. A long study of the European wars of a century earlier had made it appear to him that common-sense had taken the place of bluster in men's minds; and he felt this so strongly that in the very year before war burst on Europe he wrote some verses called "His Country", bearing on the decline of antagonism between peoples; and as long before as 1901 he composed a poem called "The Sick War God", which assumed that zest for slaughter was dying out. War, he had supposed, had grown too coldly scientific to kindle again for long all the ardent romance which had characterized it down to Napoleonic times, when the most intense battles were over in a day, and the most exciting tactics and strategy led to the death of comparatively few combatants. Hence nobody was more amazed than he at the German incursion into Belgium, and the contemplation of it led him to despair of the World's history thenceforward. He had not

It was seldom he had felt so heavy at heart as in seeing his old view of the gradual bettering of human nature, as expressed in these verses of 1901, completely shattered by the events of 1914 & onwards.

reckoned on the power still retained there by the governing ~~classes~~ castes whose interests were not the people's. It was, however, no use to despair, and since Germany had not shown the rationality he had expected of her he presently began to consider if there was anything he - an old man of 74 - could do in the critical circumstances. A slight opening seemed to offer when he received a letter from the Government asking his attendance at a private Conference in which eminent literary men and women who commanded confidence abroad "should take steps to place the strength of the British case and the principles for which the British troops and their allies are fighting before the populations of neutral countries". He went to London expressly to attend, as explained in the following memorandum:-

"September 2. To London in obedience to a summons by Mr Masterman, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, at the instance of the Cabinet, for the organization of public statements of the strength of the British ~~cause~~ case and principles in the war by well-known men of letters."

This meeting was at Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, and in view of what the ~~con~~ country was entering on has a historic significance. There was a medley of writers present, including, in addition to the Chairman Mr Masterman, ~~[illegible]~~ among Hardy's friends and acquaintance, Sir James Barrie, ~~Sir A. Conan Doyle,~~ Sir Henry Newbolt, J.W. Mackail, Arthur and Monsignor Benson, John Galsworthy, ~~[illegible]~~ Sir Owen Seaman, G.M.Trevelyan, H.G.Wells, Arnold Bennett, Masefield, Robert Bridges, Anthony Hawkins, Gilbert Murray, and many others. Whatever the effect of the discussion

the scene was impressive to more than one of them there. In recalling it Hardy said that the yellow September sun shone in from the dusty street with a tragic cast upon them as they sat round the large blue table, full of misgivings, yet unforseeing in all their completeness the tremendous events that were to follow. The same evening Hardy left London - "the streets hot and sad, and bustling with soldiers and recruits" - to set about some contribution to the various forms of manifesto that had been discussed.

In Dorset the Hardys kept up between whiles their motoring through September, visiting Broadwindsor, Axminster, the summit called "Cross-in-hand", from which both the Bristol and English Channels are visible, and on which many years earlier Hardy had written a traditional poem, "The Lost Pyx"; also Bridport, Abbotsbury, Portisham, including the old residence of Admiral Hardy's father, still intact with its dial in the garden, dated 1767.

In the same month he published in The Times the soldiers' war-song called "Men who March Away", which won an enormous popularity; and in October wrote "England to Germany", a sonnet "On the Belgian Expatriation" for "King Albert's Book", and in the papers a letter on the destruction of Reims Cathedral. This month too, he brought out another volume of verses entitled "Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries" - the book being made up of the "Satires in Fifteen Glimpses" - published in a periodical in 1911, and other poems of a very different kind - with which the satires ill-harmonized - the latter filling but 15 pages in a volume of 230 pages. But the reviewers, perhaps because the satires were named first in the title, went for them

TS.

"LIFE"

T.H.M.C.

Passage reprinted from
"Some Recollections"
by E.L. Hardy.

Extract from Mrs (Emma Lavinia) Hardy's papers,

entitled "Some Recollections".

"My only sister married the Rev.d Caddell Holder, son of a Judge of Barbadoes, where he was born; he often spoke of his beautiful home there, with oranges growing by his bedroom window. At Trinity College Oxford he was a "gentleman- commoner" (this is now abolished), where, so far as he could discover, his only privilege [from the ~~titles~~ distinction] was being allowed to walk upon the grass and wear a gold-tasselled cap, he used to say. He was rector of St. Juliot, North Cornwall, when I [first] knew him; and it was there that my husband first made my acquaintance, which afterwards proved a romance in full for us.....

"[He was] a man older than herself by many years, and somewhat delicate because of his West Indian birth; he, was, however, ~~very~~ energetic, and a very Boanerges in his preaching, which style was greatly relished by the simple folk of his scattered parish. In those days clergymen were [often] very lax in their duties, but he was quite exact and faithful, and [after I went to live there with my sister] we were marshalled off in regualr staff style to the services. On Sundays they were two only, and the choir nil - the whole [being] carried out by the parson, his wife, myself, and the clerk. The congregation were mostly silent, or merely murmuring occasionally. The duty, however, was only arduous on Sundays.

"They were married from our home, and immediately after went to

young) came into the hall [illegible]

his - and I also went with them - to he said St. Juliot Rectory. ~~[illegible]~~ my sister ~~[illegible]~~ required my help, for it was a difficult parish, from neglect by a former incumbent, whose wife, however, had done as much as she could, even to ringing the bell for service.

"At this date [of writing - 1911] it seems as if all had been arranged in orderly sequence for me, link after link occuring in a chain of movements to bring me to the point where my own fortunes came on. ~~My sister had I believe some amount of affection for me at that time.~~

"St Juliot is a romantic spot indeed of North Cornwall. It was sixteen miles away from a station then, [and a place] where the belief in witchcraft was carried out in actual practice among the primitive inhabitants. Traditions and strange gossippings [were] the common talk.....indulged in by those isolated natives [of a parish] where newspapers rarely penetrated, or [were] thrown aside for local news; where new books rarely came, or strangers, and where hard labour upon the stony soil made a cold, ~~mostly~~ often ill-matured, working class; yet with some good traits and fine exceptions . Our neighbours beyond the hamlets were nine miles off, or most of them.

"When we arrived at the Rectory there was a great gathering and welcome from the parishoners, and a tremendous fusilade of salutes, cheering, and bell-ringing - quite a hubub to welcome the Rector home with his new wife. Then these welcomers (all men, and nearly all young) came into the hall to drink the healths of bridegroom and bride

and a speech was made by the foremost young farmer and duly replied to by my brother-in-law....~~Whether they could have expected me I do not know. I remained in the stairs looking on, much entertained with it all.~~ It proved indeed an eventful day for me, for my future was bound up in that day in a way which I could not foresee.

"The whole parish seemed delighted with the event and the prospect of having things in better order after the long neglect, ~~and began [to take] an interest in the bride's sister.~~ Riding about on my Fanny [the pony] I enjoyed the place immensely, and helped my sister in the house affairs, visiting the parish folk, and playing the harmonium on Sundays.....

"It was a very poor parish; the church had been a long while out of repair for want of funds; the Patron lived abroad: in contrast with these days of frequent services [and attendance] it was unfrequented, the Sunday congregation in the morning not large, not much larger in the evenings [afternoons]. No week-services were held. The tower went on cracking from year to year, and the bells remained in the little north transept [to which they had been removed for safety], their mouths open upward. The carved bench-ends rotted more and more, the ivy hung gaily from the roof timbers, and the birds and the bats had a good time up there unmolested; no one seemed to care. The Architect continued delaying to send his head man to begin operations, though my sister was active in the matter, both Patron and Architect getting urgent appeals from her, till the former decided at last to commence.

"It was the period of Church restoration, most churches being delapidated more or less. My life's romance now began.....

"Scarcely any author and his wife could have had a much more romantic meeting, with its unusual circumstances in bringing them together from two different though neighbouring counties to this one at this very remote spot, with a beautiful sea-coast, and the wild Atlantic Ocean rolling in with its magnificent waves and spray, its white gulls, and black choughs and grey puffins, its cliffs and rocks and gorgeous sunsettings, sparkling redness in a track widening from the horizon to the shore. All this should be seen in the winter to be truly appreciated. No summer visitors can have a true idea of its power to awaken heart and soul. [It was] an unforgettable experience to me, scampering up and down the hills on my beloved mare alone, wanting no protection, the rain going down my back often, and my hair floating on the wind.

"I wore a soft deep dark coloured brown habit longer than to my heels, (as worn then), which had to be caught up to one side when walking, and thrown over the left arm gracefully and carefully, and this to be practised with the riding instruction - all which my father taught me with great pleasure and pride in my appearance and aptitude. I also wore a brown felt hat turned up at the sides. Fanny and I were one creature, and very happy. She was a lovely brown colour too, stopping when she liked, to drink or munch, I often getting off sketching and gathering flowers. The villagers stopped to gaze when I rushed down the hills, and a butterman laid down his

basket once to exclaim loudly.

"No one except myself dared to ride in such fearless fashion. ¶Sometimes I left Fanny, and clambered down to the rocks and seal-caves. Sometimes I visited a favourite in the scattered parish...

"When it was known that the church-restoration was to be gone on with the whole village was alive about it. Mr Crickmay of Weymouth undertook it - Mr Hicks, the first architect consulted, having died in the interval. The [assistant-architect] of his office was to come on a certain day. The letter that brought this intelligence startled the whole house, and afterwards, later in the day, the whole parish too; it seemed almost wonderful that a fixed date should at last be given and the work set in hand, after so many years of waiting, of difficulties and delays since back in the time of the ~~present~~ previous incumbent. All were delighted. I had myself worked hard for my brother-in-law, collecting small sums from time to time and saving household expenses in order that the historic old church might be rebuilt - there being no landed proprietor, no "equals" in the parish (as the rector often explained plaintively). So we were all really to see the fruition of our endeavours, that is, my sister's and mine particularly.

"I must confess to a curiosity started by the coming event as to what the Architect would be like; seeing few strangers we had a vivid interest in every one who came: a strange clergyman, an occasional locum-tenens, a school-inspector, a stray missionary or school lecturer - all were welcome, including this architect to put us to

rights at once.

"It was a lovely Monday evening in March [1870], after a wild winter, that we were on the qui-vive for the stranger, who would have a tedious journey, his home being two counties off by the route necessitated, changing trains many times, and waiting at stations, a sort of cross-jump journey like a chess-knight's move. The only damper to our gladness was the sudden laying up of my brother-in-law by gout, and he who was the chief person could not be present on the arrival of our guest. The dinner-cloth was laid; my sister had gone to her husband who required ~~the~~ her constant attention. ~~[illegible]~~. At that very moment the front-door bell rang, and the architect was ushered in. I had to receive him alone, and felt a curious uneasy embarrasment at receiving anyone, especially so ~~necessary~~ necessary a person as the architect. I was immediately arrested by his familiar appearance as if I had seen him in a dream - his slightly different accent, his soft voice; also I noticed a blue paper sticking out of his pocket. I was explaining who I was, as I saw that he took me for the parson's daughter or wife, when my sister ~~re~~appeared, to my great relief, and he went up to Mr Holder's room with her.

"So I met my husband. ~~or rather he met me~~. I thought him much older than he was. He had a beard and a rather shabby great-coat, and had quite a business appearance. Afterwards he seemed younger, and by daylight especially so. ~~His beard was yellowish[?] and~~ the blue paper proved to be the MS. of a poem, and not a plan of ~~a~~ the church,

he informed me to my surprise.

"After this our first meeting there had to be many visits to the church [daily, till he had finished] and these visits, of deep interest for both, merged in those of [further] acquaintance and affection, to end in marriage, but not till after four years.

"At first, though I was ~~equally~~ interested in him, the church matters were paramount - ~~the church~~ and [for the ~~rebuilt~~ aisle and tower that were to be rebuilt] ~~of which~~ in due time I laid the foundation stone one morning, with a bottle containing a record of the proceedings, the school-children attending. I plastered it well, the foreman said. Mr Holder made a speech to the young ones to remember the event and speak of it to their descendants - just as if it had been a matter of world-wide interest. I wonder if they do remember it, and me!

"The work went rapidly on under the direction of the Architect, who had stayed [on his first visit] rather longer than intended. We showed him some of the neighbourhood, some clergymen and their wives came to visit us: ~~and~~ we were all much pleased at the beginning. Mr Holder got well again; ~~my sister was very important.~~ The Patron of the living, Mr Rawle, who lived in Antigua, wrote to inquire about it, an account was duly sent, and he replied that he was coming to see it if he could, and would certainly be at the opening.

"My architect came two or three times a year from that time to visit me. I rode my pretty mare Fanny and he walked by my side, and I showed him some [more] of the neighbourhood - the cliffs, along the roads, and through the scattered hamlets, sometimes gazing down atthe

solemn small shores below, where the seals lived, coming out of ~~gre~~ great deep caverns very occasionally. We sketched and talked of books; often we walked down the beautiful [Valency] valley to Boscastle harbour, where we had to jump over stones and climb over a low wall by rough steps, or get through by a narrow pathway; to come out on great wide spaces suddenly, with a sparkling little brook going ~~th~~ the same way, in which we once lost a tiny picnic-tumbler, and there it is to this day no doubt between two ~~small~~ [of the] boulders.

"Sometimes we all drove to Tintagel, and Trebarwith Strand where donkeys were [word illegible] employed to carry sea-weed to the farmers; Strangles Beach also, Bossiney, Bude, and other places on the coast. Lovely drives they were, with sea-views all along at intervals, and very dawdling enjoyable slow ones; sometimes to visit a neighbouring clergyman and his family. We grew much interested in each other. I found him a perfectly new subject of study and delight, and he found "a mine" in me, he said. He was quite unlike any other person who came to see us, for they were slow of speech and ideas!

"In the intervals of his visits we corresponded, and I studied, and sketched, and drove my brother-in-law and sister to the nearest market-town, Camelford, nine miles off, or to Launceston to see my cousins. The servant-man taught me to jump hurdles on Fanny, but Fanny, though not at all objecting, got a little ~~m~~ lame, so we stopped jumping.

" I like to think of these details and small events, and am fancying some other people may like to have them.

"It was a pleasant time, though there were difficulties in the parish. I never have liked the Cornish working-orders as I do Devonshire folk; their so-called independence of character was most disagreeable to live with, and usually amounted to absence of kindly interest in others, of gratitude, and of affection, [though it was] unnoticeable by casual acquaintance.....

"Nevertheless, their nature had glamour [in it] - that of an old-world romantic expression, and then sometimes there came to one's cognizance in the hamlets a dear heart-whole person.

"So the days went on between the visits. The church-opening was somewhat impressive, the element of unusualness being more conspicuous however by the immense numbers of people outside waiting for it to be over and the lunch to begin, than the many attentive and admiring parishioners within, collected imperatively by the rector's wife and himself. Mr Holder was in a good state of health and spirits; my sister was very important. The Patron of the living, Mr [Bishop?] Rawle, who lived at Antigua, was present; but no architect came on that brilliant occasion. He appeared, however, on the same scene from time to time afterwards.

"I had two pleasant changes - one to stay at Bath with an old friend of the family; and when my chosen came too, by her kindness, we together had an interesting ~~task~~ time. And I went as country-

cousin to my brother in London, and was duly astonished, which gave him even more pleasure than it did me.

"After a little time I copied a good deal of manuscript, which went to and fro by post, and I was very proud and happy doing this - which I did in the privacy of my own room, where I also read and wrote the letters.

"The rarity of the visits made them highly delightful to both; we talked much of plots, possible scenes, tales, and poetry, and of his own work. He came either from Dorset or London, driving from Launceston station eighteen [sixteen and a half] miles off.

"The day we were married was a perfect September day - the 17th of the month, 1874 - not of brilliant sunshine, but wearing a soft sunny luminousness; just as it should be.

"I have had various experiences, interesting some, sad others, since that lovely day, but all showing that an Unseen Power of great benevolence directs my ways; I have some philosophy, and mysticism, and an ardent belief in Christianity and the life beyond this present one, all which makes any existence curiously interesting. As one watches happenings (and even if should occur unhappy happenings) outward circumstances are of less importance if Christ is our highest ideal. A strange unearthly brilliance shines around our path, penetrating and dispersing difficulties with its warmth and glow.

(signed) "E.L.Hardy
"Max Gate,

"Jan 4. 1911."*

*[footnote] She died the year after this was written.